

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

SEPTEMBER, 1834.

From Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE VICTIM OF DESPOTISM.

*Memoirs of Henry Masera de Latude.**

Shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage—worse than that of old
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastille.
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,—
Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied, from age to age,
With music such as suits their sovereign ears—
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last!

COWPER.

THE history of the thirty-five years' persecution of Henry de Latude, and the revelations he makes of the secrets of the State Prisons of France, are enough of themselves, we think, to account for the sanguinary character of the first revolution in that country, if not to extenuate very much of its atrocity. If the physical suffering and mental torture of human beings are to be measured by their acuteness and duration, then had this solitary victim, one individual among the hundreds of inmates of the State Prisons, really endured more than the hosts immolated during the same period by the ferocious passions or deliberate cruelty of Oriental or African despots. The bowstring and the cimeter are merciful instruments. They do their work of blood quickly. European tyrants have refined beyond calculation upon such common-place and vulgar cruelties.

Cowper anticipated like a true prophet. The shriek, the yell of gluttoned vengeance with which the mob of Paris soon afterwards greeted the overthrow of the walls of the accursed Bastille,—that maddened yell to which the exulting voice of all civilized humanity responded, was as much the voice of the immutable sense of justice, enshrined by God himself in the inmost recesses of the heart of man, as was the cry bursting from the multitude in Edinburgh when the monster Burke was cast by the hangman's rope to herd with kindred fiends. But this felon was

poorly versed in diabolical arts, when compared with the minions and ministers of the Kings of France, and the governors of their State Prisons.

Latude writes his own history. No one else could penetrate his dungeon, and mark his sufferings, and read his heart, during the many ages included in a dreary period of thirty-five years of rigorous imprisonment. He is the individual of whom we believe many children of the last generation must have heard from their nurses, as the solitary, miserable captive, who, in his dungeon, languishing for society and occupation, tamed and made companions of rats. We have seldom perused a narrative of greater interest, though generally of so painful a kind that we must touch but lightly upon what might revolt the feelings of even humane persons.

Latude was the son of a noble family, of the south of France. Like every French gentleman, he was destined for the army; and early discovering a talent for mathematics, he entered the Engineers. The peace of 1748 threw him idle at the age of twenty-three. He was in Paris, without resources; and, ambitious of distinction, he formed a foolish scheme of introducing himself to the King's worthless and hated favourite, Madame de Pompadour, and was caught in his own spring. The consequences of the plot, which he wished to persuade the lady existed against her life, fell upon himself. She regarded his mad scheme as a heinous insult and crime, and he was seized by a *Lettre de cachet*, and became an inmate of the Bastille, ignorant of his offence, and of his future fate. Intercession only exasperated the royal favourite, and made his release more hopeless.

He was, after being cruelly tantalized with the hope of freedom, transferred to the castle of Vincennes, where his constant idea, the one subject of all his ruminations, was escape.

The adventures of Latude, in his various escapes, are the most singular on record. More than one novelist has, we think, been indebted to them. We have seen them renewed in Caleb Williams, and St. Leon, and latterly in Peter Simple. Among his fellow-prisoners was an old priest, who had been confined for a long time on a charge of *Jansenism*; and this introduces the narrative of his first escape, which was comparatively easy.

* Dublin: Wakeman. Translated by John William Calcrafft.

"The Abbé de Saint Sauveur, son of a former Lieutenant of the King at Vincennes, had permission to visit the priest in this garden, and he frequently availed himself of the privilege. The prisoner, also, taught the children of one of the turnkeys to read and write. The Abbé and the children went backwards and forwards without exciting any attention. The hour of their promenades was pretty nearly the same when they permitted me to walk in an adjoining garden, which was also within the enclosure of the Castle. Monsieur Berryer had ordered that I should be allowed to remain there two hours a day, to enjoy the fresh air, and re-establish my health. On these occasions, I was always attended by two turnkeys: sometimes the elder waited in the garden, and the younger came alone to open the door of my prison. I accustomed him, for some time, to see me descend the stairs quicker than himself; and, without waiting for him, I joined his comrade, with whom he always found me when he reached the garden.

"One day, resolved to attempt my escape at every hazard, he had scarcely opened the door of my chamber, when I rushed past him. I was at the bottom of the stairs before he thought of following me. I bolted the door which is there, to cut off all communication between the two turnkeys, whilst I executed my project. There were four sentinels to deceive. The first was at a gate which led out from the prison, and was always closed. I knocked at it, and it was opened immediately. I asked quickly for the Abbé de Saint Sauveur. 'It is more than two hours,' said I, 'since our priest is waiting for him in the garden: I run after him in every direction, without finding him; but, egad, he shall pay me for my running!' While speaking, I kept moving forward with the same celerity. At the end of the arched passage below the clock, I encountered another sentinel—I asked him if it was long since the Abbé de Saint Sauveur went out—he answered that he knew nothing about him, and allowed me to pass. I put the same question to the third sentinel, who was at the other side of the draw-bridge; he assured me he had not seen him. 'I shall soon find him!' cried I. Transported with joy, I ran, I bounded like a child. I arrived before the fourth sentinel, who, far from supposing me a prisoner, was not a jot more surprised than the others that I should run after the Abbé de Saint Sauveur. I cleared the threshold of the gate,—I sprang forward,—I was beyond their sight—I was free! As often as this situation retraces itself in my memory, my gratitude to Providence is as unbounded as ever, and I feel the same delirium of joy which I then experienced. This happy event occurred on the 25th of June, 1750, about nine months after my removal to Vincennes.

"I ran across the fields and vineyards, keeping as far as possible from the high road. I arrived at Paris, shut myself up in a furnished lodging, and enjoyed at least the full pleasure of finding myself free, after fourteen months of captivity. The first moments were delicious, but they passed rapidly away: doubt and apprehension disturbed the happy calm.

"I was young," says Latude, "I knew but little of the human heart, still less of the hearts of tyrants." He threw himself, with the generous credulity of youth, upon the mercy—for, as a Frenchman

a century ago, he did not even dare to think it the justice—of the King and his minion, and expiated this folly by a more rigorous confinement. He was thrown into a dungeon of the Bastille. M. de Berryer, the head of the Police, who in France is always a Minister, had originally shown compassion for the youth, and he did not now desert him.

"My former consoler, Monsieur Berryer, came again to alleviate my misfortunes. Abroad, he demanded for me justice or clemency,—within the prison, he endeavoured to calm my anguish, which appeared less acute when he assured me of his sympathy. He reasoned so mildly, and advised with such affection, that his voice seemed to open a passage to my heart. Would that all who are placed in a similar situation would consider how much the happiness or misery of many of their fellow-creatures is dependent on their conduct—how easy it is to lessen the weight of chains borne by the unfortunate! A single word can revive their hopes and dry their tears. How little would it cost them to appear to their wretched captives as deities, and how often do they assume the semblance of executioners!

"My protector, unable to dispute the orders that had been issued, left me in my dungeon; but he took care that I should receive the same nourishment as before; and, as a little day-light penetrated through a loop-hole into the vault, he directed also that I should be supplied with books, pens, ink, and paper. For some time these resources relieved and consoled me; but at the end of six months they proved insufficient, and I gave myself wholly up to despair. The image of my persecutor continually haunted my imagination—her vengeance and my sufferings were then to know no end—suspense, the most intolerable of torments, disturbed my reason and desolated my heart. Rage and indignation, long suppressed, boiled within me: in the paroxysm of this madness, I vented my feelings in scurrilous verses; and I had the imprudence to write the following on the margin of one of the books which had been lent to me:

"Sans esprit, et sans agremens,
Sans être ni belle ni neuve,
En France on peut avoir le premier des amans;
La Pompadour en est la preuve."

His verses were discovered.

"From what I have already said of the character of the Marchioness de Pompadour, her fury may easily be conceived when the verses were shewn to her. In chains, overwhelmed by her hate and vengeance, I still dared to brave and insult her. She sent for Monsieur Berryer, and, stammering with passion, exclaimed, 'Learn to know your protégé, and dare again to solicit my clemency.'

The fate of Latude was sealed; but after a considerable period, Le Berryer ventured to order him a better apartment, and to allow him the society of a servant.

"My unfortunate father, who bewailed my unhappy lot as bitterly as I did myself, would have sacri-

"Without wit or accomplishments, without either beauty or chastity, the first lover in France (alluding to the King) may be won. Behold a proof of this in Pompadour!"

sified his all to relieve me. He consented joyfully to defray the wages and the pension of a servant. They selected a young man named Cochar, a native of Rosni, who might have proved to me all I was desirous of finding. He was gentle and compassionate—he wept with me over my misfortunes—he sympathized with me—he diminished my sufferings. My heart, by communion with a friend, was relieved from its intolerable oppression, and I began to feel less unhappy. But my consolation was soon removed from me. Poor Cochar could not long endure the tedium of captivity. He wept, he groaned, and at length fell sick. When a domestic enters the service of a prisoner in the Bastille, from that moment his fate is linked with that of his master: he can only obtain liberty with him, or die by his side within the walls of his dungeon. This unfortunate young man required nothing but fresh air to restore him to life; but our united prayers and lamentations could not obtain that boon from his assassins. They wished to harrow me with the appalling spectacle of his dying agonies, expiring close to me, and for me; and they only removed him from my chamber when he was reduced to the last extremity. What is there to surpass this in the history of the Inquisition?

“Reader, if you bestow the tear of pity on the fate of this unfortunate, reflect for a moment on mine. I was not more criminal than he was;—he was the victim of his own cupidity—I, that of injustice and persecution. The feeling with which this idea inspired me still more agitated and tormented my soul. He had not liberty, it is true, but what else was he deprived of? His mind was calm, his feelings were composed. But I—bowed down beneath the overwhelming weight of hatred, every breath I drew seemed to increase my punishment, and each successive day I felt my very existence, as it were, wasting away by degrees. Yet he could only support this situation for three months, and I have endured it for thirty-five years! What do I say? this situation! Alas! those three months were the most tolerable of all I have passed during my long imprisonment. Then, at least, I was not chained in a dismal cell, stretched on a pallet of straw, infected and rotten,—obliged to dispute with loathsome reptiles a disgusting nourishment,—my body devoured by vermin. But I pause—my mind gives way at the recollection, yet still I must endeavour to convey a faint description of the horrors I have gone through.

“The fate of the unhappy Cochar quite overpowered me, and I was ready to sink beneath my sufferings. Monsieur Berryer, to relieve me, repeated the resource he had already tried. He obtained for me another companion,—a young man of nearly my own age, full of talent, spirit, and activity,—guilty of the same crime with myself, and suffering under the same persecution. He had written to the Marchioness de Pompadour. In his letter he detailed the odium in which she was held by the public, and pointed out the means by which she might recover their good opinion, and still retain the confidence of the King. Since the nation was tied to her chariot-wheels, he implored her to render herself worthy of its esteem. This young enthusiast, named D’Alegre, a native of Carpentras, had lamented for three years, in the Bastille, the misfortune of volunteering this

advice. The haughty prostitute pursued him with a hatred as implacable as that she evinced towards me, and forced him to feel the same effects of her vengeance.

“D’Alegre had also inspired a tender interest in the compassionate Berryer. We both assailed him with the same restless impatience; we overwhelmed him with letters and petitions, without abating his zeal in our behalf. He communicated to us all his proceedings, his efforts, and sometimes his hopes. At last he brought the appalling tidings, that our persecutor, tired of our complaints and his importunity, had sworn that her vengeance should be eternal, and commanded him never again to mention our names. He frankly confessed to us his conviction, that nothing but the disgrace or death of this incarnate demon could terminate our sufferings.”

We now come to the second escape of Latude. It made a considerable noise in Europe at the time, and a narrative of it was published in London. It has not diminished in interest. The melancholy tidings of Le Berryer left the prisoners but one hope.

“It was out of the question to think for a moment of escaping from the Bastille by the gates. Every physical obstacle was united to render that impracticable. There remained no alternative, but to attempt the air. In our chamber was a chimney, the tunnel of which came out on the summit of the tower; but, like all those in the Bastille, it was filled with iron gratings, which, in several places, scarcely allowed a free passage to the smoke. Supposing we were arrived at the top of the tower, we had under us an abyss of two hundred feet. At the bottom was a ditch, commanded on the opposite side by a very high wall, which it was necessary to climb over. We were alone,—without implements or materials,—watched at every moment of the day and night,—overlooked, besides, by a multitude of sentinels, who surrounded the Bastille, and appeared completely to invest it.

“I was not disheartened by these accumulated obstacles and dangers. I communicated my ideas to my comrade; he looked upon me as a madman, and relapsed into his usual state of apathy. I was therefore obliged to trust entirely to myself,—to meditate over my design alone,—to calculate the appalling crowd of obstacles that opposed its execution, and to ponder on the means of surmounting them. To accomplish this, it was necessary to climb to the extreme summit of the chimney, in spite of the frequent gratings which impeded our progress. To descend from the top of the tower to the bottom of the ditch, required a rope ladder of at least two hundred feet,—a second ladder of wood to escape from the ditch; and, in case I could procure the necessary materials, I must conceal them from every eye—work without noise—deceive our numerous overseers—enchain their very senses, and, for many months, take from them the faculties of seeing and hearing. I must foresee, and check the crowd of obstacles which every day, and every instant of the day, will each arise out of the other, to impede and counteract the execution of perhaps one of the boldest plans that ever the imagination conceived, or human industry achieved. Reader, I have done all this; and once more I swear, I speak nothing but the truth.

"I shall now commence the detail of my operations.

"My first object was to discover a place where I could conceal, from all observation, our tools and materials, in case I should have the address to procure them. By dint of thought, I arrived at a conclusion which seemed to me a very happy one. I had occupied several different chambers in the Bastille; and whenever those immediately above and below me were also occupied, I could perfectly distinguish whatever noise was made in the one or the other. In the room in which we were now confined, I could hear all the movements of the prisoner who was above, but none of those of the prisoner in the apartment below; and I was quite certain that apartment was inhabited. I concluded, therefore, that our chamber had a double floor, with probably an interval between the two; and I took the following means of ascertaining the fact. There was a chapel in the Bastille, where mass was performed once on every week-day, and three times on Sundays. In this chapel were four little cabinets, so arranged that those who were there were concealed from the priest, except only when a small curtain was drawn aside at the elevation of the Host. Permission to attend mass was an especial favour, occasionally granted to the prisoners, and only to be obtained with great difficulty. Monsieur Berryer had procured this indulgence for us, and also for the prisoner who occupied the chamber No. 3, the one immediately under ours. On returning from chapel, I resolved to seize a moment before this prisoner was locked up again, and cast a hurried glance round his apartment. I explained to D'Alegre a method of assisting me. I told him to put his toothpick-case in his pocket handkerchief, and when we should be on the second story, to draw out his handkerchief suddenly, to contrive so that the toothpick-case should fall to the bottom of the stairs, and to request the turnkey to go and pick it up for him. The name of this man is *Daragon*, and he is still alive.

"This little plan succeeded to a miracle. While *Daragon* was looking for the toothpick-case, I ran quickly up to No. 3. I drew back the bolt of the door, and examined the height of the chamber from the floor: I found it did not exceed ten feet and a half. I re-closed the door, and from that chamber to ours I counted thirty-two steps, of nearly equal height. I measured one of them, and the result of my calculation convinced me that between the floor of our room and the ceiling of that below, there must be an interval of five feet and a half; and which could not be filled up with either stones or timber, on account of the enormous weight.

"As soon as the door of our apartment was bolted on us, and we were left alone, I threw myself on the neck of D'Alegre, intoxicated with confidence and hope, and embraced him with transport. 'My friend,' exclaimed I, 'patience and courage, and we are saved!' I explained to him my calculations and conclusions. 'We can conceal our ropes and materials—it is all I want,' cried I—'we are saved!'

"How!" replied he—"you have not yet abandoned your dreams! ropes! materials! Where are they? Where can we procure them?"

"Ropes!" exclaimed I—"we have more than we

require. This trunk (showing him mine) contains more than a thousand feet of rope.'

"I spoke with animation, full of my idea, and transported with new hopes. I appeared to him possessed. He looked at me steadily, and with the most touching tone of tender interest—"My friend," said he, "recall your senses, and subdue this wild delirium. Your trunk, you say, contains more than a thousand feet of rope. I know as well as you what it contains;—there is not a single inch of rope!"

"How!" interrupted I, "have I not a vast quantity of linen—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts—many napkins, stockings, nightcaps, and other articles? Will not these supply us? We will unravel them, and we shall have abundance of rope."

"D'Alegre, as if struck by a thunderbolt, penetrated at once the whole of my plan and my ideas. Hope, and the love of liberty, never become extinct in the heart of man, and they were only dormant in his. I soon inoculated him with my own ardour, but I had still to combat his host of objections, and dissipate his fears.

"With what," said he, "shall we wrench away these iron gratings which fill our chimney? where shall we find materials for the ladder of wood we require? where are the tools with which to commence our operations? We do not possess the happy art of creating them."

"My friend," replied I, "it is genius that creates, and we have that which despair supplies. It will direct our hands; and once more I tell you, we shall be saved."

"We had a folding table, supported by two iron hooks: we gave them an edge, by whetting them on the tiled floor. We converted the steel of our tinder-box, in less than two hours, into a tolerable pen-knife, with which we formed two handles to these hooks: their principal use would be, to tear away the iron gratings from our chimney."

"We were no sooner locked up for the night, than we commenced our operations. By means of our hooks, we raised some tiles of the floor, and, digging for about six hours, discovered, as I had conjectured, a vacant space of four feet between the floor of our apartment, and the ceiling of that below. We then replaced the tiles, which scarcely appeared to have been moved. These first operations completed, we ripped the seams and hems of two shirts, and drew out the threads, one by one. We tied them together, and wound them on a number of small balls, which we afterwards re-wound on two larger balls, each of

* Many people will here accuse me of exaggeration. They will scarcely believe an individual could possess such a quantity of linen; and will conclude I have assumed it, merely because it is necessary to the catastrophe of my fable. The English, particularly, have reasoned thus, when a detailed account of this escape appeared, some years ago, translated into their language. 'The best furnished English wardrobe contains but little linen. It is nearly the same thing at Paris; but in Provence they run into the opposite extreme. It is the common custom in families there to accumulate enormous quantities of linen. —*Note by Latude.*

In Scotland, at the period, this stock of linen would not have appeared so improbable. In France, in the provinces, washing was an affair of but once or twice a year, which implied hoards of linen.—*E. J. M.*

which was composed of fifty threads, sixty feet long. We twisted them together, and formed a single cord of about fifty-five feet long, with which we constructed a rope ladder of twenty feet, intended to support us aloft in the chimney, while we forced out the bars and pointed iron with which it was defended.

"This was the most irksome employment that can possibly be conceived, and demanded six months' incessant labour, the bare recollection of which makes me shudder. We could only pursue the work by bending and twisting our bodies into the most painful positions. An hour at a time was all we could bear, and we never came down without hands covered with blood. These iron bars were fastened with an extremely hard mortar, which we had no means of softening, but by blowing water with our mouths into the holes as we worked them. An idea may be formed of the difficulty of this work, when we were well pleased if in a whole night we had cleared away the eighth of an inch of this mortar. When we got a bar out, we replaced it in its hole, that, if we were inspected, the deficiency might not appear; and so as to enable us to take them all out at once, should we be in a situation to attempt our escape.

"After dedicating six months to this obstinate and cruel labour, we applied ourselves to the wooden ladder, which was necessary to mount from the ditch upon the parapet, and from thence into the governor's garden. This ladder required to be from twenty to twenty-five feet long. We devoted to this nearly all our fuel, which consisted of logs about eighteen or twenty inches long. We now found we should want blocks and pulleys, and several other things, for which a saw was indispensable. I made one with an iron candlestick, by means of half the steel of the tinder-box, from which we had constructed the pen-knife. With this piece of the steel, the saw, and the iron hooks, we chopped and hewed our logs; we made tenants and mortices in them, to joint them one into the other, with two holes through each to pass in the round, and two pegs to prevent swagging. We made the ladder with only one upright, through which we put twenty rounds, each of fifteen inches long. The upright was three inches in diameter, so that each round projected six inches clear on each side. To every piece of which the ladder was composed, the proper round was tied with a string, to enable us to put it together readily in the dark. As we completed each piece, we concealed it between the two floors. With the tools we had already made, we completed our workshop. We made a pair of compasses, a square, a carpenter's rule, &c. &c. and hid them carefully in our magazine.

"There was a danger to provide against, which could only be parried by the most sedulous precautions. I have already stated that, independent of the constant visits of the turnkeys and other officers of the Bastille, at moments when they were least expected, one of the constant customs of the place was, to watch secretly the actions and discourse of the prisoners. We could only escape observation by working at night, and carefully concealing every

trace of our employment; a chip or a shaving might betray us.

"But it was also necessary to deceive the ears of our spies: we spoke to each other continually of our project; and to confound the ideas of our observers, and lead astray all suspicion, we invented a particular dictionary, giving a fictitious name to all our different implements. The saw we called *the monkey*,—the reel, *Anubis*,—the hooks, *Tubalcain*—from the name of the first workman who made use of iron; the hole we had made in the floor to conceal our materials, we called *Polyphemus*, in allusion to the cave of that celebrated Cyclop. The wooden ladder we christened *Jacob*, which recalled the idea of that mentioned in the Scriptures—the rounds, *sheep*,—the ropes, *doves*, on account of their whiteness. A ball of thread, *the little brother*,—the pen-knife, *the puppy dog*, &c. &c. If any one came suddenly into our room, and either of us saw any of our tools or materials exposed, he uttered the name, as *Jacob*, *Monkey*, *Anubis*, &c. and the other immediately concealed it with his pocket-handkerchief or a napkin. We were thus incessantly on our guard, and had the good fortune to deceive the Arguses who watched us.

"Our operations being thus far in progress, we set about our principal rope ladder, which was to be at least one hundred and eighty feet long. We began by unravelling all our linen, shirts, towels, night-caps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—every thing which could supply thread or silk. As we made a ball, we concealed it in *Polyphemus*; and when we had a sufficient quantity, we employed a whole night in twisting it into a rope, and I defy the most skilful rope-maker to have done it better.

The upper part of the building of the Bastille projects over the wall three or four feet: this would necessarily occasion our ladder to wave and swing about as we came down it, enough to turn the strongest head. To obviate this, and prevent our falling and being dashed to pieces in the descent, we made a second rope, three hundred and sixty feet long, to steady the person first descending. This rope was to be reeved through a kind of double block without sheaves, lest it should become jammed, or fixed between the sides and the wheel, and thus keep us suspended in the air, instead of assisting our descent.

"Besides these, we constructed several other shorter ropes, to fasten our ladder to a cannon, and for any other unforeseen occasions. When all these ropes were finished, we measured them, and found they amounted to 1400 feet. We then made two hundred and eight rounds for the rope and wooden ladders. To prevent the noise which the rounds would make against the wall during our descent, we covered them all with the linings of our morning gowns, waistcoats, and under-waistcoats. In all these preparations we employed eighteen months, but still they were incomplete.

"We had provided means to get to the top of the tower, and from thence to the bottom of the ditch. To escape from the ditch, there were two methods. The first was to climb up the parapet, from the parapet to the Governor's garden, and from thence

to descend into the Fossé of the Porte St. Antoine. But the parapet we had to cross was always well furnished with sentinels. It is true, we might fix on a very dark and rainy night, when the sentinels did not go their rounds, and thus might escape their notice; but it might rain when we climbed up our chimney, and clear up at the very moment when we arrived at the parapet. We should then meet the Grand Rounds, who always carried lights; this would render it impossible to conceal ourselves, and we should be ruined for ever.

"The other plan increased our labours, but was the less dangerous of the two. It consisted in making a way through the wall which separated the ditch of the Bastille from that of the Porte St. Antoine. I considered that, in the numerous floods during which the Seine had caused this ditch to overflow, the water must have weakened the mortar, and rendered it less difficult to break through, and thus we should be enabled to force a passage. For this purpose, we should require an auger or gimlet, to make holes in the mortar, so as to enable us to insert the points of two of the iron bars to be taken out of our chimney, and with these to force out the stones. Accordingly, we made an auger, with the hinge of one of our bedsteads, and fastened a handle to it in form of a cross.

"The reader who has followed us through the detail of these interesting occupations, participates no doubt in all the various feelings which agitated us, and, suspended between hope and fear, is equally anxious for the moment when we should attempt our flight.

"We fixed on Wednesday, the 25th of February, 1796. The river had overflowed its banks; there were four feet of water in the ditch of the Bastille, and also in that of the Porte St. Antoine, by which latter we hoped to effect our deliverance. I filled a leathern portmanteau with a complete change of clothes for each of us, in case we were fortunate enough to escape. Our dinner was scarcely over, when we set up our great ladder of ropes, that is, we fastened the rounds to it, and hid it under our beds. We then arranged our wooden ladder in three pieces; we put our iron bars in their cases, to prevent their making a noise; and we packed up, besides, a bottle of usquebaugh, to warm us, and keep up our strength, during nine hours that we might be obliged to work up to our necks in the water.

"We then waited patiently till our supper was brought up, and the turnkeys locked us in for the night. I ascended the chimney first: I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain, for I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney-sweepers: I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no leathern guards on my knees and elbows, they soon became so excoriated, that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. In this state I arrived at the top of the chimney. As soon as I got there, I let down a ball of twine with which I had provided myself. D'Alegre attached to this the end of the rope to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, untied it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we

hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles; we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down, to aid D'Alegre in getting up, whilst I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the ropes, and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means, my companion mounted much more easily than I had done. I then came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us stood on the platform of the Bastille.

"We now arranged all our different articles: we began by making a coil of our rope ladder, of about four feet diameter; we rolled it to the tower called *La Tour du Treson*, which appeared the most favourable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder to a piece of cannon, and lowered it gently down the wall. Then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of 360 feet long through it; this rope I tied firmly round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it slowly, as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution, I swang fearfully about in the air, at every step I made. The mere remembrance of my situation makes me shudder. At length I landed safely in the ditch, and D'Alegre immediately lowered the portmanteau and all our other effects. I fortunately found a dry spot, higher than the water which filled the ditch, and there I placed them. My companion then followed my example, and descended without accident; but he had an advantage over me, for I held the ladder with all my strength, and greatly prevented its swinging.

"When we both found ourselves safe in the bottom of the ditch, we felt a momentary sensation of regret at not being able to carry away our rope ladder, and other implements,—rare and precious monuments of what human industry and exertion can achieve, when inspired by the love of liberty.*

"It did not rain, and we heard the sentinel marching up and down, at about six toises [the French toise is two yards] distance; we were therefore forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the Governor's garden, and resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the ditch of the Bastille, straight over to the wall which divides it from that of the Porte St. Antoine, and went to work sturdily. Just at this point there was a small ditch of about six feet broad, and a foot and a half deep, which increased the depth of the water accordingly. Elsewhere it reached up to our middles, and here to our arm-pits. It had thawed only for a few days, and there was still floating ice in the water. We continued there nine hours, exhausted with fatigue, and benumbed by the cold. We had scarcely begun our work, when I saw, about twelve feet over our heads, a patrol major, whose lanthorn exactly cast a light over the place we were in. We had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, and this occurred several times during the night.

*On the 16th of July, 1789, the day following the taking of the Bastille, I went there, and found, with a degree of pleasure I can scarcely describe, my rope and wooden ladders, and several others of the articles I have mentioned. They were shut up in a kind of secret closet, where they had been preserved as precious curiosities.

"At length, after nine hours of incessant alarm and exertion, after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet and a half thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were already giving way to our transport, when we fell into a danger we had not foreseen, and which had nearly proved fatal to us. In crossing the Fossé St. Antoine, to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct. This aqueduct had ten feet of water over our heads, and two feet of mud at the bottom, which prevented our walking through to the opposite side, although it was only six feet across. D'Alegre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down. Had that misfortune happened, we were lost; for neither of us possessed strength enough to get up again, and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a violent blow with my fist, which made him let me go: at the same instant, throwing myself forward, I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and, seizing hold of his hair, drew him to my side. We were soon out of the Fossé, and, just as the clock struck five, found ourselves on the high road.

"Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms; and, after a long embrace, we fell on our knees to express our fervent gratitude to the Almighty, who had protected us through so many dangers. It is more easy to conceive than to describe our sensations.

"This first duty fulfilled, we thought of changing our clothes; and we now saw the full advantage of having provided ourselves with the portmanteau. The long continuance in the wet had benumbed our limbs; and, as I had foreseen, we suffered much more from the cold now than we had previously done during the nine consecutive hours when we were immersed in the water and floating ice. Neither of us retained strength enough to change his clothes, without the assistance of the other.

"We got into a hackney coach, and drove to the house of Monsieur Silhouette, Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans. I was very well acquainted with him, and felt sure of a kind reception. Unfortunately, he was at Versailles. We then sought shelter with an honest man who was equally well known to me: he was a tailor, of the name of Rouit, and a native of Digne, in Languedoc."

We were unwilling to impair the interest of this narrative by the omission of one word of the original, long as it is. It will remain a record of what men, animated by the passionate desire of the greatest of blessings, personal freedom, may accomplish. Disguised as a peasant, D'Alegre went to Brussels, and, taking necessary precautions, Latude, disguised as a servant, followed the same route. Where the post on the high road between Valenciennes and Mons marked the boundary of Austria and France, he threw himself on the ground and kissed the soil, where he imagined he was free, and could breathe at last without fear. Arrived at Brussels, he discovered that D'Alegre had been entrapped, and he fled on to Antwerp, and thence to Amsterdam. His money was now completely exhausted, and the supplies sent by his father to Brussels intercepted by those employed to watch for and arrest him. There

is ever abroad in the world among human beings a genial spirit of kindness, a countervailing force to tyranny and oppression. It lurks in the bosom of turnkeys and jailers, as we have lately seen in the case of Silvio Pellico; it has been seen in common hangmen,—it often harbours with the rudest tenants of the meanest hovel in our lanes. In France, despotism went far indeed in brutalizing the mass, but it could not entirely extinguish the spirit of humanity. If war was in that country soon to be proclaimed on the castle, but peace to the cottage, was it not because the virtues, driven from the habitation of the noble still found refuge with the peasant. Driven to the extreme of destitution, Latude writes,—

"I had but two alternatives, either to beg or feed on grass. The first was revolting to my feelings, and I decided on the second; but I relied on my courage, and forgot my bodily faculties. Necessity had reduced me to the condition of the brute creation, but nature had denied me their organs, and my stomach rejected the miserable nourishment. I thought to qualify the crudity of the herbs, and diminish the pain they caused me in swallowing, by mixing up with them some pieces of coarse rye bread, called in that country *rockenbrod*, as black and as heavy as peat, and of which I purchased four pounds.

"Such were my provisions for the voyage, and such my situation, when I set out for Amsterdam.

"It will readily be conceived I sought no intercourse with my fellow-travellers. It was too humiliating to exhibit my poverty, and I dreaded their compassion,—thus furnishing another instance that, in the midst of every human privation, pride will often prevail over all other feelings. Nevertheless, my observation was involuntarily attracted towards one of my companions. His aspect was severe, and a harsh demeanour made him equally remarkable and forbidding. This man was called John Teerhorst, a native of Amsterdam, where he kept a sort of tavern or public-house in a cellar. He regarded me attentively, and particularly noticed my frugal repast. When he thought he had sufficiently divined my situation, he addressed me; and with the tone that at first humiliates, but in the end inspires confidence by its air of truth, he said to me in French, 'Good God! what an extraordinary dinner you are making! You seem to have more appetite than money.' I admitted frankly that he was right: he replied nothing, but led me at once to a table where he had spread his own provisions. 'No compliments, Mr. Frenchman,' said he; 'seat yourself there, and eat and drink with me.' We entered into conversation, and I soon found that, under a rough exterior, he concealed the most inestimable qualities: he did good without ostentation, from choice and almost by instinct, and appeared neither to know nor care about it. He seemed also to have learned the delicate art of not wounding the sensibility of the wretch we relieve, and demanded trifling services from me in return, to lessen the weight of obligation. I told him I was from Languedoc, and he said he knew a native of the same country at Amsterdam, who, he was confident, would be delighted to serve him.

"When we arrived, he introduced me to my countryman, whose name was Martin; he proved to be from Picardy, and was altogether the most insensible and disgusting being I had ever known. John Teerhorst, convinced that Martin would receive me with the warmest hospitality, came to congratulate me. My dejection and my tears told him my disappointment, and the utter destitution to which I was reduced—compelled to fly my country, a stranger in a foreign land, more than three hundred leagues from my relations, without money or resources, without friends or protectors.

"The generous Hollander penetrated my feelings at once; he took me by the hand, and said, 'Do not weep; I will never abandon you. I am not rich, it is true, but my heart is good; we will do the best we can for you, and you will be satisfied.' He consulted his wife, and between them they arranged a sleeping place for me, within a large closet, and gave me a mattress from their own bed. This conduct of my kind host was the more generous, as his means were small, and I must of necessity prove a serious addition to his expenses. His dwelling consisted of a cellar, divided by a partition. The first part, called the sitting room, contained his bed, a large table, and a counter; the second part served for a kitchen. The whole family consisted of Teerhorst and his wife, a young girl of twenty, a journeyman jeweller, an apothecary who was always drunk, and myself. Teerhorst was not satisfied with lodging and feeding me; he tried also to divert and occupy my mind. He took me to the public-houses, and other places where he thought I should be amused.

"Every effort he made was an act of disinterested kindness I duly appreciated, but they failed to dissipate my gloom. The remembrance of D'Alegre tormented me incessantly."

The French ambassador, in obedience to the sovereign Pompadour, solicited the permission of the States-General to arrest the prisoner; and by bribery and intimidation effected his purpose. Latude ventured abroad to a bank to receive money for a draft from his father, and was kidnapped in a manner the most base and dastardly. To a man of his spirit—to any man, the insulting conduct of the persons around him must have been more intolerable than all besides. A French Exempt of Police, named St. Marc, said, "I ought to pronounce the name of the Marchioness de Pompadour with the most profound respect; she was anxious only to load me with favours: far from complaining, I ought to kiss the generous hand that struck me, every blow from which was a compliment and an obligation." I regarded him as a common miscreant, too contemptible to excite reply.

The citizens of Amsterdam began to understand the case, and to clamour about the prisoner, who, after suffering great hardship, was once more consigned to the dungeons of the Bastille. No prince opposed the progress of the victim of Pompadour and the French government on Latude's being carried a prisoner through his territory. We shall afterwards notice the fate of D'Alegre. His fortunes were yet more pitiable than those of our hero.

"St. Marc was received as a benevolent divinity;

all the officers of the Castle came out to meet him, to enhance by their attendance the imposing dignity of his arrival. They congratulated and embraced him; he boasted of the difficulties he had encountered, and the brilliant success of his expedition; they sympathized with his fatigues, and every one seemed anxious, by some delicate attention, to reward and distinguish him. For me, I was stripped of my clothes, as on the former occasion,—covered with rags, half rotten,—chained hand and foot,—and then thrown again into a dungeon, with a few handfuls of straw. My jailers were the same whose vigilance I had deceived before, and who had been punished by three months imprisonment, for the crime of not having prevented my escape.

"I shall not harass the imagination of my readers, by a fresh detail of all I underwent, in this frightful situation; they will easily conceive it, without my attempting to weary their sensibility. During three years and five months, I remained in chains, a prey to all the horrors of my fate, and abandoned to the tyranny of my persecutors. I shall detail, in another place, the declaration of a surgeon who was ordered to visit me and report on my condition. His recital of what I had suffered will make the reader shudder.

"I have said enough at present of tortures and executioners; let me now mention the alleviations I found, even in this loathsome dungeon.

TAMING OF RATS.

"For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food and lodging in my straw. Sometimes, when I was asleep, they ran across my face, and more than once, by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them.

"The dungeons of the Bastille are octagonal; the one where I was now confined had a loop-hole, two feet and a half above the floor. On the inside, it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside wall it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loop-hole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy: the stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair and table. When, tired of reclining on a foul and infected pallet, I dragged myself to the loop-hole to imbibe a little fresh air, to lighten the weight of my chains, I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loop-hole; I called him to me; he looked at me, without showing any fear; I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached,—took the bread—went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece: I flung him another, but at less distance; a third, nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him; for, after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day, he came again. I

treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread; for this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

"I have no idea where his dwelling-place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me; he discovered, on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose; he examined them both, and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day, for the first time, he came to sleep there. The following morning, he paid me a very early visit: I gave him his breakfast; when he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw him no more till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw, as soon as he issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat; she seemed much more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however, at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and seized what I threw halfway towards her. Sometimes she quarrelled with the male, and, when she proved either stronger or more skilful, ran back to the hole, carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened, the male rat crept close up to me for consolation, and, to revenge himself on the other, ate what I gave him too far from the hole for her to venture to dispute it with him, but always pretending to exhibit his prize as if in bravado. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the bread or meat between his fore-paws like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of defiance.

"One day, the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out, and seized between her teeth the morsel which the other was beginning to munch. Neither would let go, and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female, who was the nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved, by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the bustle of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasure I derived from such a trifling source, but there are sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

"When my dinner was brought in, I called my companions: the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home, that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who, in the course of the week, brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me, from the

dish, or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat scalding hot: the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; whilst the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize: sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

"There was among them a female whom I had christened *Rapino-Hyondelle*, on account of her agility; I took great pleasure in making her jump, and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others, that she never condescended to take what I held up for them; she placed herself in the attitude of a dog pointing at game,—allowed one of the rats to spring at the morsel offered to him, and, at the moment when he seized it, would dart forward and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unlucky for him if she missed her spring; for then she invariably seized him by the neck, with her teeth as sharp as needles: the other, yelling with pain, would leave his prey at the mercy of *Rapino-Hyondelle*, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

"With these simple and innocent occupations I contrived, for two years, to divert my mind from constantly brooding over my miseries; and now and then I surprised myself in a sensation of positive enjoyment. A bountiful Deity had no doubt created this solace for me; and when I gave myself up to it, in those happy moments the world disappeared. I thought no longer of men, and their barbarities, but as a dream. My intellectual horizon was bounded by the walls of my prison; my senses, my reason, my imagination, were centred within that narrow compass. I found myself in the midst of a family who loved and interested me; why then should I wish to transport myself back into another hemisphere, where I had met with nothing but assassins and executioners?

"One day, when my straw had been changed, I observed, among what was newly brought, a piece of elder which had helped to tie it. This discovery caused an emotion I cannot describe. I conceived the idea of converting it into a flageolet, and the thought transported me. Hitherto I had heard no sounds within my dungeon but those of bolts and chains; I could now vary them by a sweet and touching melody, and thus accelerate in some degree the tardy step of time. What a fertile source of consolation! But how could I construct this flageolet? My hands were confined within two iron rings, fixed to a bar of the same metal; I could only move them by a most painful exertion, and I had no instrument whatever to assist me. My jailers would have refused me even a morsel of wood, although I could have offered them treasures in exchange.

"I contrived to take off the buckle which confined the waistband of my small-clothes. I used the irons on my legs to prepare it, and to bend the fork into a kind of small chisel; but it proved so ineffective, that it was with the utmost difficulty I was able to cut the branch of elder, take out the pith, and shape it as I required. At last, after many attempts, and several months' labour, I had the happiness to succeed. I call it a happiness, for it truly was one: I enjoy it to this hour with increasing interest. Thirty-four years have elapsed since I constructed this little instrument, and during that time it has never been a moment out of my possession. It formerly served to dissipate my cares,—it now enhances my enjoyments. I will give directions, after it has consoled the latest hours of my existence, that it shall be placed in the hands of some true apostle of liberty, and fixed in one of her temples, to record, with similar memorials, the attempts of despotism.

"The time occupied by these important labours in some degree distracted me from my domestic cares, and I neglected my little family: during this interval it had considerably augmented, and in less than a year amounted to twenty-six. I was certain there were no strangers among them; those who attempted to obtain admittance were received with hostility, and compelled to fight with the first who encountered them. These battles afforded me a most amusing spectacle. As soon as the two champions placed themselves in position, they appeared at once to estimate their respective force before a blow was struck. The stronger gnashed his teeth, while the weaker uttered cries, and retreated slowly without turning his back, as if fearful lest his adversary should spring upon and devour him. On the other hand, the stronger never attacks in front, which would expose him to the danger of having his eyes torn out: the method he adopts is ingenious and amusing: he places his head between his fore-paws, and rolls head over heels two or three times, until the middle of his back comes in contact with his enemy's nose. The latter attempts to fly; the former selects that moment to seize him; he grasps him at once, and sometimes they fight most furiously; if any other rats are present, they remain passive spectators of the combat, and never join two against one.

"I was very anxious to tame some spiders, but in this I was less skilful than the unfortunate *Pelisson*. The method I employed to take them was singular. I tied a fly to a hair of my head, and suspended it thus over a hole where I knew there was a spider; the spider came out and seized it: I could then carry it where I pleased; for the spider, not being able to climb along the hair, or detach himself from the fly, remained in my power. I then tied the hair to the grating of the loop-hole, and put a goblet of water under it. The spider let down a thread, by which he could descend: as soon as he touched the water, he went back again to the fly, and in this manner I could keep him a long time; but I tried in vain: for I was never able to familiarize a single one."

Cowper, the friend of freedom, has made us familiar with the unhappy prisoner alluded to above. Compelled

To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious we
Contrives, hard-shifting and without her tools;
To read, engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own;
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him as a friend;
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
Now downward, and then upward, then aslant,
And then alternate; with a sickly hope,
By dint of chance, to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till, the sum exactly told,
In all directions, he begins again.
Oh, comfortless existence! hemmed around
With woes which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social; nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him, for perhaps a heedless word,
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,—
Moves indignation—makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative could please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear—strong only to destroy.
'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

This extract will be pardoned us. It is far from out of place. The state prisons of France and Austria are not yet tenantless.

Sartine was now at the head of the police department—a minister very different in character from Berryer. To him a report was sent by a surgeon of the state of the prisoner Latude, which is almost too shocking to be read. The medical report met with no attention; but the swelling of the Seine having flooded his dungeon, he was removed to an open cell in a different tower, as the turnkey complained of wetting his feet when attending the prisoner. Once more Latude beheld and blessed the face of heaven; but he had lost his strange companions.

"I was unable to remove with me my little family, which I bitterly regretted; but a happy chance supplied me with the means of replacing them.

"There were some pigeons in the constant habit of perching on my window. I conceived the idea of taming them. If I succeeded, they would more than console me for the loss of my rats: how much more sweet and touching would be their caresses and their friendship! My mind being intent on this project, I endeavoured to put it in execution. With some threads that I drew out from my shirts and sheets, I constructed a noose, which I hung out from my window, and caught a beautiful male pigeon. I soon caught the female also, who seemed voluntarily to partake the captivity of her mate. I tried every means to console them for the loss of liberty; I assisted them to make their nest and to feed their young; my cares and attention equalled their own. They seemed sensible of this, and repaid me by every possible mark of affection. As soon as we had established this reciprocal understanding, I occupied

myself entirely with them. How I watched their actions, and enjoyed their expressions of tenderness! I lost myself entirely whilst with them, and in my dreams continued the enjoyment.

"All the officers of the Bastille, surprised at my address, came to witness the exhibition of it. It gratified me to astonish them by describing the pleasure it afforded me; but they had no such feelings, and could not even conceive their existence. Dargon became jealous of my happiness, and resolved to interrupt it: he was angry that a single emotion of my heart should be unaccompanied by pain. He was upheld by some of the superior officers, whose creature he was, and who winked at all his proceedings; whatever he did was approved of: he resolved, therefore, to deprive me of my pigeons, or make me pay dearly for permission to keep them. I was in the habit of giving him, every Sunday, one of the seven bottles of wine allowed me for the week: he had the insolence to demand four. I pointed out to him how impossible it was for me, in the weak state to which I was reduced, to give up what was so necessary to restore my health: he replied, that, unless I consented, he would buy no more grain for my pigeons, although I paid him four times the value. Exasperated by his insolence, I replied with some asperity; he went out foaming with rage, and returned some time after, announcing that he came, in obedience to the Governor's orders, to kill my pigeons. My despair at this exceeded all bounds, and absolutely unsettled my reason; I could have willingly sacrificed my life to satisfy my just vengeance on this monster. I saw him make a motion towards the innocent victims of my misfortunes; I sprang forward to prevent him; I seized them, and, in my agony, I crushed them myself. This was perhaps the most miserable moment of my whole existence. I never recall the memory of it without the bitterest pangs. I remained several days without taking any nourishment; grief and indignation divided my soul; my sighs were imprecations, and I held all mankind in mortal horror."

Fortunately for the unhappy prisoners, the new Governor of the Bastille, Count de Jumilhac, was compassionate and generous. He procured for Latude the indulgence of walking on the flat roof of the Bastille for two hours a-day. The prisoner now employed himself in forming schemes of reform in the army and finance departments, which he transmitted to Sartine. He hoped his plans might entitle him to his freedom. From causes not properly explained in the first instance, and afterwards by intemperate expressions of complaint wrung from the persecuted prisoner, Sartine, servile beyond every other minister to the royal favourite, became his confirmed and relentless enemy.

From the platform of the Bastille he still enjoyed the pleasure of viewing Paris and the country, and connecting himself in idea with busy life.

One day a sentinel, who had been in his father's regiment, told him of the death of his parent. To his family he, like all the state prisoners, was dead. A report had, indeed, been spread that he had escaped from Holland to the West Indies, and been drowned at sea. It was long before this, on his first arrest, that his mother had written to Pompadour.

"My son, Madam, has long groaned in the dungeons of the Bastille, for having had the misfortune to offend you. My grief surpasses his; day and night his sad fate torments my imagination. I share all the agony of his sufferings, without having participated in his fault. What do I say? Alas! I know not how he has displeased you. He was young, and has been led away by others. How differently must he reason now! The reflections of a prison are very opposite to the vain thoughts of unbridled youth. If he, Madam, is unworthy of your pardon, extend your indulgence to me in his stead; feel for my situation; have compassion on an afflicted mother; let your heart be softened by my tears. Death will soon close my eyes; do not wait till I am in the grave to show compassion to my son. He is my only child, the sole shoot of the stock, the last scion of his family, the only prop of my age. Restore him to me, Madam, *you who are so good!* (O, my mother, you speak to her of her goodness! you degrade yourself even to that! Can maternal tenderness extend so far?) Do not refuse me my son, Madam, the only consolation of my declining years; give him up to my affliction, restore him to my entreaties, my sighs, my tears!"

And yet this monster in the human form remained inflexible. Many other persons joined in soliciting my deliverance. My relations and my friends, in more than one instance, engaged in my behalf some of the satellites of the Marchioness, and of Monsieur de Sartine. They were invariably repulsed with these appalling words:—"Beware how you solicit the pardon of that miscreant. You would shudder if you knew the crimes he has committed."

In going into the Bastille a fictitious name was given to all prisoners, that when inquired for by powerful friends, it could be said no such person was confined there. No advocate was permitted to plead for a prisoner confined by a *Lettre de cachet*, or to publish any statement about him.

On the platform Latude was always attended by guards; but he conceived the project of so far eluding them as to throw a packet into the street, St. Antoine, if he could find writing materials, which were now strictly forbidden him. This idea engaged all his thoughts. He says, "From the top of the platform I could see perfectly into the different apartments of the houses that surrounded the Bastille; I endeavoured to distinguish the persons that occupied them; and above all, for the execution of my project, I sought for women, and I wished to find them young and pretty. Their gentle souls are then more susceptible of pity, more easily touched by misfortunes. Their sensibility is more active, and more capable of generous efforts. Nature impresses these truths upon us; I felt their power, but I had not then learned them from experience. How deeply have they since been engraved upon my heart, and how much am I indebted to the heroic woman who burst the chains that had so long encircled me; who, without knowing me, and upon the mere recital of my injuries, herself without friends, protectors, fortune, or any guide but her heart, succeeded in defeating my enemies, and hesitated not to brave their utmost vengeance."

"A fortunate chance assisted me even beyond my

hopes. I remarked two young women at work, in a room by themselves; their countenances appeared gentle and attractive, and I was not deceived. One of them happening to look towards me, I saluted her respectfully with my hand; she apprized her sister, who also turned round; I then saluted them both in the same manner, which they answered immediately with an air of interest and good nature. From this moment, we commenced a regular correspondence. Every day I repeated my visit."

He resolved to address his memorial to a well-known character La Beaumelle. On a former occasion he had used the bones of carp for a pen, and his own blood as ink, but this time by beating out a half-penny to the thinness of paper, he contrived to fold it up and form a metal pen. To make ink was his greatest difficulty, for wounding his fingers to procure the substitute had been attended with bad consequences.

The Memoir was drawn up. Instructions and hints for their guidance given to friends, and from the leathern linings of a pair of breeches, packets were made, but his fair neighbours were yet to be apprized of his design.

"For several days," says he, "I endeavoured, by signs, to explain to my friendly neighbours, that I wished them to come into the street, and receive a packet from me; they appeared not to understand me. At length, on the 21st of September, 1763, I perceived that one of them obeyed my signal; I took advantage of a moment when my keepers had their backs turned, and flung the packet towards her with all my strength; it fell close to her feet; I saw her take it up, and return quickly to her chamber, where her sister was expecting her. In less than a quarter of an hour, they went out together, having previously given me to understand, by the most expressive gestures, that their intention was to carry the packet to the address of the parties I had named to them.

"I had mentioned, in my letter to themselves, that my first duty, and equally my pleasure, on obtaining my deliverance, would be to recompense them for their generous interference. For nearly thirty years, this sacred debt has weighed heavily on my heart. One of these amiable sisters is dead; the other is still in existence, and her circumstances are far from comfortable. My heart has never ceased to feel the deepest gratitude for her services, but my evil destiny has denied me the means of proving it."

A joyful day at last dawned for Latude. His friends one day appeared at their window and made many signs.

"On the 18th of April, 1764, at a quarter past nine in the morning, I saw them approach the window, and display a roll of paper, on which I read distinctly the following words in large characters:—*The Marchioness de Pompadour died yesterday, April the 17th, 1764.*

"I thought I saw the heavens expand themselves.

"I wrote immediately to Monsieur de Sartine; I reminded him that I had committed no crime, and had never been in the presence either of accuser or judge; that I had been detained in the Bastille by the orders of the Marchioness de Pompadour alone, and as her death had terminated her vengeance, it ought equally to put a period to my captivity.

"All the officers of the Bastille, the turnkeys, and every one attached to the establishment, had received the most rigorous orders to conceal from the prisoners the death of the Marchioness; the Lieutenant of Police, therefore, was surprised beyond measure when he read my letter. He hastened instantly to the prison, ordered me to be brought before him, and demanded with severity from whom, and through what channel, I had received my intelligence. This question, and the tone in which it was put, convinced me at once that I should bring danger on those who had informed me, if I were weak enough to name them. I replied to Monsieur de Sartine, that the importance he attached to the matter, enabled me to perceive the motives he was actuated by; and, well knowing what would be the consequences of my confession, he should tear out my entrails before he extracted it from me. He persevered, and had the baseness to say, 'This avowal is the price of your liberty.' I could no longer contain my indignation but retorted,—'That I thought I saw before me Mahomet II., who ripped open twelve pages, to discover which among them had swallowed five cyphers.' He stammered in confusion, blushed, and went away, promising to take care of me."

It was insinuated to Latude, that the heirs of the Marchioness de Pompadour, dreading the claims of her victims, had prevailed with the Minister to keep them still in prison; and after an agonizing period of suspense, he in a state of furious exasperation wrote to Sartine, in the style which few men in power ever will forgive.

"Prudent men will condemn me for this act of passion, and find in it, perhaps, a justification of the atrocious cruelties I groaned under; or they will probably account themselves generous, if, appealing to their sensibility, they excuse me on the ground of compassion. Let these cold calculators learn to estimate the effect of bodily and mental suffering nourished by despair alone; let them remember that he who kisses with respect the hand of the tyrant that oppresses him, is a dastard undeserving pity, and that Socrates appears greater because he dared to brave Anitus.

"It was on the 27th of July, 1764, that I forwarded this letter. A generous tyrant (and even tyrants sometimes can be generous) would have been struck on reading it; he would have blushed for himself, and pardoned the writer. Monsieur de Sartine ordered me to be thrown again into a common dungeon. This was his only answer, and it was worthy of him. I remained on bread and water till the 14th of August following. He began to reflect that the officers of the Bastille, aware of the promises he had formerly made me, and witnesses of his present conduct, would easily divine his motives; and in imitation of other despots, who, while they practise vices, assume the semblance of virtue, he circulated through the Castle the report that he was disposed to restore me to liberty; but, to accustom me by degrees to a change of air, he was going to place me for a few months in a convent of monks. In consequence of this, I was taken out of my dungeon during the night of the 14th or 15th of August, 1764; I was loaded with irons of every description, and under the custody of an exempt named Rouillier, attended by two

assistants, was conveyed into a hackney coach. A scene of cold, reflecting cruelty, was now preparing for me, surpassing in atrocity any I have yet detailed.

"My keepers fastened an iron chain round my neck, the end of which they passed under the bend of my knees; one of them placed one hand upon my mouth, and the other behind my head, whilst his companion pulled the chain with all his might, and thus completely bent me double. The pain I suffered was so intense that I thought my loins and spine were crushed; I have no doubt it equalled that endured by the wretch who is broken on the wheel. In this state I was conveyed from the Bastille to Vincennes."

Sartine was an odious specimen of the genus French Minister. His malignity and meanness were evinced on many occasions; but from this epoch, his hatred of Latude, who had the indiscreet courage to brave him, became a passion.

To transfer the prisoner from the Bastille to Vincennes, it was necessary to obtain an order from the Governor of Paris, which office was then filled by M. de Saint Florentin. To him Sartine, as head of the police, presented the following memorial, worthy of those tyrants who seek to "Crush out life by little secret ways."

"The longer Daury (the fictitious name given to Latude to conceal his true one) continues a prisoner, the more his malignity and ferocious temper increase. It is easy to perceive that he is capable of almost any crime, and would commit some desperate outrage if he were restored to liberty. Since the 1st of July and the 13th of August last, when I caused him to be informed that he must still exercise patience, and that the period of his restoration to liberty, which was approaching, was not yet fixed, there is no description of excess, brutality, violence, and menaces, which he has not constantly put in practice to render himself formidable. The memory of the Marchioness de Pompadour is a perpetual scourge to him. He lavishes on her the most opprobrious epithets, because he himself has become an abandoned miscreant in prison.* If she had lived, he says, he would have played her a fatal turn. See page 7 of his letter of the 27th July. The King himself is not safe from his fury and his insolent jests. After this letter of the 27th July, in which he loads me with the most atrocious insults, and is prodigal of threats, I continued still to treat him with humanity. I have despised his impotent fury, and I have even given him hopes, through the Major, to whom I wrote on the subject, that the duration of his captivity would be abridged: he replied by insolent letters, so that I was compelled to remove him to a dungeon, which severity he treats with ridicule. This man, who is desperate and enterprising beyond what can be readily believed, occasions great trouble and annoyance in the duty of the Bastille."

Latude protests in the strongest and most passionate terms against these charges, and no one can dis-

* The names given by Latude to this favourite could not be worse than those bestowed on her by the grandsons of her royal paramour, the present ex-King of France, and his mild and well-disposed brother Louis XVI.—*E. J. M.*

believe that the voice of truth, indignant truth, outraged justice, speaks through him. The order, as we have seen, was given. The unfortunate prisoner now lost all hope. The order solicited was one under which he might be confined in an *oubliette*, a place, as the name imports, of utter oblivion, a subterranean cell where the wretched prisoner was heard of no more, and perished either of hunger, disease, or by the more merciful mode of secret assassination. The English translator of Latude's Memoirs mentions, that when the Duc d'Enghien was led into the fosse at Vincennes previous to his execution (murder), he inquired "Am I then to be confined in an *oubliette*?" Napoleon and Fouché were not so diabolical in cruelty as the Bourbons. He was only shot.

The Governor of Vincennes at this period was not a fitting instrument for Sartine. He removed the despairing prisoner, who had fallen sick, from his dungeon, and allowed him to walk in the garden two hours a day. Escape was again his hope. This unhappy man had now been a prisoner for above fifteen years! He was still in the prime of life; and he appears to have been of a spirit which no degree of oppression could quell. When he had been upwards of a year in this fortress, he again escaped.

"On the 23d of November, 1765, I was walking in the garden, about four o'clock in the afternoon; the weather had been clear, but suddenly a dense fog came on; the idea that it might favour my escape instantly presented itself to my imagination; I seized upon it with transport; but how could I get rid of my constant keepers, and evade the sentries who guarded every passage? I had two jailers and a sergeant at my side, who never quitted me for a single second. I could not engage with them; their arms, their number, and their physical strength, rendered them too great an overmatch for me; neither could I glide away by stealth, and get to a distance from them: their duties were to accompany me, and watch sedulously my most trifling motions. I had no chance but by a bold stroke, which might throw them off their guard, and give me a momentary start while they recovered their surprise. I addressed the sergeant with confidence, and made him remark the thick fog which had so suddenly risen. 'How do you find this weather?' said I. 'Very bad, sir,' replied he. I rejoined on the instant, in a simple and collected tone, 'And I—I find it most excellent for an escape.' Whilst speaking these words, I threw off with each of my elbows the two sentries who were by my side; I pushed the sergeant violently, and he fell.

"I passed close to a third sentry, who only perceived me when I had got beyond him; the four were joined by others, and cried out lustily, 'Seize him! seize him!' At these words the guards turned out, the windows flew open, the officers ran here and there, and every one repeated, 'Seize him! seize him!' It was impossible to escape. On the instant I conceived the idea of profiting by this circumstance to force a passage through the crowd who were hastening to arrest me. I shouted out louder than the rest, 'Seize him! seize him!' I made a motion with my hands conformable to my words: all were deceived by this trick, and by the fog which

favoured it; they imitated me, and ran and pursued with me the fugitive I appeared to point out. I got considerably in advance of the rest, and had only a single pace further to pass over. I was already at the extremity of the court; one sentinel only remained, but it was difficult to deceive him; for obviously the first person who presented himself would appear suspicious, and it was his duty to arrest him. My calculation was too just; at the first cries of 'Seize him!' he placed himself in the middle of the passage, which in that spot was very narrow; and to complete my ill luck, he knew me perfectly. His name was Chenu. As soon as I approached his post, he intercepted my passage, calling out to me to stop, or he would run his bayonet through my body. 'My dear Chenu,' said I, 'you are incapable of such an action; your orders are to arrest, but not to kill me.' I had slackened my pace, and came up to him slowly; as soon as I was close to him, I sprang upon his musket—I wrenched it from him with such violence that he was thrown down in the struggle; I jumped over his body, flinging the musket to a distance of ten paces, lest he should fire it after me, and once more I achieved my liberty."

Latude succeeded in reaching the dwelling of the girls with whom he had made acquaintance from the leads of the Bastille. They were the daughters of a poor hair-dresser: need we say how much nobler creatures than the Pompadours. It enables one's heart to bear up against a hundred of the ills of life here recorded, to come upon "good creatures" like the *Demoiselles Lebrun*.

"They were very cautious not to disclose to their father who I was, or the efforts they had made in my behalf, fearing lest his prudent experience should oppose proceedings which might lead to consequences prejudicial to his family; they contrived to introduce me to him; and furnished me with some of his linen, an apartment, and fifteen livres which they had in their possession. They supplied me with food from all their own meals, and lavished attentions on me with such anxiety as fully proved the warmth and benevolence of their hearts. What motive could have animated them, but the desire of doing a good action!"

We cannot follow the varied fortunes of the doomed Latude, while concealing himself in Paris, before he fell once more into the harpy fangs of Sartine, and the brother of Madame de Pompadour, and was plunged into a dungeon of Vincennes. His most agonizing torture at this time was being falsely informed that the sergeant who had formerly the charge of watching him, had been shot for his escape.

"I forgot my woes and my miserable situation; the dreadful spectacle of this man's punishment, the cries and curses of his wife and children, were perpetually before my ears, during the appalling night that succeeded.

"A prey to all the agonies of despair, I gnashed my teeth, I howled with anguish, I gnawed the earth, and invoked to my relief all the furies of the infernal regions. I wanted only to revenge this unfortunate victim and die. Such a paroxysm of fury could only be of short duration, and my mind began to give way under it."

A sentinel, in pity of his sufferings, one day in-

formed him that he had been basely deceived. The sergeant had been imprisoned for a time, but was not shot. Still the Governor was kind and consoling, though he could give his unhappy prisoner no hope of release.

Among the documents afterwards recovered by Latude, from the public registers, which shew, by-the-way, that he was very different from the "*ferocious miscreant*," his persecutors represented him, were two letters, addressed by this generous man, to Sartine, in behalf of his prisoner. His bodily sufferings became extreme after this period, and the surgeon procured his removal to a habitable chamber, where he recovered health, and with vigour came the irrepressible desire of freedom and society! By the indefatigable labour of twenty-six months, he contrived to perforate the five feet wall of the Keep, in which was his apartment. It opened into the garden, where the prisoners, one at a time, were permitted to walk, for the benefit of fresh air. Through the aperture so patiently bored, by pushing a long stick, he communicated with his fellow-prisoners, several of whom were, like himself, originally the victims of the insatiable Pompadour, immured by her, for some slighting or contumelious expression, or for naming her by the name she merited. Some of these gentlemen had published pamphlets, decrying her pernicious influence in the state. One old gentleman, for repeating in a company four satirical lines, of which he was not the author, had been imprisoned, at this time, for *eleven years*; another nineteen years! and a third for seventeen, who was only suspected of having spoken ill!—"He was very ill and weak, and could scarcely hold himself upright, but he appeared delighted at our conversation, and promised me to attend at the rendezvous as often as his bad health would allow. I never saw him again; and I know not whether he died shortly after, or was prevented by weakness from leaving his chamber, or had been restored to liberty. The latter was very improbable; for it appeared as if he also had been sent to Vincennes to be forgotten."

Among the prisoners was M. Tiercelin, against whom his own daughter, one of the numerous harem of the hoary debauchee on the throne, had obtained a *Lettre de cachet*. From the Fortress of St. Yon at Rouen, this unhappy father escaped, and, on a second *Lettre de cachet*, was consigned to Vincennes. From the minister, the Duke de la Vrillière, "She," says Latude, "might have obtained a thousand such orders in so legitimate a cause."

Through his hole in the wall, the other prisoners supplied Latude with paper, by rolling a sheet round his stick, and they soaked cotton in ink, which, when moistened with water, gave out tincture, which enabled him to correspond with them, and them to correspond with each other.—"They were totally unacquainted, and never met,—one at a time only being suffered to walk in the garden. They were thus enabled to write to each other, and my apartment became a sort of general post-office. I received their letters and despatched them. My time was fully occupied in this manner, and I was no longer condemned, as my sole employment, to count the hours and moments of my miserable existence."

A vile minion of Sartine, and of the Prime Min-

ister, who was himself the ally or creature of Pompadour, succeeded Guyonnet, and renewed the misery of the prisoners. This was Rougemont, afterwards described by Mirabeau. Latude says, with perfect justice, and how applicable his remarks would have been to England and to Scotland at no distant period, and to Ireland at one still later, we need not tell:—"It is seldom on the great theatre of their actions that the characters of despots can be justly estimated. There the brilliancy which surrounds them imposes on the world, and invests tyranny with an air of grandeur, which too often inclines the obedient vassal to kiss with respect the august hand that binds his chains. To know a tyrant thoroughly, is to examine the secret engines of his power, and to study the conduct of his inferior agents: these satellites adopt the principles of their superiors without the imposing dignity which sometimes conceals their inherent baseness."

Among the other vices of Rougemont was starving his prisoners, for whose maintenance he was liberally allowed. His servants, who were all his creditors, profited by these abuses:—"Their usual answer to any complaint was, '*It is even too good for prisoners.*'" M. de Mirabeau has related the speech of a cook in M. de Rougemont's establishment, who had the audacity to say, *that, if the prisoners were ordered to be fed on straw, he would give them stable litter.* It is impossible to add any thing to facts like these; every one who reads them will consult his own feelings and form his own conclusions."

It was the duty of the head of the police to visit the prisons, and converse with the prisoners, and hear their complaints. For seven years Latude had not seen his persecutor; nor now, when Sartine appeared surrounded by his satellites, durst he prefer a complaint against Rougemont. "Nevertheless," says he, "I recovered composure enough to state, that, for twenty-six years, I had suffered every accumulated misery which privation and captivity could inflict, without knowing my crime, without being confronted either with witness or accuser, and without ever hearing the name of justice pronounced. His sole answer was, that he would speak to the King! Infamous and degrading subterfuge of all ministers who dare to blaspheme the sacred name of royalty!"

Louis XVI. was now King of France, and Malesherbes was minister. He visited the State Prison, listened to the tale of Latude, and promised relief. "Twenty-six years!" he repeated several times, stamping the ground with his foot. The enemies of Latude, who dreaded his release as a signal for the exposure of their infamy, persuaded Malesherbes that he was a lunatic, and all that was obtained was his transference from Vincennes to Charenton, a monastery, half state prison, and half bedlam. The cruel disappointment of finding himself here when he expected freedom, almost qualified the unfortunate man for being an inmate of this asylum, where many individuals were immured at the request of powerful friends, though they were not lunatics. If a young man wished to contract what his family called a *mesalliance*, a *Lettre de cachet* was easily obtained, and he was sequestered in the Bastille or Charenton till he yielded to their wishes. One gentleman was

confined for having, while under the influence of wine, broke into the royal deer park,* and profaned that sanctuary of royal purity. The good offices and importunities of his fellow-captives procured Latude, after a considerable time, the indulgence of fire, and of society for a few hours in the day. We touch now upon a most affecting event in the record of Latude's unhappy story. His friend D'Alegré, the inmate of his cell so many years before, the companion of his escape, whose failure to meet him at Brussels, and arrest, and subsequent fate, had occasioned him so much sorrow and regret, was discovered to be a confirmed maniac in Charenton, conducted from the Bastille thither ten years before, naked, and chained in a cage in raving madness! Latude implored to see him, and after a time his importunities prevailed with the monks. Let us hope that while we see, even down to this period, elaborate chronicles of the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, —and it is not easy to paint them black enough,—we may have exhibited on the opposite page some of the worse scenes of the Reign of Despotism, the interior of the state dungeons, and the condition of the tortured and maddened victims of irresponsible power.

"I was," says Latude, "pale and breathless with grief and impatience; the monk, seeing the state I was in, requested me to wait some days. 'No,' replied I, 'I will never quit you till you have taken me to him. I wish to see, to weep with him, to moisten his chains with my tears.' Notwithstanding my pressing importunity, I was obliged to wait several hours, the monk, under various pretexts, refusing to accompany me till the evening: I am convinced he employed the interval in clothing my unhappy friend. Madmen, in the condition to which he was reduced, tear, and devour their garments; they are often left in a state of complete nudity, and he was unwilling to exhibit D'Alegré in that melancholy situation."

"At last, I was allowed to see him. I trembled as I passed into his miserable den. I expected to find my former friend, I saw only a squalid spectre; his hair matted and in disorder, his eyes sunken and haggard, his whole figure so worn and attenuated, that it was scarcely possible to recognise him. The appalling spectacle pursues me still, and is ever present to my imagination. I threw myself on his neck to embrace him; he repulsed me with aversion. I endeavoured to recall him to himself: 'Do you not remember your old friend?' said I. 'I am Latude, who assisted you to escape from the Bastille; have you no recollection of me?' He turned on me a petrifying look, and in a stifled tone exclaimed, '*I know you not—begone—I am God!*' I could extract nothing further from him. I groaned in utter agony at my disappointment: some of the pensioners who had accompanied me, in their anxiety to terminate this painful interview, dragged me away, and forced me back to my chamber."

"My readers will be affected by this incident; they

* The translator, who appears to have executed his task very well, might have supplied a few more explanatory notes. This royal deer park must, we apprehend, mean the infamous *Parc aux cerfs*, the polluted scene of the debaucheries of the venerable king, and not an ordinary chase; though the *Parc aux cerfs* was both in one sense.

will be more shocked when I tell them this unfortunate being is still in existence.* At the time I speak of, he had been ten years in that dreadful situation; at present, he has endured it for double that period. Death has refused to terminate his punishment, and no one has been found sufficiently humane to anticipate the final blow and relieve the wretched victim from his misery. I forget my own misfortunes when my mind reverts to those of D'Alegré; I become inflamed with a holy indignation, which drives me beyond the bounds of endurance. This amiable young man possessed both virtue and talents; he might have become a valuable citizen, an estimable member of society; and behold the state to which he was reduced by the pride of a prostitute, and the infamous complaisance of a minister!"

One of the boarders in the establishment, a youth confined by his relations for having drawn his sword upon his own brother, was liberated. He was a native of Latude's province, and a young man of a very ancient family. His mother became interested in the fate of the fellow-prisoner of her son. She had interest in the household of the Queen, and through her means the release of Latude was at length ordered, on condition that he should exile himself to his native town of Montagnac. A man who had been for twenty-eight years immured in dungeons, and believed dead, has, we fear, few friends in the world. He came out of his prison in rags, without a hat or coat, wearing, in 1776, the great-coat he had bought in Brussels, on his first escape, so many years before. He was without a penny—but he was free! He applied to a gentleman from his own city, a stranger, whom he knew only by name, who kindly lent him twenty-five louis to procure clothes. "Fortune then has at length," says the weary reader, "tired of persecuting Latude." Alas, no! He forgot the condition of his release. He lingered in Paris—began to write memorials,—to tell powerful men the tale of his injuries. A month appears to have been spent thus, when he perceived symptoms of the gathering storm, and fled, but was arrested at St. Breci, in the King's name, by the emissaries the Paris police sent after him. Stripped of his money and papers, he was carried back to be consigned to the horrid *Bicêtre*, the Newgate of Paris, and as much worse than Newgate, as the worst French felon-jail, fifty years since, might be presumed than the worst English one. He was accused of having broken into the house of a lady, and, by threats, compelled her to give him a sum of money. There is no doubt in the world that the persecutors of Latude would, in Paris, at that period, have found fifty ladies to make such a charge, but they never dared to confront the miserable prisoner with any accuser. To his demand for trial, no answer was ever given. He was mad, and that was enough. The details of his sufferings, mental and bodily, in this horrible place, we cannot enter upon. He contrived to transmit letters to those friends in the royal household who had so lately procured his release. They expressed, and very probably felt, great sympathy with his condition,—but they were cowardly, and made courtiers' promises. His very relations, their selfishness wearied out with the mis-

eries of the man so singled out for misfortune, became indifferent, and would help him no farther. Hunger, cold, filth, and sufferings in the most squalid shape, were among the evils the wretched prisoner had now to contend with: and there was another privation, in which probably a few of our readers may sympathize:—

"One of the greatest privations I suffered was the absence of snuff. Those who are in the habit of taking it will easily comprehend how distressing it is to be without this consolation. I had no resource, but sometimes to accept a pinch from the filthy keepers, but I was obliged to indulge myself very sparingly, or my stock would soon have been exhausted; I therefore retained it in my box, and contented myself with the odour; I had only the means of gratifying a single sense, and even that one I was compelled to deceive.

"Setting aside the fleas, the rats, M. de Sartine, and M. Le Noir, I had still other enemies to struggle with, of which the cold and damp were the most formidable. In rainy weather, and in winter during the thaws, the water streamed down the sides of my dungeon, and I became a martyr to rheumatism. The pain I suffered completely deprived me of the use of my limbs, and I remained for whole weeks without moving from my pallet; the keeper, during this time, gave me no soup, for I was unable to approach the wicket; he flung my allowance of bread to me, and I was left alone, a prey to my bodily and mental agonies.

"My sufferings increased as the cold weather set in. The window of my cell, defended by a strong iron grating, looked out on the corridor, in the wall of which was an aperture about ten feet high, exactly opposite. This opening was also protected by iron bars, and through it I received the scanty portion of air and light I was allowed to enjoy; but the wind, the rain, and the snow, penetrated in the same manner, and I had nothing to protect me from their effects. I was without fire or candle-light; my clothes consisted of an old cap, an under-waistcoat without sleeves, and a coat, all of coarse woollen cloth; a pair of sabots, and stockings full of holes, which scarcely reached to the calf of my leg. The frost was as severe within my cell as in the open air, and, throughout the winter, I was compelled to break the ice in my water-bucket with my sabot, and dissolve it in my mouth to slake my thirst. To diminish the excessive cold, which during one of the winters was intense beyond precedent, I had no resource, but to close up my window, which proved the worst alternative of the two. The mephitic odours which exhaled from the gutters and sewers that completely enveloped my dungeon, almost suffocated me; this infected air, having no escape, condensed and violently affected my eyes, my mouth, and my lungs. During thirty-eight months I remained in this deplorable situation, a prey to hunger, cold, damp, and rheumatism, and given up to the most cruel despair, unenlivened by a ray of hope. Hitherto I had borne all with a constancy almost superhuman, but I succumbed at last. I was now attacked by scurvy; the symptoms displayed themselves in a general lassitude, and unintermitting pain in all my limbs, which rendered it equally intolerable to sit up or lie down. In

* In 1790.—E. J. M.

less than ten days, my legs and thighs swelled to a frightful extent; the lower part of my body became black, my gums inflamed, my teeth loosened, and I was no longer capable of chewing my bread. For some time I had been unable to drag myself to my wicket, to receive my proportion of soup; for three entire days I had taken no sustenance whatever; I was stretched on my pallet of straw, without strength, incapable of motion, and almost senseless: I was abandoned in this fearful extremity, and none of the keepers inquired whether I was alive or dead. Some of my neighbours spoke to me, but I was unable to answer them; they concluded I was dead, and called out for assistance; the keepers hurried to the spot, and found me expiring. The surgeon ordered me to be placed on a litter, and carried to the infirmary of St. Roch."

This loathsome hospital was worthy of the prison. We have said that the memoirs of Latude account for, and go far to extenuate many of the horrors of the subsequent revolution. It was in 1790, when alluding to the abuses and peculation of the superintending of the hospital, that he cries,—

"Surely I have acquired a precious right to the vengeance I meditate, which will be as terrible as it is just. It is time the world should see, in their true features, the false idols they so long have worshipped; let me hasten to tear away the veil that has hid them, and expose the endless register of their enormities. But why need I step beyond the history of my own misfortunes? Are they not sufficient to devote these monsters in the human form to the execration of their fellow-creatures and the punishment of the laws!"

"And what, after all, was the crime I had committed! At the age of twenty-three years, led away by a ridiculous ambition, I had offended the Marchioness de Pompadour. At forty, after having exhausted seventeen years in tears and captivity, cruelly persecuted and vilified by M. de Sartine, I addressed that Minister with the indignation of conscious innocence. Many persons have designated as cowardice the constancy and patience with which I have supported my misfortunes. I could say much in reply, but I shall confine myself to a few words. I was accused and vilified; my relations, my friends, my acquaintances, were all disposed to deem me guilty. Ought I to have justified their suspicions by yielding to my destiny, and dying without confounding my enemies? Ought I not rather to live for vengeance, and survive my punishment? The hope of finally triumphing over my persecutors, the secret expectation of beholding them, at last, condemned to expiate their long series of enormity, this thought alone sustained my courage, and enabled me to outlive privations and tortures, the twentieth part of which, in ordinary cases, would have destroyed the firmest mind and broken down the strongest constitution."

"On entering Bicetre, I had assumed the name of *Jedor*, in allusion to a dog, the figure of which I had seen on the gates of a citadel, with a bone between his paws, and the following motto underneath: '*I gnaw my bone, expecting the day when I may bite him who has bitten me.*'"

At the end of five months he was able to rise and walk on crutches. Instead of being sent back to his

cell, he now obtained a tolerable chamber, clean and well aired. This unexpected indulgence he soon forfeited. He was unteachable. The prison was often visited from curiosity, by persons who bestowed charity on the inmates, and received their petitions. Latude kept one in readiness, and dropt it in the way of a lady of high rank. It was picked up by the comptroller of the prison.

"Two days afterwards, a sergeant and four soldiers conducted me to a dungeon, even more desolate than any I had hitherto inhabited. I now became once more a prey to all the horrors from which, for several weeks, I had in some measure escaped. I was again surrounded by miscreants, and doomed to listen to their blasphemous and disgusting ejaculations. I would fain have endeavoured to divert my mind by writing, but I was without a farthing to purchase a sheet of paper, to procure which, with a pen and ink, I sold my black bread, and was again reduced to dispute with the pigs of la Voiron, the crusts which were swept up from the galleries."

"A short time after this, a fortunate event produced a slight amelioration in the lot of the prisoners, and afforded me a presage of future happiness. Madame Necker came to the Bicetre. This distinguished lady is not indebted either to her rank or her name for the universal homage rendered freely to her virtues alone; the blessings of the wretched accompany her steps, and may well console her for the vain attacks of envy and malice. It was not curiosity, but compassion, that induced her to visit us: she was unable to relieve all our necessities, but she endeavoured to remove the most intolerable. Being informed by the prisoners that the small quantity of bread allowed them was inadequate to their support, she immediately bestowed a donation sufficient to add one quarter to the daily proportion of each. It was through her generous sensibility, that the cries of famine ceased to be heard within the walls of the Bicetre."

This was the least service rendered by the estimable wife of Necker to Latude. The President de Gourgue visited the prison. "Father Jedor," cried the prisoners, who pitied a man still more unfortunate than themselves, "there is the President in the court,—excellent, glorious news." This worthy magistrate listened with attention and interest. He could not credit the sum of horrors which ran through the tale of the prisoner, but he requested him to make out a memorial. One of the guards,—and many of them, in all his places of confinement, commiserated Latude, and spared him,—had seen M. Gourgue shed tears while listening to his story. The assurance of this good man's sympathy fell, he says, "like balm into my lacerated heart; my own tears fell in torrents, and, for the first time during many years, I passed a tranquil night."

It is but now that we approach the most affecting epoch of Latude's life, and an instance of the most devoted and truly heroic female virtue of which history affords any record. We are afraid it is something greater than any British woman would have dared. With the same good heart, the same pure, warm, and disinterested benevolence, the difference of manners would have chilled her feelings, and repressed her efforts by the continual recurrence of the

idea—"But what is my concern with this man?—what will the world say?—he is neither father, nor husband, nor brother of mine." The same objection would have met her at every door where she perseveringly knocked. We come to the story.

MADAME LEGROS, THE DELIVERER OF LATUDE.

Latude bribed a man with a pair of silk stockings which he had carefully preserved from the time of his last arrest, to carry his memorial to M. Gourgue. Either the man got drunk, or, as Latude says, his good genius for once prevailed. The packet was dropt on the streets of Paris, and picked up by a young married woman, named Legros. The envelope had come off with the wet. The seal had given way. The signature was "*MASERS DE LATUDE, a prisoner for thirty-two years at the Bastille, at Vincennes, and now at the Bicetre, where he is confined in a dungeon ten feet under ground, and fed on bread and water.*" This young woman kept a little shop. Her husband gave lessons to private pupils. Her father had died, and she had charged herself with his debts. Her mother appears to have lived in her family. They were, if not absolutely poor people, yet in very straitened circumstances. We must use the exact words of him, her unwearied philanthropy delivered, in speaking of her character and her rare virtues.

"She immediately repaired home, and read through, with intense anxiety, the circumstantial detail of my misfortunes; she then took a copy of the memorial, and forwarded the original to its address. Her gentle nature was equally impressed with pity and indignation, but she had a clear and powerful intellect, and subdued the first impulses of feeling: in the course of six months, she formed her plan, possessed herself of all the necessary information, met and overcame a thousand obstacles, and prepared every thing for the final accomplishment of her object.

"Being thoroughly convinced of my innocence, she resolved to attempt my liberation: she succeeded, after occupying three years in unparalleled efforts and unwearied perseverance. Every feeling heart will be deeply moved at the recital of the means she employed, and the difficulties she surmounted. Without relations, friends, fortune, or assistance, she undertook every thing, and shrank from no danger and no fatigue. She penetrated to the levees of the Ministers, and forced her way to the presence of the great; she spoke with the natural eloquence of truth, and falsehood fled before her words. They excited her hopes and extinguished them, received her with kindness and repulsed her rudely; she reiterated her petitions, and returned a hundred times to the attack, emboldened by defeat itself. The friends her virtues had created trembled for her liberty, even for her life. She resisted all their entreaties, disregarded their remonstrances, and continued to plead the cause of humanity. When seven months pregnant, she went on foot to Versailles, in the midst of winter; she returned home, exhausted with fatigue and worn out by disappointment; she worked more than half the night to obtain subsistence for the following day,

and then repaired again to Versailles. At the expiration of eighteen months, she visited me in my dungeon, and communicated her efforts and her hopes. For the first time I saw my generous protectress; I became acquainted with her exertions, and I poured forth my gratitude in her presence. She redoubled her anxiety, and resolved to brave every thing. Often, on the same day, she has gone to Montmartre to visit her infant, which was placed there at nurse, and then come to the Bicetre to console me and inform me of her progress. At last, after three years, she triumphed, and procured my liberty! But such a hasty summary of actions like these is equally unjust and ungrateful."

Until she found the packet, Madame Legros was ignorant of the existence of the prisoner. Her husband shared her generous feelings, though *she* was the unwearied, the indefatigable instrument of the tardy deliverance of Latude. The President Gourgue assured her the prisoner was a confirmed lunatic, liable, for thirty-four years, to periodical fits of madness—a man to be pitied, but beyond the chance of relief. She was staggered; but there was the memorial in her hands, clear, distinct, temperate. Her reflections ended in the just conclusion, that those who had so persecuted the prisoner now wished to stifle his complaints, and to paralyze the efforts of his friends, by asserting that he was a lunatic. And, again, if he was mad, why keep him in the *Bicetre*—why not at Charenton? Loss of reason was no crime. She resolved to ascertain the fact, and visited the prison under pretence of purchasing the straw toys exposed for sale by the prisoners. The name of Latude was unknown here; but at last she discovered him under the name of Father *Jedor*; and from the chaplain, his confessor, learned that he was no lunatic. He said her attempt was hopeless; but gave her a certificate of the prisoner's sanity. The chaplain, and particularly his predecessor, had shown great compassion for Latude. They gave him bread, wine, and money. This kindness was continued by the first after his connexion with the prison had ceased. "It was," says Latude, "principally owing to his assistance that I had been enabled to survive so many privations. My gratitude is ardent and honest, and I rejoice in thus publicly declaring it."

What a state of society must that be in which, while so many excellent persons knew and pitied this fearfully injured man, not one voice durst be raised in his behalf, and in that of eternal justice, till a poor young woman surmounted all cowardly fears, animated at once by indignation and pity!

"The first wish of Madame Legros was to open a communication with me, to acquaint me with her plans, her hopes, and her intentions; but even this preliminary step was attended with great difficulty. She came frequently to the Bicetre, and always under the pretext of seeing the establishment, or buying the various toys or baskets made by the prisoners: she succeeded at last, through the persuasive medium of three louis, in bribing one of the guards to deliver a letter to me, to which he promised to bring an answer within two days. This compact was made in a small inn near the Bicetre. She penned a hasty epistle, in which she described the accidental man-

ner in which she had found my memorial, the impression she had adopted of my innocence, and the steps she had taken in consequence; and with the feeling which such disinterested virtue alone could inspire, requested my confidence in return, and permission to sacrifice herself in an effort to save me. 'I know,' said she in this letter, 'the extremities to which you have been reduced to satisfy the pangs of hunger; henceforward such privations shall cease: I entreat you to receive, as a loan, the louis d'or which I have enclosed.' Not satisfied with alleviating my misery, she was studious even not to offend my delicacy. I bathed the letter with my tears, and, when I had read it, I threw myself on my knees, to adore the beneficent Power who had created this truly amiable woman in his own image, and endowed her with his own attributes.

"I employed the whole of the next day in writing my answer. I shall not affect a false and hypocritical diffidence, but will candidly avow that I wrote from the dictates of my heart, which prompted me to exhort my generous protectress against the dangers which she was about to expose herself to. I explained to her the character of my enemies, their power, and their unrelenting animosity. She had not mentioned to me either her name or station, and I knew not who she was, or whether she was in a condition to set them at defiance. 'Abandon me to my fate,' said I, 'rather than expose yourself; and remember that you are endeavouring to serve one who can never have it in his power to thank you, but by his gratitude and his tears.'

"Monsieur and Madame Legros were touched by my frankness, and, in a second letter, my benefactress expressed herself so warmly on that point, that, if possible, it increased the respect and veneration with which I regarded her. She sent me also a powder and ointment, which completely delivered me from the loathsome vermin by which I had been so cruelly devoured. On the first night I received considerable relief. I was enabled to sleep; and in less than four days the torment ceased entirely. In the mean time M. Legros prepared several copies of a memorial founded upon the information I had furnished him with, and his wife endeavoured to enlist in the cause some powerful protectors in opposition to our enemies. The names I am about to cite are well known, and the facts connected with them are equally notorious."

"The persons in office to whom Madame Legros applied, all believed her *protégé* a lunatic confined at Charenton. They accused him of no crime. His benefactress concealed her name and place of residence, the better to elude the enemies put on the alert by her efforts. By dint of great perseverance, and after many repulses, she made her way to the lady of the Keeper of the Seals, so far as to place a letter in her hands, referring to the prisoner's confessor for the truth of the statements it contained. In France every thing was then managed by female intrigue and female influence. The chaplain of the prison had pledged himself to Madame Legros to come forward and testify to the sanity and good conduct of Latude; but when called upon by Madame de Lamoignon, the lady of the Keeper of the Seals, he shrunk from his duty. He waited upon the lady;

but when Madame Legros, who appears to have been, in her own limits, as indefatigable a traveller as Howard or Clarkson, went to learn the result of the conference, she heard that the cowardly ecclesiastic had been totally unable to answer the questions put to him.

"She was struck dumb with astonishment and indignation, but she thanked him nevertheless, and even expressed her gratitude—a painful effort for a noble and ardent disposition, but a sacrifice she was compelled to make at every step, in compliance with the lukewarm spirits she was doomed to humour, and who, while they possessed the desire of doing good, wanted the energy to pursue their object. She had now no resource but to see M. de Lamoignon himself, and the only way of accomplishing this was by instructing me to demand the interview for her. She contrived to send me the substance of a letter I was to write, and which she thought would touch him to the soul. The plan succeeded: she took the letter, and told the porter who received it to say to his master that she waited for the answer. She was introduced; and M. de Lamoignon, visibly affected by her disinterested anxiety, promised to assist her views, but at the same time frankly owned that he almost despaired of success. He saw M. Le Noir several times on the subject; he referred him to the Minister, and the Minister referred him back again to the Lieutenant of Police; this game was carried on for nine months. M. Amelot, the Minister, declared that he saw no obstacles to my liberation, but the continual efforts of M. Le Noir.

"Thanks to the generous care of my benevolent friend, I was no longer reduced to the necessity of selling my wretched pittance of coarse bread, to purchase the paper which these letters and memorials rendered necessary. Madame Legros acquainted me with the favourable disposition of the Minister, and dictated to me the form of a fresh memorial, which, she thought, would still further excite his interest. My indignation almost overcomes me, when I state that this memorial remained unnoticed, and that, from that moment, all those who had appeared to feel for me, at once abandoned Madame Legros; she then addressed herself by turns to above two hundred persons, who, either by their rank or situation, possessed the means of assisting her, and from all she received either cold repulses or empty promises. Her funds were exhausted in bribing my jailers; her friends incessantly urged her to consult her own safety, by abandoning me to my fate; her health was impaired by her exertions, and her family and affairs entirely neglected; yet still this generous woman persevered in her object, and remained equally proof against remonstrance and disappointment.

"She happened to hear that one of the ladies of the chamber to *Madame*,* named Duchesne, possessed an unbounded influence over that Princess, which she never exercised but for purposes of charity and benevolence. She made many ineffectual attempts to see her at Versailles, and also at

* The translator imagines this to have been the wife of the elder brother of the King, or of the late Louis XVIII. It must have been Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the King.

Santenoy, a country residence about seven leagues from Paris. At last she succeeded; but on the way she fell, and sprained her foot so violently that she could scarcely proceed. Madame Duchesne received her with affability, and appeared to sympathize in my misfortunes; but she hesitated to mention the affair to the Princess, fearful of opposing two powerful Ministers. Madame Legros and her husband persevered, and at length prevailed on her to receive a memorial, and to promise her urgent intercession. My benefactress, who had been hitherto sustained by her generous energy, now yielded to the pain of the injury she had received; and when she returned home, was confined to the bed for six entire weeks.

"As soon as she recovered, she repaired once more to Versailles, and was again admitted to the presence of Madame Duchesne, who informed her that, on the day after she had received the memorial, while she was reading it, a priest named the Abbé Chausart, preceptor of the Queen's pages, entered her apartment, and took the paper from her hands, at the same time affirming that Latude was a lunatic, whose cause it was impossible to espouse without running the utmost personal risk. Madame Duchesne was humane and compassionate; she pitied me, but feared to interfere further, and dismissed Madame Legros, almost in a state of despair.

"My zealous protector had continued with unremitting perseverance her efforts in my favour, for the space of eighteen months, during which time she had never seen the unhappy object of her solicitude. She was most anxious to behold me, and at last discovered a method of surmounting the difficulties which opposed her wish. She ascertained that the good Abbé Legal [the first chaplain], my former friend, could easily obtain permission to visit the prisoners at the Bicêtre. She immediately called upon him, and communicated her object. He was equally solicitous; and they arranged a day, on which he requested an order to be admitted to speak with me. The order was granted, but for himself alone, and my attached protectress could only gratify herself by seeing me cross the court, as they conducted me to the Abbé, who was ushered into the hall by himself. She acquainted me by letter with these particulars, and informed me that I should know her, as I passed, by a branch of box, which she should carry in her hand. She cautioned me at the same time to suppress all emotion, and not to betray to the observers the mutual intelligence of our souls.

"The anticipated hour arrived; two keepers, armed with huge clubs, opened the wicket of my cell, and ordered me to follow them. My feelings overpowered the feeble remains of my strength, my knees trembled, and I could scarcely drag myself along, supported by my attendant guards. And what was the situation of my friend, my more than mother! Pale and breathless with anxiety, she awaited my approach; she saw me, and averted her eyes with involuntary horror. She beheld a loathsome spectre, with haggard eyes, wrinkled features, livid lips, and a long-neglected beard, which nearly concealed his face and descended to his waist; she saw me tottering with palsied steps, and scantily

covered with foul and wretched tatters. I arrived near the spot where she was standing. At first my feeble sight dazzled by the unwonted brilliancy of daylight, refused to aid my wishes, and I was unable to distinguish her, but my heart soon guided my imperfect organs; I saw, I flew towards her, I found myself pressed in her arms, and our tears mingled copiously together. It is vain to attempt a description of this ecstatic moment, which almost balanced the amount of my sufferings during thirty-four years of despair and persecution.

"I was compelled to tear myself from my generous friend, to enter the hall where the Abbé Legal expected me."

The Dauphin was born, an event which filled France with joy as intoxicating as the subsequent birth of the King of Rome, the son of "the Corsican adventurer." The birth of an heir to the throne had usually been a time for the release of state prisoners, which was managed by the Grand Almoner and a Commission, that selected the fit objects for the royal clemency. The Commission visited the Bicêtre. The Grand Almoner, the Cardinal de Rohan, accompanied them.

"The Cardinal appeared to dictate something to one of his colleagues; I felt convinced that it had a favourable relation to myself, and I was not mistaken. I gazed on my judges with tranquillity; they seemed calm and dispassionate, and expressed in their countenances, not the horror which my wretched appearance would so naturally excite, but the pleasing emotion of preparing to restore an unfortunate wretch to happiness; I was on the point of retiring with consolation at my heart, when my eyes fell on M. de Sartine: I shuddered, and, at once, read my fate in the sinister wrinkles of his countenance. Resolved, at least, to discompose his plans, I addressed myself to the Governor of the Bicêtre, M. Tristan, who was present, and said to him, "I have convinced my judges of my innocence, and I have, in their presence, defied my accusers, whoever they may be. For six years I have been in the dungeons of the prison under your inspection, and I call upon you to say, if, during that time, I have given you the slightest cause of complaint." He answered at once in the negative; I made a profound obeisance, and retired.

"Two days after, whilst, in the solitude of my cell, I was calculating on the result of the conflict between my enemies and my judges, a secretary of the Grand Almoner demanded to see me, and informed me that he was charged by the Cardinal to encourage my hopes, to assure me that he would not forget my misfortunes, and to offer me also a supply of money. For several months I awaited patiently the result of all these favourable circumstances. Emboldened by the kindness of the Cardinal, I ventured to write to him, and reminded him of his benevolent intentions.

"In the mean time, Madame Legros was not inactive; apprized by me of the interest which the Cardinal had evinced, and the kindness of the secretary, she determined to attach herself to the latter and arrange measures with him. For ten months she went to the Hotel de Rohan several times a day, but was unable to pass beyond the

porter's lodge. She then tried to obtain an interest with the porter's wife."

Madame Legros applied to the celebrated advocate, De la Croix, and gained that eminent person. Next a lady came over to the party,—a generous woman, who supplied Madame Legros with clothes, and went to the Bicetre, and listened to the prisoner's tale. It was soon the conversation of Paris. De la Croix went to Sartine, who denied all knowledge whatever of the prisoner! The advocate accordingly entertained him with the history of Latude, the victim of Pompadour and other unknown enemies. This must have been a delightful conversation.

"He informed him that many persons of the first rank and consequence had resolved to procure my liberty, and expose the tyranny under which I had so long and so innocently suffered; he apprized him that details containing every particular connected with his conduct towards me were prepared for publication, and that it was only by at once liberating me that he could purchase their suppression. He concluded by saying, that, if M. de Sartine hesitated for a moment to perform this act of tardy justice, my friends would obtain it from the Commission of Pardons, which was still sitting, in spite of his opposition and in defiance of his malice. De Sartine was paralyzed, he turned pale, trembled, and had the baseness at last to stammer out, '*But, if this prisoner obtain his liberty, he will take refuge in a foreign country, and will write against me whatever he pleases.*' M. de la Croix replied, 'You know little of this unfortunate man, who has been most basely calumniated; he is generous and forgiving, and, if he owes his liberty to you, he will remember the benefit alone, and forget all former injuries. He is, moreover, an insulated being on the surface of the earth, and will be obliged to accept the asylum prepared for him by some honourable persons in Paris, who will become responsible for his conduct.'"

Sartine went to the country, and on his return wrote a letter of barefaced impudence, describing his endeavours to procure the prisoner's release, and his hopes of prevailing with Le Noir, the head of the police, his own tool, the very man whom he had instigated against Latude,—*if good security* could be found for the future good conduct of the lunatic. This scheme was devised to ascertain who the real friends of the prisoner were, or if the danger from "persons of rank and fashion," which De la Croix threatened, was real. Madame Legros was still unknown to the enemies of Latude. She saw there was no chance of having him included among the prisoners to be pardoned by the recommendation of the Commission.

"An open attack was the only resource that promised the least chance of success, and she resolved boldly to go to the Hotel of the Police, and demand an audience of the Minister. Her friends unanimously opposed this desperate measure, and implored her to desist. 'You will destroy yourself,' said they, 'and will not save your protégé.' But she was immovably fixed in her resolution, and put it in execution accordingly.

"She repaired to the Hotel of the Police, and

entered the hall of audience. M. Le Noir, as soon as he perceived, approached and led her into his cabinet. The following minutes of the conversation that ensued, I have copied from her own dictation.

"*Le Noir.*—The man for whom you interest yourself so warmly, Madam, is a lunatic, and you run a great risk in endeavouring to procure his liberty.

"*Madame Legros.*—You are mistaken, Sir; he is not a lunatic, nor do I conceive I encounter any danger in trying to serve an honest man.

"*Le Noir.*—Do you know him?

"*Madame Legros.*—For two entire years, Sir, I have endeavoured to effect his deliverance. I did not attempt to defend him, until, by the most convincing evidence, I was satisfied of his innocence.

"*Le Noir.*—But, Madam, the proof that he is mad is, that he escaped from Vincennes.

"*Madame Legros.*—Twice, certainly; but I see no traces of madness in such an achievement.

"*Le Noir.*—A prisoner should never attempt to escape.

"*Madame Legros.*—Nevertheless, Sir, if you were in his situation, I have no doubt you would be happy to imitate his example.

"*Le Noir.*—I restored Latude to liberty in 1777, and even at the short distance of twenty-two leagues from hence, it became necessary to arrest him again; he committed nothing but extravagancies along the road.

"*Madame Legros.*—You are misinformed, Sir. He was arrested forty-three leagues from Paris; while he travelled by the passage-boat to Auxerre, an Exempt was despatched by post from Paris, who anticipated his arrival, and arrested him on his leaving the boat; he was taken to the Bicetre, and confined in a dungeon on bread and water, without hearing the cause of such rigorous treatment. If he is mad, a dungeon is not the place for him; there are proper houses for the reception of lunatics.

"*Le Noir.*—How have you obtained for him so many protectors?

"*Madame Legros.*—Courage and perseverance, Sir, can surmount many difficulties.

"*Le Noir.*—How did you become acquainted with him, and obtain his papers?

"*Madame Legros.*—On that point, Sir, you must allow me to preserve silence."

We need not go on with this history. Numerous attempts were made, different functionaries applied to. The Cardinal de Rohan recommended obtaining interest with the Queen. A memorial was prepared, and begun to be read at one of her audiences; but an officious courtier, M. de Conflans, interfered, and it was stopt short, and Madame Legros received a note from the Minister, saying that the King had considered the papers, and declared Latude a dangerous madman, whom he never could restore to liberty.

Most other women—and certainly every man—would have abandoned the cause of Latude, as hopeless, long before this. The fiat of the King was surely conclusive.

"This was indeed a stunning blow; it shook, but it did not defeat my immovable protectresses. But even this was not all. Up to this period, the courage

and zeal of Madame Legros had been universally admired, but now her character was assailed, and she was accused of a criminal passion for the unhappy object of her charity. My enemies could easily understand the extent to which crime might be carried, but they were unable to conceive that virtue was capable even of a single effort.

"Many of my warmest advocates began to relax in their zeal, and to grow weary of a cause which appeared so hopeless; Madame Legros incessantly laboured to keep up their activity, while Madame D'—, in every society, introduced my misfortunes as the constant topic of conversation. M. de la Croix, also, continued with unabated interest to second their generous efforts."

Another advocate, Comeyras, drew up a memoir for publication. This was illegal, but numerous manuscript copies were, nevertheless, distributed and read, and Latude's adherents daily increased, to the terror of Sartine and Le Noir, who now saw others doing what they feared from him,—namely, writing against them. A letter similar in character to that which he had sent Madame de Pompadour, so many years before, was forged and transmitted to the King in name of Latude, apprising Louis of a plot to poison him! This is one of the most remarkable incidents in the drama. What a society! What a Government! What Ministers!

"My friends and protectors soon heard the report of this imputed absurdity, which the Ministers sedulously promulgated. Madame Legros hurried on the instant to the Bicetre. The weather was most inclement; she arrived exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, her garments torn and drenched with rain. She looked at me for some time in silence, expecting to find me in a paroxysm of insanity; at length she spoke, and reproached me bitterly for having concealed from my adherents the letter I had been accused of writing. I instantly exclaimed that I should consider such a breach of confidence as a flagrant crime, complained that she for a moment could believe me capable of acting with such mingled folly and duplicity, and offered to make oath that I had never written the letter in question. My tone and manner convinced her; but she was bewildered, and at a loss how to proceed. It was necessary to tax my enemies openly with this new act of baseness, and she could scarcely believe that even they were guilty of it.

"She returned to M. de Comeyras, to consult with him; he came to the Bicetre, saw me, and went away convinced of my innocence. Resolving to give way to his indignation, and to set all consequences at defiance, he published a statement in which he boldly accused my persecutors of the falsehood, called upon them to produce the letter, to confront me openly, face to face, and to allow me at least the opportunity of a defence."

Though Latude had not lost the confidence of his friends, they had nearly lost all hope for him. The King had forbidden his name to be mentioned. Kings, however good-natured, do not like trouble. The Queen believed his sufferings all invention, for in reading the memorial, M. de Conflans had said so. How much misunderstanding might be cleared away, and good done, if there were many advocates

of justice and innocence, with half the courage, address, and energy of Madame Legros; possessing at the same time, like her, the sense and temper which knows and allows that a courtier may have some feeling, and may probably as often do mischief, from thoughtlessness and officious impertinence, as from rooted malignity.

There was a change of Ministry. Necker came into power. An event important to France and Europe was not less interesting to the aged captive in the horrible Bicetre.

Madame Necker at last obtained an order for the release of the prisoner, though trembling lest his violence should involve his friends, and draw blame upon herself. But exile, with an order to leave Paris instantly, was still the condition, though the government allowed the prisoner as compensation for all the injustice and cruelty he had suffered, a pension of about £15 a year, during the remainder of his evil days. It had cost four times more to maintain him in the State dungeons. *Two hundred and seventeen thousand lives* had been spent in torturing him. And whither could the friendless, isolated old man go? Madame Legros and her husband, his sureties, could not follow him, nor yet be responsible for his conduct at a distance from them. Lest Latude might, with his natural impetuosity, break rule, his indefatigable benefactress prevailed with him to remain in prison for a few days.

"My generous friend had employed the entire night in soliciting and obtaining the new order which revoked the mandate for my exile; she returned home at two o'clock in the morning, exhausted with fatigue. She scarcely waited till the first break of day, but sent her husband and M. Girard to communicate to me her final success; she followed them almost immediately, and we found ourselves together. It was the 23d of March, 1784, a day for ever memorable in the history of my life, on which I entered upon my new existence. My friends embraced me by turns; we wept in concert, and our tears at length were unmixed with any fears or apprehensions for the future. The past appeared like a hideous dream; but it was over, and the prospect before us presented nothing but peace and tranquillity. I accompanied them to their humble dwelling, where I found an apartment prepared for me, and every thing arranged, as if I had been long expected. I gazed around me with almost infantine enjoyment; the most trifling object arrested my attention, and I found happiness and gratification in every thing that presented itself."

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LETTER TO THE DEAF.

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MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

The deafness under which I have now for some years past suffered, has become, from being an almost intolerable grievance, so much less of one to myself and my friends, than such a deprivation usually is, that I have often of late longed to communicate with my fellow-sufferers, in the hope of benefiting, by my experience, some to whom the discipline is newer than to myself.

I have for some time done what I could in private conversation; but it never occurred to me to print what I had to say, till it was lately not only suggested to me, but urged upon me as a duty. I adopt this method as the only means of reaching you all; and I am writing with the freedom which I should use in a private letter to each of you. It does not matter what may be thought of any thing I now say, or of my saying it in this manner, by those who do not belong to our fraternity. I write merely for those who are deeply concerned in the subject of my letter. The time may come when I shall tell the public some of our secrets, for other purposes than those which are now before me. At present I address only you; and as there is no need for us to tell our secrets to one another, there may be little here to interest any but ourselves. I am afraid I have nothing to offer to those of you who have been deaf from early childhood. Your case is very different from mine, as I have reason to know through my intimacy with a friend who became deaf at five years old. Before I was so myself, I had so prodigious a respect for this lady, (which she well deserves,) that if she could have heard the lightest whisper in which a timid girl ever spoke, I should not have dared to address her. Circumstances directed her attention towards me, and she began a correspondence, by letter, which flattered me, and gave me courage to converse with her when we met, and our acquaintance grew into an intimacy which enabled me at last to take a very bold step; to send her a sonnet, in allusion to our common infirmity; my deafness being then new, and the uppermost thing in my mind day and night. I was surprised and mortified at her not seeming to enter into what I had no doubt in the world must touch her very nearly; but I soon understood the reason. When we came to compare our experiences, we were amused to find how differently we felt, and had always felt, about our privation. Neither of us, I believe, much envies the other, though neither of us pretends to strike the balance of evil. She has suffered the most privation, and I the most pain.

Nothing can be more different than the two cases necessarily are. Nine-tenths of my miseries arose from false shame; and, instead of that false shame,

and zeal of Madame Legros had been universally admired, but now her character was assailed, and she was accused of a criminal passion for the unhappy object of her charity. My enemies could easily understand the extent to which crime might be carried, but they were unable to conceive that virtue was capable even of a single effort.

"Many of my warmest advocates began to relax in their zeal, and to grow weary of a cause which appeared so hopeless; Madame Legros incessantly laboured to keep up their activity, while Madame D'—, in every society, introduced my misfortunes as the constant topic of conversation. M. de la Croix, also, continued with unabated interest to second their generous efforts."

Another advocate, Comeyras, drew up a memoir for publication. This was illegal, but numerous manuscript copies were, nevertheless, distributed and read, and Latude's adherents daily increased, to the terror of Sartine and Le Noir, who now saw others doing what they feared from him,—namely, writing against them. A letter similar in character to that which he had sent Madame de Pompadour, so many years before, was forged and transmitted to the King in name of Latude, apprising Louis of a plot to poison him! This is one of the most remarkable incidents in the drama. What a society! What a Government! What Ministers!

"My friends and protectors soon heard the report of this imputed absurdity, which the Ministers sedulously promulgated. Madame Legros hurried on the instant to the Bicetre. The weather was most inclement; she arrived exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, her garments torn and drenched with rain. She looked at me for some time in silence, expecting to find me in a paroxysm of insanity; at length she spoke, and reproached me bitterly for having concealed from my adherents the letter I had been accused of writing. I instantly exclaimed that I should consider such a breach of confidence as a flagrant crime, complained that she for a moment could believe me capable of acting with such mingled folly and duplicity, and offered to make oath that I had never written the letter in question. My tone and manner convinced her; but she was bewildered, and at a loss how to proceed. It was necessary to tax my enemies openly with this new act of baseness, and she could scarcely believe that even they were guilty of it.

"She returned to M. de Comeyras, to consult with him; he came to the Bicetre, saw me, and went away convinced of my innocence. Resolving to give way to his indignation, and to set all consequences at defiance, he published a statement in which he boldly accused my persecutors of the falsehood, called upon them to produce the letter, to confront me openly, face to face, and to allow me at least the opportunity of a defence."

Though Latude had not lost the confidence of his friends, they had nearly lost all hope for him. The King had forbidden his name to be mentioned. Kings, however good-natured, do not like trouble. The Queen believed his sufferings all invention, for in reading the memorial, M. de Conflans had said so. How much misunderstanding might be cleared away, and good done, if there were many advocates

of justice and innocence, with half the courage, address, and energy of Madame Legros;—possessing at the same time, like her, the sense and temper which knows and allows that a courtier may have some feeling, and may probably as often do mischief, from thoughtlessness and officious impertinence, as from rooted malignity.

There was a change of Ministry. Necker came into power. An event important to France and Europe was not less interesting to the aged captive in the horrible Bicetre.

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the early deaf entertain themselves with a sort of pride of singularity, and usually contrive to make their account of this, as of other infirmities, by obtaining privileges, and indulgences, for which they care much more than for advantages which they have never known and cannot appreciate. My friend and I have principles, major and minor, on which our methods of managing our infirmity are founded; but some of the minor principles, and all the methods, are as different as might be expected from the diversity of the experience which has given rise to them. Nothing can be better for her than her own management, and, of course, I think the same of my own for myself, or I should change it. Before I dismiss this lady, I must mention that I am acquainted with several deaf ladies; so that no one but herself and our two families can know whom I have been referring to.

I am afraid some of you may be rather surprised at the mention of plans, and methods, and management,—for, alas! we are but too apt to shrink from regularly taking in hand our own case. We are left to our own weakness in this respect. We can have but little help,—and we usually have none, but much hinderance. I do not mean by this, to find any fault with our neighbours. I have met with too much sympathy, (as far as sympathy is possible), with too much care, and generosity, and tenderness, to have the least inclination to complain of any body connected with me. I only mean that this very tenderness is hurtful to us, in as far as it encourages us to evade our enemy, instead of grappling with it; to forget our infirmity, from hour to hour, if we can, and to get over the present occasion somehow, without thinking of the next. This would be considered a strange way of meeting any other kind of evil; and its consequences in our case are most deplorable. If we see that the partially deaf are often unscrupulous about truth, inquisitive, irritable, or morose, suspicious, low-spirited, or ill-mannered, it is owing to this. It is impossible for us to deny that if principles are ever needed, if methods are ever of use as supports and guides, it must be in a case where each of us must stand alone in the midst of temptations and irritations which beset us every hour, and against which no defence of habit has been set up, and no bond of companionship can strengthen us. What these temptations and irritations are, we all know:—the almost impossibility of not seeming to hear when we do not,—the persuasion that people are taking advantage of us in what they say,—that they are discussing us, or laughing at us,—that they do not care for us as long as they are merry,—that the friend who takes the pains to talk to us might make us less conspicuous if he would,—the vehement desire that we might be let alone, and the sense of neglect if too long let alone; all these, absurd and wicked fancies as they are seen to be when fairly set down, have beset us all in our time; have they not? For my own part, though I am never troubled with them now, I have so vivid a remembrance of them all, that I believe a thousand years would not weaken the impression. Surely that degree of suffering which lashes us into a temporary misanthropy when our neighbours are happiest, which makes us fly to our chambers, and lock ourselves in, to hide the burn-

ing tears which spring at the mirth of those we love best, which seduces us into falsehood or thanklessness to God and man, is enough to justify and require the most careful fixing of principles, and framing of methods. We might as well let our hearts and minds—our happiness—take their chance without discipline in all cases whatever, as neglect our own discipline in this.

The first thing to be done is to fix upon our principle. This is easy enough. To give the least possible pain to others is the right principle: how to apply it requires more consideration. Let me just observe, that we are more inexcusable in forsaking our principle here than in any other case, and than the generality of people are in the generality of cases. Principles are usually forsaken from being forgotten,—from the occasion for them not being perceived. We have no such excuse while beginning to act upon our principle. We cannot forget,—we cannot fail to perceive the occasion, for five minutes together, that we spend in society. By the time that we become sufficiently at ease to be careless, habit may, if we choose, have grown up to support our principle, and we may be safe.

Our principle requires that we should boldly review our case, and calmly determine for ourselves what we will give up, and what struggle to retain. It is a miserable thing to get on without a plan from day to day, nervously watching whether our infirmity lessens or increases, or choosing to take for granted that we shall be rid of it; or hopelessly and indolently giving up every thing but a few selfish gratifications, or weakly refusing to resign what we can no longer enjoy. We must ascertain the probability for the future, if we can find physicians humane enough to tell us the truth: and where it cannot be ascertained, we must not delay making provision for the present. The greatest difficulty here arises from the mistaken kindness of friends. The physician had rather not say, as mine said to me, "I consider yours a bad case." The parent entreats to be questioned about any thing that passes; brothers and sisters wish that music should be kept up; and, what is remarkable, every body has a vast deal of advice to give, if the subject be fairly mentioned; though every body helps, by false tenderness, to make the subject too sacred an one to be touched upon. We sufferers are the persons to put an end to all this delusion and mismanagement. Advice must go for nothing with us in a case where nobody is qualified to advise. We must cross-question our physician, and hold him to it till he has told us all. We must destroy the sacredness of the subject, by speaking of it ourselves; not perpetually and sentimentally, but, when occasion arises, boldly, cheerfully, and as a plain matter of fact. When every body about us gets to treat it as a matter of fact, our daily difficulties are almost gone; and when we have to do with strangers, the simple, cheerful declaration, "I am very deaf," removes almost all trouble. Whether there was ever as much reluctance to acknowledge defective sight as there now is defective hearing,—whether the mention of spectacles was ever as hateful as that of a trumpet is now, I do not know; but I was full as much grieved as amused lately at what was said to me in a shop where I went

to try a new kind of trumpet: "I assure you, Ma'am," said the shopkeeper, "I dread to see a deaf person come into my shop. They all expect me to find them some little thing that they may put into their ears, that will make them hear every thing, without any body finding out what is the matter with them."

Well, what must be given up, and what may be struggled for?

The first thing which we are disposed to give up is the very last which we ought to relinquish—society. How many good reasons we are apt to see,—are we not!—why we should not dine out; why it is absurd to go into an evening party; why we ought to be allowed to remain quiet up-stairs when visitors are below! This will not do. Social communication must be kept up through all its pains, for the sake of our friends as well as for our own. It can never be for the interest of our friends that we should grow selfish, or absorbed in what does not concern our day and generation, or nervous, dependant, and helpless in common affairs. The less able we become to pick up tidings of man and circumstance, the more diligently we must go in search of the information. The more our sympathies are in danger of contraction, the more must we put ourselves in the way of being interested by what is happening all about us. Society is the very last thing to be given up; but it must be sought (and I say it with deep sympathy for those of you to whom the effort is new) under a bondage of self-denial, which annihilates for a time almost all the pleasure. Whatever may be our fate,—whether we may be set down at the end of a half circle, where nobody comes to address us, or whether we may be placed beside a lady who cannot speak above her breath, or a gentleman who shouts till every body turns to see what is the matter; whether one well-meaning friend says across the room, in our behalf, "do tell that joke over again to —," and all look to see how we laugh when they have done; or another kind person says, "how I wish you could hear that song,"—or "that harp in the next room," or "those sweet nightingales," if we happen to be out of doors,—whether any or all these doings and sayings befall us, we must bravely go on taking our place in society.

Taking our place, I say. What is our place? It is difficult to decide. Certainly, not that of chief talker any more than that of chief listener. We must make up our minds for a time to hold the place that we may chance to be put into,—to depend on the tact and kindness of those near us. This is not very pleasant; but if we cannot submit to it for a while, we cannot boast much of our humility, nor of our patience. We must submit to be usually insignificant, and sometimes ridiculous. Do not be dismayed, dear companions. This necessity will not last long, and it is well worth while undergoing it. Those who have strength of mind to seek society under this humiliation, and to keep their tempers through it, cannot long remain insignificant there. They must rise to their proper place, if they do but abstain from pressing beyond it. It is astonishing how every thing brightens sooner or later. The nightingales and the harp will be still out of the question, but they will be given up almost without pain, because it is a settled matter to every body present that they are out of the

question. Friends will have discovered that jokes are not the things to be repeated; and that which is repeated will be taken as coming in due course, and will at length consist of all that has been really worth hearing of what has been said. Other people may laugh without occasioning a nervous distortion in your countenance; and it is quite certain that if your temper have stood your trial, you will never pass an evening without meeting with some attention which will touch, some frank kindness which will elevate your feelings, and send you home wiser and happier than you came forth.

This can only be, however, if you have stood your trial well, if you bring an open temper and an open countenance. It is a matter of wonder that we are addressed so much as we are; and if, in addition to the difficulty of making us hear, we offer the disagreeableness of (not a constrained, that will be pitied, but) a frowning countenance, we may betake ourselves to the books of prints on the table, but may as well give up all hope of conversation. As a general rule, nothing can be worse than for people to think at all about their countenances; but in our case it is worth while, for a time, and to a certain extent. I was kindly told, a few years ago, that many people wished to converse with me, but that I looked as if I had rather not be spoken to. Well I might; for I then discovered that in trying to check one bad habit, I had fallen into another. I had a trick of sighing, to cover which I used to twist my fingers almost out of joint (and so do you, I dare say,) and the pain of this process very naturally made me frown. My friend's hint put me on my guard. Instead of twisting my fingers, I recalled my vow of patience, and this made me smile; and the world has been a different place to me since. Some such little rule as turning every sigh into a smile will help you over a multitude of difficulties, and save you, at length, the trouble of thinking about either smiling or sighing.

It has always been my rule *never* to ask what is going forward; and the consequence has well compensated all I had to go through from the reproaches of kind friends, who were very anxious that I should trouble them in that way. My principle plainly forbids the practice; and nothing can therefore justify it. There is at first no temptation, for we had then rather miss the sayings of the wise men of Greece, than obtain them by such means; but the practice once begun, there is no telling where it will stop. Have we not seen—it sickens me to think of it—restless, inquisitive, deaf people, who will have every insignificant thing repeated to them, to their own incessant disappointment, and the suffering of every body about them, whom they make, by their appeals, almost as ridiculous as themselves. I never could tolerate the idea of any approach to the condition of one of these. I felt, besides, that it was impossible for me to judge of what might fairly be asked for, and what had better be let pass. I therefore obstinately adhered to my rule; and I believe that no one whom I have met in any society (and I have seen a great deal) has been enabled to carry away more that is valuable, or to enjoy it more thoroughly than myself. I was sure that I might trust to the kindness of my neighbours, if I was but careful not to vex and weary it; and my confidence has been fully justified.

The duty extends to not looking as if you wanted to be amused. Your friends can have little satisfaction in your presence, if they believe that when you are not conversing you are no longer amused. "I wonder every day," said a young friend to me, when I was staying in a large well-filled country house, "what you do with yourself during our long dinners, when we none of us talk with you, because we have talked so much more comfortably on the lawn all the morning. I cannot think how you help going to sleep."—"I watch how you help the soup," was my inconsiderate reply—I was not aware how inconsiderate, till I saw how she blushed every day after on taking up the ladle. I mentioned the soup only as a specimen of my occupations during dinner. There were also the sunset lights and shadows on the lawn to be watched, and the never-ceasing play of human countenances,—our grand resource when we have once gained ease enough to enjoy them at leisure. There were graceful and light-headed girls, and there was an originality of action in the whole family, which amused me from morning till night. The very apparatus of the table, and the various dexterities of the servants, are matters worth observing when we have nothing else to do. I never yet found a dinner too long, whether or not my next neighbour might be disposed for a tête-à-tête—never, I mean, since the time when every social occupation was to me full of weariness and constraint.

Another rule which I should recommend is always to wait to be addressed, except in our own houses, where the exception must be made with our guests. Some, I know, adopt a contrary rule, for this reason, that if we ask a question to which we can anticipate the answer, the awkwardness of a failure at the outset is prevented. But my own feeling is against obliging any one to undertake the trouble of conversing with us. It is perfectly easy to show, at the moment of being addressed, that we are socially disposed, and grateful for being made companions; and I, at least, feel the pleasure to be greater for its having been offered me.

I think it best for us to give up also all undertakings and occupations in which we cannot mark and check our own failures;—teaching any thing which requires ear, preaching, and lecturing, and music. I gave up music, in opposition to much entreaty, some reproach, and strong secret inclination; because I knew that my friends would rather put up with a wrong bass in my playing, and false time in my singing, than deprive me of a resource. Our principle clearly forbids this kind of indulgence; therefore, however confident we may be of our musical ear, let us be quite sure that we shall never again be judges of our own music, or our own oratory, and avoid all wish of making others suffer needlessly by our privations. Listen to no persuasions, dear companions, if you are convinced that what I have said is right. No one can judge for you. Be thankful for the kind intentions of your friends; but propose to enjoy their private eloquence, instead of offering your own in public; and please yourselves with their music, as long as you can, without attempting to rival it. These are matters in which we have a right to be obstinate, if we are sure of the principle we go upon; for we are certainly much

better able to judge what will be for the happiness of our friends, in their common circumstances, than they can be of ours, in our uncommon ones.

How much less pain there is in calmly estimating the enjoyments from which we must separate ourselves, of bravely saying, for once and for ever, "Let them go," than in feeling them waste and dwindle, till their very shadows escape from our grasp! With the best management, there is quite enough, for some of us, of this wasting and dwindling, when we find, at the close of each season, that we are finally parting with something, and at the beginning of each that we have lost something since the last. We miss first the song of the skylark, and then the distant nightingale, and then one bird after another, till the loud thrush itself seems to have vanished; and we go in the way of every twittering under the eaves, because we know that that will soon be silenced too. But I need not enlarge upon this to you. I only mean to point out the prudence of lessening this kind of pain to the utmost, by making a considerable effort at first; and the most calculating prudence becomes a virtue, when it is certain that as much must at best be gone through as will afflict our friends, and may possibly overpower ourselves, our temper and deportment, if not our principles and our affections. I do not know how sufficiently to enforce these sacrifices being made with frankness and simplicity; and nothing so much needs enforcing. If our friends were but aware how cruel an injury is the false delicacy which is so common, they would not encourage our false shame as they do. If they have known any thing of the bondage of ordinary false shame, they may imagine something of our suffering in circumstances of irremediable singularity. Instead of putting the singularity out of sight, they should lead us to acknowledge it in words, prepare for it in habits, and act upon it in social intercourse. If they will not assist us here, we must do it for ourselves. Our principle, again, requires this. Thus only can we save others from being uneasy in our presence, and sad when they think of us. That we can thus alone make ourselves sought and beloved is an inferior consideration, though an important one to us, to whom warmth and kindness are as peculiarly animating as sunshine to the caged bird. This frankness, simplicity, and cheerfulness can only grow out of a perfect acquiescence in our circumstances. Submission is not enough. Pride fails at the most critical moment. Nothing short of acquiescence will preserve the united consistency and cheerfulness of our acknowledgment of infirmity. Submission will bemoan it while making it. Pride will put on indifference while making it. But hearty acquiescence cannot fail to bring forth cheerfulness. The thrill of delight which arises during the ready agreement to profit by pain—(emphatically the joy with which no stranger intermeddeth)—must subside like all other emotions; but it does not depart without leaving the spirit lightened and cheered; and every visitation leaves it in a more genial state than the last.

And now, what may we struggle for? I dare say the words of the moralist lie as deep down in your hearts as in my own: "We must not repine, but we may lawfully struggle!" I go further, and say that

we are bound to struggle, our principle requires it. We must struggle for whatever may be had, without encroaching on the comfort of others. With this limitation, we must hear all we can, for as long as we can. Yet how few of us will use the helps we might have! How seldom is a deaf person to be seen with a trumpet! I should have been diverted, if I had not been too much vexed, at the variety of excuses that I have heard on this head since I have been much in society. The trumpet makes the sound disagreeable; or is of no use; or is not wanted in a noise, because we hear better in a noise; nor in quiet, because we hear very fairly in quiet; or we think our friends do not like it; or we ourselves do not care for it, if it does not enable us to hear general conversation; or—a hundred other reasons just as good. Now, dear friends, believe me, these are but excuses. I have tried them all in turn, and I know them to be so. The sound soon becomes any thing but disagreeable; and the relief to the nerves, arising from the use of such a help, is indescribable. None but the totally deaf can fail to find some kind of trumpet that will be of use to them, if they choose to look for it properly, and give it a fair trial. That it is not wanted in a noise is usually true; but we are seldom in a noise; and quiet is our greatest enemy (next to darkness, when the play of the countenance is lost to us.) To reject a tête-à-tête in comfort because the same means will not afford us the pleasure of general conversation, is not very wise. Is it! As for the fancy, that our friends do not like it, it is a mistake, and a serious mistake. I can speak confidently of this. By means of galvanism (which I do not, from my own experience, recommend) I once nearly recovered my hearing for a few weeks. It was well worth while being in a sort of nervous fever during those weeks, and more deaf than ever afterwards, for the enlightenment which I gained during the interval on various subjects, of which the one that concerns us now, is,—the toil that our friends undergo on our account. This is the last topic on which I should speak to you, but for the prevalent unwillingness in our fraternity to use such helps as may ease the lungs of all around them as much as their own nerves. Of course, my friends could not suddenly accommodate their speech to my improved hearing; and I was absolutely shocked when I found what efforts they had been making for my sake. I vowed that I would never again bestow an unkind thought on their natural mistakes, or be restive under their inapplicable instructions; and, as for carrying a trumpet, I liked it no better than my brethren till then; but now, if it would in any degree ease my friends that I should wear a fool's cap and bells, I would do it. Any of you who may have had this kind of experience, are, I should think, using trumpets. I entreat those of you who have not been so made aware of your state, to take my word for what you are obliging your friends to undergo. You know that we can be no judges of the degree of effort necessary to make us hear. We might as well try to echo the skylark. I speak plainly, it may seem harshly; but I am sure you would thank me ere long if I could persuade you to encounter this one struggle to make the most of your remnant of one of God's prime blessings.

Another struggle must be to seize or make opportunities for preserving or rectifying our associations, as far as they are connected with the sense which is imperfect. Hunger and thirst after all sounds that you can obtain, without trouble to others, and without disturbing your own temper; and do it the more strenuously and cheerfully, the more reason you have to apprehend the increase of your infirmity. The natural desire to obtain as much pleasure as we can, while we can, would prompt us to this; but my appetite was much sharpened during the interval I spoke of; as yours would be, if you had such an interval. I was dismayed to find, not only what absurd notions I had formed on some small points, but how materially some very important processes of association had been modified by the failure of the sense of hearing. In consequence of the return and increase of the infirmity, I have now no distinct notion of what these intellectual faults are: but the certainty then impressed that they exist, has taught me more than one lesson. I carry about with me the consciousness of an intellectual perversion which I can never remedy in this world, and of which neither I nor any one else can ascertain the extent, nor even the nature. This does not afflict me, because it would be as unreasonable to wish it otherwise, as to pray for wings which should carry us up to the milky-way; but it has stimulated me to devise every possible means of checking and delaying the perversion. We ought all to do so; losing no opportunity of associating sounds with other objects of sense, and of catching every breath of sound that passes us. We should note street cries; we should entice children to talk to us; we should linger in the neighbourhood of barrel organs, and go out of our way to walk by a dashing stream. We cannot tell how much wisdom we may at last find ourselves to have gained, by running out among the trees, when the quick coming and going of the sunshine tells us that the winds are abroad. Some day will show us from how much folly the chirp of an infant's voice may have saved us. I go so far as to recommend, certainly not any places of worship for purposes of experiment, but the theatre and the House of Commons, even when "the sough of words without the sense" is all that can be had. The human voice is music, and carries sense, even then; and every tone is worth treasuring, when tones are likely to become scarce, or to cease. You will understand that it is only to those who can rule their own spirits that I recommend such an exercise as this last. If you cannot bear to enjoy less than the people about you, and in a different manner; or if you neglect what you came for, in mourning what you have lost, you are better at home. Nothing is worth the sacrifice of your repose of mind.

What else may we struggle for? For far more in the way of knowledge than I can now even intimate. I am not going to make out, as some would have me, that we lose nothing after all; that what we lose in one way we gain in another, and so on; pursuing a line of argument equally insulting to our own understandings, and to the wisdom and benignity of Him who framed that curious instrument, the ear, and strung the chords of its nerves, and keeps up the perpetual harmonies of the atmosphere for its

gratification. The ear was not made that men should be happier without it. To attempt to persuade *you* so, would above all be folly. But, in some sense, there is a compensation to us, if we choose to accept it; and it is to improve this to the utmost that I would urge you and stimulate myself. We have some accomplishments which we may gratefully acknowledge, while the means by which we gain them must prevent our being proud of them. We are good physiognomists—good perceivers in every way, and have (if we are not idle) rather the advantage over others in the power of abstract reasoning. This union of two kinds of power, which in common cases are often cultivated at the expense of each other, puts a considerable amount of accurate knowledge within easier reach of us than of most other people. We must never forget what a vast quantity we must forego, but neither must we lose sight of whatever is peculiarly within our power. We have more time, too, than any body else: more than the laziest lordling, who does nothing but let his ears be filled with nonsense from morning till night. The very busiest of our fraternity has, I should think, time every day for as much thought as is good for him, between the hours of rising and of rest.

These advantages make it incumbent upon us to struggle for such compensation as is placed before us. We must set ourselves to gather knowledge from whatever we see and touch, and to digest it into wisdom during the extra time which is our privilege. What the sage goes out into the field at eventide to seek, we can have at table, or in the thronged streets at noon-day,—opportunity for meditation, one of the chief means of wisdom. If to us the objects of sight are more vivid in their beauty, and more distinct in their suggestions than to others,—if to us there is granted more leisure, and stronger inducement to study the movements of the mind within, from us may be expected a degree of certain kinds of attainment, in which it is as much of a sin as a misfortune for us to be deficient.

Finally, we, like all who are placed in uncommon circumstances, are so situated that our mental and moral constitution can scarcely fail of being either very weak or very strong. If we are dull and slow of observation, and indolent in thought, there is little chance of our being much wiser than infants; whereas, if we are acute and quick of observation (and for us there is no medium) and disposed for thought, nothing is likely to prevent our going on to be wiser continually. In like manner, there is an awful alternative as to our morals. If we cannot stand our trial, we must become selfish in principle, sour in temper, and disagreeable in manners. If we are strong enough for our discipline, we cannot fail to come out of it with principles strengthened, affections expanded, temper under control, and manners graced by the permanent cheerfulness of a settled mind and a heart at ease. If you can make this last your lot, you have little more to fear. If you have stood this proof, you can probably stand any which comes in the shape of affliction. If you have brought vigour out of this conflict, you are not likely to be unnerved. If, in your enforced solitude, you have cultivated instead of losing your sympathies, you can scarcely afterwards grow selfish. If, as your enjoy-

ments were failing you, you have improved your serenity, your cheerfulness will probably be beyond the reach of circumstance. The principal check which must be put upon those happy anticipations, is the fear that while the privations cannot be lessened, the pain of it may disappear too soon and too entirely. I now suffer little or no pain from my privation, (except at moments when comparisons are forced upon me before I am ready for them;) and I cannot help dreading a self-deception, to avoid which I would gladly endure over again all I have suffered. I had infinitely rather bear the perpetual sense of privation than become unaware of any thing that is true,—of my intellectual deficiencies, of my disqualifications for society, of my errors in matters of fact, and of the burdens which I necessarily impose on those who surround me. My dependence for being reminded of these things is, not on those who incur trouble and sacrifice for my sake, but on the few occasional mortifications which I still meet with, and which are always welcomed for the sake of their office. We can never get beyond the necessity of keeping in full view the worst and the best that can be made of our lot. The worst is, either to sink under the trial, or to be made callous by it. The best is, to be as wise as is possible under a great disability, and as happy as is possible under a great privation. Believe me, with deep respect,

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

March 16, 1834.

From *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.

THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS AND THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

We cannot but regard the contemporaneous appearance of the Duchess d'Abrantès and Lady Blessington in the literary annals of England and France, as affording a very singular coincidence. Both ladies have been elevated from an inferior grade of life to the highest dignity of the aristocracy; both have been eminently remarkable for their personal charms; both, on becoming "fat, fair, and fifty," renounced their title as beauties, only to take out a diploma of *bel-esprit*; and both have suddenly attained renown or notoriety by appearing in the literary firmament under shelter of an eagle's wing—the former as the historian of Napoleon, the latter of Byron. Considerable analogy, moreover, may be traced in the character of their minds and manners; a retentiveness of memory scarcely less than miraculous; a faculty (like that of Esop's human painter of the vanquished lion) of giving to *themselves* the best of the argument, in all their recorded conversations with the first men of the age; great plausibility in the common-pieces of moral philosophy; and a specious and amiable tone of candour, which might have perhaps imposed upon unsuspecting critics like ourselves, had not Sheridan's inimitable matron in the "School for Scandal," held a mirror up to nature, worthy to enlighten the most unwary.

Madame d'Abrantès (we give due precedence to the Duchess) is the widow of one of the most distin-

guished of Bonaparte's Marshals,—at one time Generalissimo of the Peninsular armies;—at another, Governor of Paris; and, at all epochs of the empire, a brave soldier and energetic man. But not content with these distinctions,—with having occupied a rank secondary only to that of Josephine and Maria Louisa,—the Duchess must needs proclaim herself to the world a descendant from the Emperors of the East—a Commena of pure race; and a considerable portion of this lady's "Memoirs of Napoleon" is occupied by affirmations of this absurd pretension. Since the death of Junot (who threw himself out of a window* in the paroxysm of a brain-fever, after the disastrous issue of the Russian campaign) his widow has experienced strange vicissitudes of fortune; and having been at length persuaded to turn to account the valuable resources afforded by her personal reminiscences of one of the most eventful epochs of universal history, she has wisely called to her aid the recollections of a large circle of friends, both literary and political; and in this manner were the *soi-disant* "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès" collated. It is understood in Paris, that the nominal authoress has done little more than furnish notes for the work; the compilation of which is attributed to two or three eminent French *littérateurs*. But the very notes must have been copious and circumstantial; for certain traits of vanity and egotism—certain *feminalities*, (as my Uncle Toby would have thought,) peep through every page; feminalities such as the joint efforts of Messrs. De la Croix, St. Berrve, Janin, and Balzac, would never have availed to produce. But amid all this waste of frivolity, and parade of personal consequence, the work is highly amusing, and has been completely successful; and without a single qualification to uphold the pretension, the Duchess d'Abrantès claims, upon the strength of its circulation, a distinguished place among the literary celebrities of France; presides over a *bureau d'esprit*; collects around her all the editors of periodicals, and newspaper critics of the day; feeds, flatters, and fudges them into allegiance; and, although an object of derision to the discerning few, has contrived to attain a degree of press notoriety, which, with the many, supplies the place of literary fame.

Within the last few months, however, the clever and still handsome Duchess has ventured beyond her depth. Finding her contributions eagerly sought after by the editors of periodicals, she at length insisted upon writing her own articles, and profiting to the utmost by her factitious reputation; and the results have been unfortunate for herself, and highly diverting to the critical satirist of Paris. Accused by the voice of scandal and an ill-distributed ardour of complexion, of a tendency to the worship of Bacchus, fatal to the interests of Venus, the lady recently took occasion, in a little moral tale inserted in the *Journal des Dames*, to enter an earnest manifesto of personal sobriety; calling the gods to witness, that "she has never, from her youth upwards, tasted wine; nor will, under any circumstances, to her dying day," a peculiarity of temperance very improbable in a

Frenchwoman of any class,—impossible in one who has been a customary guest at royal and imperial tables. In the same tone of Joseph Surfacism are certain prudish protestations contained in the Memoirs, to which half the population of Paris is ready with a rejoinder; protestations the more superfluous, that the liberal portion of the world was prepared to expect that Junot's wife, like Madame de Staël (of the regency) would, in her memoirs, paint her own portrait *en buste*. The Duchess's success as a portrait-painter, meanwhile, has induced her to undertake, or lend her name to the editorship of a work of some magnitude, entitled, "Memoirs of Eminent Women of all Nations," which we presume is in process of publication in England. But the bubble of her authorship has burst, as regards the literature of her own country. So long as she contented herself with relating what she (and perhaps she alone) had seen and heard, so long as "*cheque jour de sa vie composait un page de son livre*," the volumes of the Duchess d'Abrantès were likely to be greedily read; but to become a universal historian, something more than this is indispensable; such as a tolerable education, habits of study, and a cultivated understanding,—requisites not to be acquired by sitting, evening after evening, in a well-lighted drawing-room, prattling with poets, novelists, critics, and politicians,—tribing their commendations by quotations of the commendations of still greater men, mingled with delicate flatteries upon their own works and pretensions. Temporary reputation, or, as we have said before, literary notoriety, may perhaps be attained by these and similar manœuvres; but where the stamp of genius and originality is wanting, no modern work can be puffed by partisans or hirelings into lasting fame.

Lady Blessington, on the other hand, the female Bozzy of the unfortunate Byron, has recently obtained a degree of celebrity somewhat similar in extent and quality to that of the Duchess d'Abrantès. That such was the lady's object in seeking the acquaintance of the noble poet is sufficiently demonstrated by her own records of the connexion. The very first line of the "stanzas inscribed to Lady B." by his Lordship, and inserted in Moore's Life, avouch the fact:

You have ASKED for a verse,—a request
In a rhyme 'twere vain to deny.

But although it is probable that Byron anticipated the publication of his lines, it is certain that he very little suspected his fair flatterer of "taking notes, and, faith! to print 'em," of their familiar colloquies. He saw in Lady Blessington a beautiful woman, who had undergone the most singular vicissitudes of fortune, rejected by the Pharisees of her own sex—a sex with which he was just then so little in charity; and, looking upon her as completely estranged from the gossip of the coteries, felt no scruple in amazing her with opinions, and amusing her with scandals, which he believed her to be devoid of the means of putting into circulation. It never entered into his Lordship's head, ("*que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes*!") that he was being mystified in his turn; and that his rhodomontade was laid up in lavender, after every successive interview, to be sold at length to a specu-

* It is remarkable, that a similar end is said to have befallen Mr. Farmer, the first husband of Lady Blessington.

lating bookseller, strongly impregnated with the odours of the sanctuary, in which, for so many years, it remained ensconced. Poor Byron! What would have been the temperature of his fiery indignation—(he who was apt to blaze forth at even the attacks of one, whom he turned “that animalcule, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*,” and who was never known to forgive an adverse criticism!)—could he have suspected the figure he was about to cut in the pages of the beauty of Clonmel! could he have dreamed that he was to be set up like a ninepin in argument, only to be overthrown by the bright and shining pellets of one of Lady Blessington’s cut-and-dry phrases of vulgar morality! could he have fancied that the sceptre of criticism was being slyly filched from his hands, only to knock him hereafter on the head! Evident must it be to every man of sense, that our Juan,

“Who had been ill brought up and was born bilious,”

would have sickened even to nausea, at the first word of any one of those plausibilities of cant, which her ladyship represents herself as having inflicted upon him as a quotidian homily. No one, in fact, at all acquainted with the respective characters of the parties, can believe for a moment that their interviews were employed in the prosy manner suggested by the lovely colloquialist. Lady B. probably arrested Byron’s attention with one of the pungent epigrams she is still in the habit of reciting for the amusement of her morning visitors; such as her well known lines on Miss Landon,—her satire on the *Court Magazine*, and her lampoon on Roger’s Italy; and Byron doubtless returned the favour with the gift of those treacherous verses upon Rogers or others of his bosom friends, which Lady Blessington boasts of still holding in her possession. These congenial reciprocations, however, the noble dupe little dreamed would ever be revealed to the world. Lady B. was then only known to the literary world by a silly volume of “*Travelling Sketches in Belgium*,” the style of which is said to have suggested to Theodore Hook his inimitable Ramsbottom Letters. Child Harold treated her accordingly only as a courteous reader; and lady B., who records in her *Reminiscences* her opinion, that Byron was a Janus to all his intimate associates, might readily verify the fact by reference to the terms in which his intimacy with herself is described in his private, and, at present, unpublished correspondence. In this respect never were a pair, literary or illiterate,

“So justly formed to meet by nature.”

Had the countess been content, however, to rest her claims to literary reputation upon the publication of her “*Conversations*,” whatever stigma her candour might have incurred, her name as a writer was established. Some portions of the *Reminiscences* are, in fact, admirably composed; so admirably, that the style of the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, her ladyship’s friend, Mr. Lytton Bulwer, (under whose auspices they saw the light,) is never for a moment absent from the mind of the reader. But “*The Repealers*” subsequently appeared, and the charm was broken; nay, the mere page of preface appended to the volume of “*Conversations*,” after Mr. Bulwer’s departure for Italy, contain more in-

stances of false grammar, and of that memorable form of rhetoric commonly called Irish Bulls, than we ever saw collected in the same number of lines. The novel, the absurdities of which were too ably exposed by the *Westminster Review* to require any castigation at our hands, contains, moreover, a chapter which every person, prepared to form their judgment of Byron’s disposition upon the showing of the Right Honourable Countess, ought to condemn himself to peruse; we allude to the fulsome and most disgusting flatteries lavished upon all her ladyship’s female contemporaries, who are supposed to be contributors, or to be connected with contributors to the critical press,—Mrs. Lytton Bulwer, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Gore, Lady E. S. Wortley, and others, some of whom have been especially honoured, as we have already stated, by the epigrams destined by Lady B. for private circulation. In the same taste are those flourishes in praise of moral excellence, thrown, like handfuls of dust, in the eyes of society, which sit so uneasily upon the fair writer’s general style. Lady Blessington has a diction of her own, fifty-fold more captivating and more original. Let her but dare to write her Irish stories, as she tells them to her select circle; let her describe in print, as she so readily describes in conversation, her literary circles of St. James’s Square, Rome, or Paris, and her less refined coteries of Clonmel Barracks or Curzon Street, and we shall be ready to rank her pages in ripeness of humour with those of Smollett or Peter Simple, and to admit that the expression which sparkles in the eyes of Lawrence’s exquisite portrait is far more truly attested than by the morbid morality of “*The Repealer*,” or the namby-pambyisms of the “*Book of Beauty*.”

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

Journal of a West India Proprietor. By the late MATTHEW G. LEWIS. 8vo. London, 1834.

THIS book possesses three recommendations: its subject, its writer, and its intrinsic agreeableness—recommendations not very powerful separately, but sufficient when conjoined to make us feel that it is one of those works which we would not willingly suffer to pass unnoticed. The subject is undoubtedly interesting; but then the latest date in this journal is May 2, 1818. We require more recent information, or at least more full and important information, than Mr. Lewis’s journal either gives or teaches us to expect. As for the name of the writer, it excites a feeling for which *interest* is perhaps too strong a term, and for which *curiosity* is more appropriate. We may naturally feel curious to see the recorded impressions of such a person, without any expectation of being enlightened by his knowledge or swayed by his opinions. Mr. Lewis owes much of whatever celebrity his name enjoys to the barrenness of the period in which he appeared. He first gained a name during that dark interregnum of our poetical literature when Hayley and Darwin were supreme—when Cowper had ceased to write—and Scott, Byron, Moore, and Southey had scarcely emerged above the literary horizon. It was exactly the moment for a man like Lewis to obtain

popularity; and he did obtain it, but not in a manner which entitled his popularity to be very long-lived. He startled by an eccentricity which was called original, and pampered a morbid appetite for strong excitement. Our literature had then its "Reign of Terror." We know not whether *Monk Lewis* or *Mrs. Radcliffe* is most entitled to be considered the harmless Robespierre of this gloomy time, and the palm of pre-eminence is not worth settling. To whichever it might be due, we owe them little thanks for their endeavours to inspire adult readers with the half-forgotten terms of their nursery days; and for staking their success so largely upon the excitement of no nobler passion of the mind than fear. Of the lady, however, it is but justice to say, that her writings were free from those impurities with which *Lewis's* "wonder-working" system was mixed up. As for him, he too often wrote in a style which might have befitted the amorous Goule of Arabian fiction, who supped with the sorceress by the side of a grave—if that Goule could have turned author. It had not even the merit of being original, for the source of these horrors was German. *Lewis* was familiar with the language of Germany, but he turned his knowledge to poor account. In that temporary dearth of native originality, we would gladly have received some invigorating contributions from so fertile a source. But whilst some were culling the mawkish sentimentalities of German fiction, *Lewis* was transplanting nothing but its horrors. *Diablerie* and exaggerated sentiment became inextricably associated (in the minds of all save a discerning few) with the rich literature of that land: the lash of the "Anti-Jacobin" was deservedly incurred, and the study of German literature as undeservedly retarded. *Lewis*, however, certainly was a popular writer. He is mentioned in the titlepage of this posthumous work as author of "The Monk," "The Castle Spectre," "Tales of Wonder," &c.—poor passports to fame, if this were all. But it is only justice to say, that his works, not here named, deserve more praise than the three which are: the "Bravo of Venice," (for instance, though it is not original,) a tragedy, and some of his poems. "The Monk," with all its notoriety, was a poor book, which, like persecuted sedition, was perhaps rather raised than depressed by its demerits; and never could have been regarded as dangerously seductive, if it had not been banished from decent drawing-rooms.

As a member of Parliament, *Lewis* seems to have been a cipher; and, if we may judge by the testimony of his friends, he was little more important as a member of society. The good nature of Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to treat it as a matter of congratulation that he was one "whose faults are only ridiculous;" while Lord Byron, on hearing of his death, poured forth his friendship in the coarse assertions that he was "a d—d bore: tedious, as well as contradictory, to every thing and every body;" and concluded this tribute with the consistent couplet, which, separated from the context, has been thought worthy of insertion as a motto in the titlepage of this work:

"I would give many a sugar cane,
Monk *Lewis* were alive again!"

Lewis appears to have been regarded as thoroughly

kind-hearted, boyish in character as in appearance, and alive to all the generous impulses of amiable childhood—as one for whom even his cleverness could not obtain respect, but whose goodness of disposition made it difficult not to like him.

In no more imposing light than this stood the name of *Lewis*, in the eye of the world, previous to the publication of the present work. But its position is now improved. It is not easy to believe that the writer of this agreeable Journal could have been "tedious" and "contradictory." It seems to afford evidence which it is difficult to resist, that the writer was not only a pleasant companion, but a sensible and practical man—keen-sighted, without bitterness—a good-natured noter of passing absurdities, without any cynical disposition to censure—seeing things through no discoloured medium of sentimentality or romance, but taking a plain, correct, man-of-the-world's view of all that passed around him. This Journal also tends to raise his literary reputation. We believe it to have been an unstudied production, never intended for publication; but whether this was strictly the case or not, it stands high among works of a similar kind, for grace, lightness, pleasantry, descriptive power, felicity of expression, and conversational fluency and freedom. We will give a few extracts in support of our praise. Most of those who have had experience complain of the tedium and monotony of a sea voyage. Yet the recital of a rather tedious and unprosperous voyage by no means partakes of this quality in *Mr. Lewis's Journal*: and though fifty pages are occupied in relating it, we are not impatient to get on shore. His "miseries" are made amusing in the same vein of humour with which various minor miseries were rendered mirthful in *Mr. Beresford's* pleasant book. He thus bewails the perversities of the weather:

"The weather continues intolerable. Boisterous waves running mountains high, with no wind, or a foul one. Dead calms by day, which prevent our making any progress; and violent storms by night, which prevent our getting any sleep.

"Every thing is in a state of perpetual motion. 'Nulla quies intus (nor outus indeed for the matter of that) nullaque silentia parte.' We drink our tea exactly as *Tantalus* did in the infernal regions; we keep bobbing at the basin for half an hour together, without being able to get a drop; and certainly nobody on ship-board can doubt the truth of the proverb, 'Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.'

"The wind continues contrary, and the weather is as disagreeable and perverse as it can well be; indeed, I understand that in these latitudes nothing can be expected but heavy gales or dead calms, which make them particularly pleasant for sailing, especially as the calms are by far the most disagreeable of the two: the wind steadies the ship; but when she creeps as slowly as she does at present, (scarcely going a mile in four hours,) she feels the whole effect of the sea breaking against her, and rolls backwards and forwards with every billow as it rises and falls. In the meanwhile, every thing seems to be in a state of the most active motion, except the ship; while we are carrying a spoonful of soup to our mouths, the remainder takes the 'glorious golden opportunity' to empty itself into our laps, and the glasses and salt-cellars carry on a perpetual domestic warfare during the

whole time of dinner, like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Nothing is so common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of dinner, and make a frisk from one end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

"N. B. To-day the fowl without the liver-wing was the favourite, but the knowing ones were taken in: the uncarved one carried it hollow."

A storm is thus described:

"At one this morning a violent gust of wind came on; and, at the rate of ten miles an hour, carried us through the Chops of the Channel, formed by the Scilly Rocks and the Isle of Ushant. But I thought that the advance was dearly purchased by the terrible night which the storm made us pass. The wind roaring, the waves dashing against the stern, till at last they beat in the quarter gallery; the ship, too, rolling from side to side, as if every moment she were going to roll over and over! Mr. J—— was heaved off one of the sofas, and rolled along till he was stopped by the table. He then took his seat upon the floor, as the more secure position; and half an hour afterwards, another heave chucked him back again upon the sofa. The captain snuffed out one of the candles, and both being tied to the table, could not relight it with the other: so the steward came to do it; when a sudden heel of the ship made him extinguish the second candle, tumbled him upon the sofa on which I was lying, and made the candle which he had brought with him fly out of the candlestick through a cabin window at his elbow, and thus we were all left in the dark. Then the intolerable noise! the cracking of bulkheads! the sawing of ropes! the screeching of the tiller! the trampling of the sailors! the clattering of the crockery! Every thing above deck and below deck all in motion at once! Chairs, writing-desks, books, boxes, bundles, fire-irons, and fenders flying to one end of the room; and the next moment (as if they had made a mistake) flying back again to the other with the same hurry and confusion. 'Confusion worse confounded!' Of all the inconveniences attached to a vessel, the incessant noise appears to me the most insupportable! As to our live stock, they seem to have made up their minds on the subject, and say, with one of Ariosto's knights (when he was cloven from the head to the chine,) '*Or conven morire!*' Our fowls and ducks are screaming and quacking their last by dozens; and by Tuesday morning, it is supposed, that we shall not have an animal alive in the ship, except the black terrier and my friend the squeaking pig, whose vocal powers are still audible, maugre the storm and the sailors, and who (I verily believe) only continues to survive out of spite, because he can join in the general chorus, and help to increase the number of abominable sounds.

"We are now tossing about in the Bay of Biscay: I shall remember it as long as I live. The 'beef-eater's front' could never have 'beamed more terrible' upon Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, 'in Biscay's Bay, when he took him prisoner,' than Biscay's Bay itself will appear to me the next time that I approach it."

By way of contrast, take the annoyances of a calm, which seem equally unable to disturb his equanimity:

"Our wind is like Lady Townley's separate allowance: 'that little has been made less;' or, rather, it has dwindled away to nothing. We are now so absolutely becalmed, that I begin seriously to suspect all the crew of being Phœnicians; and that at this identical moment Neptune is amusing himself by making the ship take root in the ocean,—a trick which he played once before to a vessel (they say) in the days of Ulysses. I have got some locust plants on board in pots: if we continue to sail as slowly as we have done for the last week, before we reach Jamaica my plants will be forest trees; little Jem, the cabin-boy, will have been obliged to shave, and the black terrier will have died of old age long ago."

The following is an amusing sketch of the intellectual occupations of the crew:

"On this day, from a sense of propriety, no doubt, as well as from having nothing else to do, all the crew in the morning betook themselves to their studies. The carpenter was very seriously spelling a comedy; Edward was engaged with 'The Six Princesses of Babylon'; a third was amusing himself with a tract 'On the Management of Bees'; another had borrowed the cabin-boy's 'Sorrows of Werter,' and was reading it aloud to a large circle, some whistling, and others yawning; and Werter's abrupt transitions, and exclamations, and raptures, and refinements, read in the same loud monotonous tone, and without the slightest respect paid to stops, had the oddest effect possible. 'She did not look at me; I thought my heart would burst: the coach drove off; she looked out of the window; was that look meant for me? yes, it was; perhaps it might be; do not tell me that it was not meant for me. Oh, my friend, my friend! am I not a fool—a madman?' ('This part is rather stupid, or so, you see; but no matter for that. Where was I! Oh?') 'I am now sure Charlotte loves me: I prest my hand on my heart; I said, 'Klopstock': 'yes, Charlotte loves me! What! does Charlotte love me! oh, rapturous thought! my brain turns round! Immortal powers! how! what! Oh, my friend, my friend,' &c. &c. &c. I was surprised to find that (except Edward's Fairy Tale) none of them were reading works that were at all likely to amuse them, (Smollet or Fielding, for instance,) or any which might interest them as relating to their profession, such as voyages and travels; much less any which had the slightest reference to the particular day. However, as most of them were reading what they could not possibly understand, they might mistake them for books of devotion, for any thing they knew to the contrary; or, perhaps, they might have so much reverence for all books in print, as to think that, provided they did but read something, it was doing a good work, and it did not much matter what. So one of Congreve's fine ladies swears Mrs. Mincing, the waiting maid, to secrecy, 'upon an odd volume of Messalina's Poems.' Sir Dudley North, too, informs us (or is it his brother Roger? but I mean the Turkey merchant) that at Constantinople the respect for printed books is so great, that when people are sick, they fancy that they can be read into health again; and if the Koran should not be in the way, they will make a shift with a few verses of the Bible, or a chapter or two of the Talmud, or of any other book that comes first to hand, rather than not read something. I think

Sir Dudley says, that he himself cured an old Turk of the toothach, by administering a few pages of 'Ovid's Metamorphoses'; and in an old receipt-book, we are directed for the cure of a double tertian fever, 'to drink plentifully of cock-broth, and sleep with the Second Book of the Iliad under the pillow.' If, instead of sleeping with it under the pillow, the doctor had desired us to read the Second Book of the Iliad, in order that we *might* sleep, I should have had some faith in his prescription myself."

Though amused during the voyage, the reader will be most interested by the accounts of negro life in the West Indies. These are abundant; for Lewis seems to have been very observant, to have lived much among his negroes, and to have evinced an amiable desire to render himself conversant with their habits and feelings—to learn their wants, and ameliorate their condition. Whatever may have been the errors of his head, it is impossible not to esteem the man who has shown such genuine benevolence of heart. Nevertheless, this Journal does not afford much that can be called information, and it is difficult to draw from it any general inferences. It is an evil commonly attendant upon journals that, recording as they do the impressions of the moment, they are not unfrequently contradictory in their tone, do not generalize and abstract, and do not give us the conclusion at which the writer arrives upon a reconsideration of all that he has witnessed. This is more especially the case when the work is one emanating from a sensitive and imaginative mind, easily wrought upon, and deriving its colour from the passing events.

There was much of this chameleon-like quality in the mind of Lewis; and he was disposed by nature rather to observe what played upon the surface than to attempt to penetrate beneath. In his estimate of the condition and happiness of the West India negro, he was perhaps too much inclined to accept as a criterion that light-hearted gaiety in moments of relaxation, and that noisy exhibition of child-like mirth, which is not incompatible with degradation and oppression, and is greatly the result of natural temperament. That negro slaves seem very happy, a great deal of concurrent testimony compels us to believe; but to use this appearance as a serious argument in defence of their condition, is as little reasonable as it would be to cite the gambols of May-day chimney-sweepers as a proof of the humanity with which climbing-boys are treated. It is highly creditable to Lewis's feelings, that even the noisy gaiety which his arrival and the subsequent holiday created, could not blind and reconcile him to the sight and sound of slavery.

"Soon after my reaching the lodging-house at Savannah la Mar, a remarkably clean-looking negro lad presented himself with some water and a towel: I concluded him to belong to the inn; and on my returning the towel, as he found that I took no notice of him, he at length ventured to introduce himself by saying, 'Massa not know me; *me your slave!*'—and really the sound made me feel a pang at the heart. The lad appeared all gaiety and good humour, and his whole countenance expressed anxiety to recommend himself to my notice; but the word 'slave' seemed to imply that, although he did feel pleasure then in serving me, if he had detested me he must

have served me still. I really felt quite humiliated at the moment, and was tempted to tell him, 'Do not say that again; say that you are my negro, but do not call yourself my slave.'"

His presence and indulgence produced in these excitable people an expression of pleasure which delighted him.

"Certainly," he says, "they at least play their parts with such an air of truth, and warmth, and enthusiasm, that, after the cold hearts and repulsive manners of England, the contrast is infinitely agreeable.

'Je ne vois que des yeux toujours prêts à sourire.'

"I find it quite impossible to resist the fascination of the conscious pleasure of pleasing; and my own heart, which I have so long been obliged to keep closed, seems to expand itself again in the sunshine of the kind looks and words which meet me at every turn, and seem to wait for mine as anxiously as if they were so many diamonds."

The kind-hearted proprietor seems, however, to have relaxed discipline a little too suddenly; and to have unwisely imagined that his slaves, having tasted the charms of indulgence, ought to work the harder afterwards, and be more orderly and obedient, out of gratitude to him.

"Since my arrival in Jamaica, I am not conscious of having omitted any means of satisfying my negroes, and rendering them happy and secure from oppression. I have suffered no person to be punished, except the two female demons who almost bit a girl's hands off (for which they received a slight switching), and the most worthless rascal on the estate, whom, for manifold offences, I was compelled for the sake of discipline to allow to pass two days in the bilboes. I have never refused a favour that I could possibly grant. I have listened patiently to all complaints. I have increased the number of negro holidays, and have given away money and presents of all kinds incessantly. Now for my reward. On Saturday morning there were no fewer than forty-five persons (not including children) in the hospital, which makes nearly a fifth of my whole gang. Of these the medical people assured me that not above seven had any thing whatever the matter with them; the rest were only feigning sickness out of mere idleness, and in order to sit doing nothing, while their companions were forced to perform their part of the estate duty. And sure enough, on Sunday morning they all walked away from the hospital to amuse themselves, except about seven or eight: they will, perhaps, go to the field for a couple of days; and on Wednesday we may expect to have them all back again, complaining of pains, which (not existing) it is not possible to remove. Jenny (the girl whose hands were bitten) was told by the doctress, that having been in the hospital all the week, she ought not, for very shame, to go out on Sunday. She answered 'she wanted to go to the mountains, and go she would.' 'Then,' said the doctress, 'you must not come back again on Monday at least.' 'Yes,' Jenny said, 'she *should* come back;' and back this morning Jenny came. But as her wounds were almost completely well, she had tied packthread round them, so as to cut deep into the flesh; had rubbed dirt into them; and, in short, had played such

tricks as nearly to produce a mortification in one of her fingers."

Again he says, but in a tone of perfect good humour,

"The negroes certainly are perverse beings. They had been praying for a sight of their master year after year: they were in raptures at my arrival. I have suffered no one to be punished, and shown them every possible indulgence during my residence amongst them; and, one and all, they declare themselves perfectly happy and well treated. Yet, previous to my arrival, they made thirty-three hogsheads a-week; in a fortnight after my landing, their product dwindled to twenty-three; during this last week they have managed to make but thirteen. Still, they are not ungrateful; they are only selfish: they love me very well, but they love themselves a great deal better; and, to do them justice, I verily believe that every negro on the estate is extremely anxious that all should do their full duty, except himself. My censure, although accompanied with the certainty of their not being punished, is by no means a matter of indifference. If I express myself to be displeased, the whole property is in an uproar: every body is finding fault with every body; nobody that does not represent the shame of neglecting my work, and the ingratitude of vexing me by their ill conduct; and then each individual—having said so much, and said it so strongly, that he is convinced of its having its full effect in making the others do their duty—thinks himself quite safe and snug in skulking away from his own."

Experience, however, made him wiser; not less benevolent, but more judicious in his benevolence. The foregoing passage was written in the spring of 1816. He visited Jamaica again the following year; and, on the 14th of July, 1818, we find the following gratifying entry:

"I think that I really may now venture to hope that my plans for the management of my estate have succeeded beyond even my most sanguine expectations. I have now passed three weeks with my negroes, the doors of my house open all day long, and full liberty allowed to every person to come and speak to me without witnesses or restraint; yet not one man or woman has come to me with a single complaint. On the contrary, all my inquiries have been answered by an assurance that during the two years of my absence my regulations were adhered to most implicitly, and that, 'except for the pleasure of seeing massa,' there was no more difference in treatment than if I had remained upon the estate. Many of them have come to tell me instances of kindness which they have received from one or other of their superintendents; others to describe some severe fit of illness, in which they must have died but for the care taken of them in the hospital; some who were weakly and low-spirited on my former visit, to show me how much they are improved in health, and tell me 'how they keep up heart now, because since massa come upon the property, nobody put upon them, and all go well;' and some who had formerly complained of one trifle or other, to take back their complaints, and say that they wanted no change, and were willing to be employed in any way that might be thought most for the good of the estate; but although I have now

at least seen every one of them, and have conversed with numbers, I have not yet been able to find one person who had so much as even an imaginary grievance to lay before me. Yet I find that it has been found necessary to punish with the lash, although only in a very few instances; but then this only took place on the commission of absolute crimes, and in cases where its necessity and justice were so universally felt, not only by others, but by the sufferers themselves, that instead of complaining, they seem only to be afraid of their offence coming to my knowledge; to prevent which, they affect to be more satisfied and happy than all the rest; and now, when I see a mouth grinning from ear to ear, with a more than ordinary expansion of jaw, I never fail to find on inquiry that its proprietor is one of those who have been punished during my absence. I then take care to give them an opportunity of making a complaint, if they should have any to make; but no, not a word comes; 'every thing has gone on perfectly well, and just as it ought to have done.' Upon this, I drop a slight hint of the offence in question, and instantly away goes the grin, and down falls the negro to kiss my feet, confess his fault, and 'beg massa forgib, and them never do so bad thing more to fret massa, and them beg massa pardon, hard, quite hard!' But not one of them has denied the justice of his punishment, or complained of undue severity on the part of his superintendents. On the other hand, although the lash has thus been in a manner utterly abolished, except in cases where a much severer punishment would have been inflicted by the police, and although they are aware of this unwillingness to chastise, my trustee acknowledges that during my absence the negroes have been quiet and tractable, and have not only laboured as well as they used to do, but have done much more work than the negroes on an adjoining property, where there are forty more negroes, and where moreover a considerable sum is paid for hired assistance."

In spite of the alleged necessity of the lash, we find the following satisfactory statement of the successful substitution of another species of punishment:

"During the whole three weeks of my absence, only two negroes have been complained of for committing fault. The first was a domestic quarrel between two Africans: Hazard stole Frank's calabash of sugar, which Frank had previously stolen out of my boiling-house: so Frank broke Hazard's head, which in my opinion settled the matter so properly that I declined spoiling it by any interference of my own. The other complaint was more serious: Toby being ordered to load the cart with canes, answered 'I won't!' and Toby was as good as his word; in consequence of which the mill stopped for want of canes, and the boiling-house stopped for want of liquor. I found on my return that for this offence Toby had received six lashes, which Toby did not mind three straws. But as his fault amounted to an act of downright rebellion, I thought that it ought not by any means to be passed over so lightly, and that Toby ought to be made to mind. I took no notice for some days; but the Easter holidays had been deferred till my return, and only began here on Friday last. On that day, as soon as the head governor had blown the shell, and dismissed the negroes till Monday morning, he requested the pleasure of Mr. Toby's company to

the hospital, where he locked him up in a room by himself. All Saturday and Sunday the estate rang with laughing, dancing, singing, and huzzaing. Salt fish was given away in the morning; the children played at nine-pins for jackets and petticoats in the evening; rum and sugar was denied to no one. The gumbys thundered; the kitty-katties clattered; all was noise and festivity; and all this while, 'qualis mœrens Philomela,' sat solitary Toby, gazing at his four white walls! Toby had not minded the lashes; but the loss of his amusement, and the disgrace of his exclusion from the fête, operated on his mind so forcibly, that when on the Monday morning his door was unlocked, and the chief governor called him to his work, not a word would he deign to utter; let who would speak, there he sat motionless, silent, and sulky. However, upon my going down to him myself, his voice thought proper to return, and he began at once to complain of his seclusion, and justify his conduct: but he no sooner opened his lips than the whole hospital opened theirs to censure his folly, asking him how he could presume to justify himself when he knew that he had done wrong, and advising him to humble himself and beg my pardon; and their clamours were so loud and so general (Mrs. Sappho, his wife, being one of the loudest, who not only 'gave it him on both sides of his ears,' but enforced her arguments by a knock on the pate now and then,) that they fairly drove the evil spirit out of him: he confessed his fault with great penitence, engaged solemnly never to commit such another, and set off to his work full of gratitude for my granting him forgiveness. I am more and more convinced every day that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes (and governed by some mode or other they must be,) is not by the detestable lash, but by confinement, solitary or otherwise: they cannot bear it, and the memory of it seems to make a lasting impression upon their minds, while the lash makes none but upon their skins, and lasts no longer than the mark. The order at my hospital is, that no negro should be denied admittance: even if no symptoms of illness appear, he is allowed one day to rest and take physic, if he choose it. On the second morning, if the physician declares the man to be shamming, and the plea of illness is still alleged against going to work, then the negro is locked up in a room with others similarly circumstanced, where care is taken to supply him with food, water, physic, &c., and no restraint is imposed, except that of not going out. Here he is suffered to remain unmolested as long as he pleases, and he is only allowed to leave the hospital upon his own declaration that he is well enough to go to work: when the door is opened, and he walks away unreproached and unpunished, however evident his deception may have been. Before I adopted this regulation, the number of patients used to vary from thirty to forty-five, not more than a dozen of whom perhaps had any thing the matter with them. The number at this moment is but fourteen, and all are sores, burns, or complaints, the reality of which speaks for itself. Some few persevering tricksters will still submit to be locked up for a day or two; but their patience never fails to be wearied out by the fourth morning; and I have not yet met with an instance of a patient who had once been locked up with a fictitious illness, returning to the hospital except with

a real one. In general they offer to take a day's rest and physic, promising to go out to work the next day, and on these occasions they have uniformly kept their word. Indeed, my hospital is now in such good order that the physician told the trustee the other day that 'mine gave him less trouble than any hospital in the parish.' My boilers, too, who used to make sugar the colour of mahogany, are now making excellent; and certainly, if appearances may be trusted, and things will but last, I may flatter myself with the complete success of my system of management, as far as the time elapsed is sufficient to warrant an opinion. I only wish from my soul that I were but half as certain of the good treatment and good behaviour of the negroes at Hordley."

We are happy to think that the humane conviction, expressed more than fifteen years ago by Mr. Lewis, "that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes is not by the detestable lash," should have so far spread, and should have produced such fruits, as to enable Mr. Stanley in the House of Commons, on the 17th of March, in the present year, to make the following gratifying statement: "That the Court of Policy of Demerara, composed in a great measure, as to one moiety at least, of colonial planters, utterly unconnected by any tie with government, and not very sparing, in the course of the last few years, in venting their feelings of disgust at some of their measures, had unanimously passed an ordinance, without one dissentient voice, abolishing, from the first of March, 1834, the power of the masters to inflict corporal punishment to any extent and for any cause whatever; thus, by five months, anticipating one of the principal enactments of the British legislature."

Other highly agreeable communications were made in the same speech. It was stated, on the authority of two despatches from the Governor of Demerara, that the total number of punishments awarded in two districts of that colony during the month of December, 1833, amounted only to thirteen; "no one of them being of a corporal nature, and varying from one to three weeks' imprisonment;" and further, that the total number of complaints laid before the Slave Protector, during the same time, from eighty thousand slaves against their masters, amounted also to thirteen—while all of them were of the most trivial and insignificant nature." It was besides stated, on the authority of the same despatches, that there had been an increased quantity of colonial produce during the last year, though the season had not been peculiarly favourable; which increased quantity "is solely attributable to the increased goodwill and diligence of the slaves; and this goodwill and diligence of the slaves are the consequences of the milder treatment they now experience, and the cheering prospect they have before them."

May we presume to ask the prompt advertiser of this volume, in a certain quarterly journal, how, supposing he had not been in such haste to announce it to the public before the public could read it, he would have contrived to reconcile the above statements with those views of the late great measure in which he indulges? Here we have it proclaimed officially that the colonists of Demerara had themselves "anticipated one of the principal enactments of our legislature;" one of the principal provisions of a measure

tricks as nearly to produce a mortification in one of her fingers."

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at least seen every one of them, and have conversed with numbers, I have not yet been able to find one person who had so much as even an imaginary grievance to lay before me. Yet I find that it has been found necessary to punish with the lash, although only in a very few instances; but then this only took place on the commission of absolute crimes, and in cases where its necessity and justice were so universally felt, not only by others, but by the sufferers themselves, that instead of complaining, they seem only to be afraid of their offence coming to my knowledge; to prevent which, they affect to be more satisfied and happy than all the rest; and now, when I see a mouth grinning from ear to ear, with a more than ordinary expansion of jaw, I never fail to find on inquiry that its proprietor is one of those who have been punished during my absence. I then take care to give them an opportunity of making a complaint, if they should have any to make; but no, not a word comes; 'every thing has gone on perfectly well, and just as it ought to have done.' Upon this, I drop a slight hint of the offence in question, and instantly away goes the grin, and down falls the negro to kiss my feet, confess his fault, and 'beg massa forgib, and them never do so bad thing more to fret massa, and them beg massa pardon, hard, quite hard!' But not one of them has denied the justice of his punishment, or complained of undue severity on the part of his superintendents. On the other hand, although the lash has thus been in a manner utterly abolished, except in cases where a much severer punishment would have been inflicted by the police, and although they are aware of this unwillingness to chastise, my trustee acknowledges that during my absence the negroes have been quiet and tractable, and have not only laboured as well as they used to do, but have done much more work than the negroes on an adjoining property, where there are forty more negroes, and where moreover a considerable sum is paid for hired assistance."

In spite of the alleged necessity of the lash, we find the following satisfactory statement of the successful substitution of another species of punishment:

"During the whole three weeks of my absence, only two negroes have been complained of for committing fault. The first was a domestic quarrel between two Africans: Hazard stole Frank's calabash of sugar, which Frank had previously stolen out of my boiling-house: so Frank broke Hazard's head, which in my opinion settled the matter so properly that I declined spoiling it by any interference of my own. The other complaint was more serious: Toby being ordered to load the cart with canes, answered 'I won't!' and Toby was as good as his word; in consequence of which the mill stopped for want of canes, and the boiling-house stopped for want of liquor. I found on my return that for this offence Toby had received six lashes, which Toby did not mind three straws. But as his fault amounted to an act of downright rebellion, I thought that it ought not by any means to be passed over so lightly, and that Toby ought to be made to mind. I took no notice for some days; but the Easter holidays had been deferred till my return, and only began here on Friday last. On that day, as soon as the head governor had blown the shell, and dismissed the negroes till Monday morning, he requested the pleasure of Mr. Toby's company to

the hospital, where he locked him up in a room by himself. All Saturday and Sunday the estate rang with laughing, dancing, singing, and huzzaing. Salt fish was given away in the morning; the children played at nine-pins for jackets and petticoats in the evening; rum and sugar was denied to no one. The gumbys thundered; the kitty-katties clattered; all was noise and festivity; and all this while, 'qualis moriens Philomela,' sat solitary Toby, gazing at his four white walls! Toby had not minded the lashes; but the loss of his amusement, and the disgrace of his exclusion from the fête, operated on his mind so forcibly, that when on the Monday morning his door was unlocked, and the chief governor called him to his work, not a word would he deign to utter; let who would speak, there he sat motionless, silent, and sulky. However, upon my going down to him myself, his voice thought proper to return, and he began at once to complain of his seclusion, and justify his conduct: but he no sooner opened his lips than the whole hospital opened theirs to censure his folly, asking him how he could presume to justify himself when he knew that he had done wrong, and advising him to humble himself and beg my pardon; and their clamours were so loud and so general (Mrs. Sappho, his wife, being one of the loudest, who not only 'gave it him on both sides of his ears,' but enforced her arguments by a knock on the pate now and then,) that they fairly drove the evil spirit out of him: he confessed his fault with great penitence, engaged solemnly never to commit such another, and set off to his work full of gratitude for my granting him forgiveness. I am more and more convinced every day that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes (and governed by some mode or other they must be,) is not by the detestable lash, but by confinement, solitary or otherwise: they cannot bear it, and the memory of it seems to make a lasting impression upon their minds, while the lash makes none but upon their skins, and lasts no longer than the mark. The order at my hospital is, that no negro should be denied admittance: even if no symptoms of illness appear, he is allowed one day to rest and take physic, if he choose it. On the second morning, if the physician declares the man to be shamming, and the plea of illness is still alleged against going to work, then the negro is locked up in a room with others similarly circumstanced, where care is taken to supply him with food, water, physic, &c., and no restraint is imposed, except that of not going out. Here he is suffered to remain unmolested as long as he pleases, and he is only allowed to leave the hospital upon his own declaration that he is well enough to go to work: when the door is opened, and he walks away unapproached and unpunished, however evident his deception may have been. Before I adopted this regulation, the number of patients used to vary from thirty to forty-five, not more than a dozen of whom perhaps had any thing the matter with them. The number at this moment is but fourteen, and all are sores, burns, or complaints, the reality of which speaks for itself. Some few persevering tricksters will still submit to be locked up for a day or two; but their patience never fails to be wearied out by the fourth morning; and I have not yet met with an instance of a patient who had once been locked up with a fictitious illness, returning to the hospital except with

a real one. In general they offer to take a day's rest and physic, promising to go out to work the next day, and on these occasions they have uniformly kept their word. Indeed, my hospital is now in such good order that the physician told the trustee the other day that 'mine gave him less trouble than any hospital in the parish.' My boilers, too, who used to make sugar the colour of mahogany, are now making excellent; and certainly, if appearances may be trusted, and things will but last, I may flatter myself with the complete success of my system of management, as far as the time elapsed is sufficient to warrant an opinion. I only wish from my soul that I were but half as certain of the good treatment and good behaviour of the negroes at Hordley."

We are happy to think that the humane conviction, expressed more than fifteen years ago by Mr. Lewis, "that the best and easiest mode of governing negroes is not by the detestable lash," should have so far spread, and should have produced such fruits, as to enable Mr. Stanley in the House of Commons, on the 17th of March, in the present year, to make the following gratifying statement: "That the Court of Policy of Demerara, composed in a great measure, as to one moiety at least, of colonial planters, utterly unconnected by any tie with government, and not very sparing, in the course of the last few years, in venting their feelings of disgust at some of their measures, had unanimously passed an ordinance, without one dissentient voice, abolishing, from the first of March, 1834, the power of the masters to inflict corporal punishment to any extent and for any cause whatever; thus, by five months, anticipating one of the principal enactments of the British legislature."

Other highly agreeable communications were made in the same speech. It was stated, on the authority of two despatches from the Governor of Demerara, that the total number of punishments awarded in two districts of that colony during the month of December, 1833, amounted only to thirteen; "no one of them being of a corporal nature, and varying from one to three weeks' imprisonment;" and further, that the total number of complaints laid before the Slave Protector, during the same time, from eighty thousand slaves against their masters, amounted also to thirteen—while all of them were of the most trivial and insignificant nature." It was besides stated, on the authority of the same despatches, that there had been an increased quantity of colonial produce during the last year, though the season had not been peculiarly favourable; which increased quantity "is solely attributable to the increased goodwill and diligence of the slaves; and this goodwill and diligence of the slaves are the consequences of the milder treatment they now experience, and the cheering prospect they have before them."

May we presume to ask the prompt advertiser of this volume, in a certain quarterly journal, how, supposing he had not been in such haste to announce it to the public before the public could read it, he would have contrived to reconcile the above statements with those views of the late great measure in which he indulges! Here we have it proclaimed officially that the colonists of Demerara had themselves "anticipated one of the principal enactments of our legislature;" one of the principal provisions of a measure

which, according to this candid gentleman, was the unfortunate result of the ministry having "succumbed to pertinacity, ignorance, rashness, blind audacity, mean shuffling and intrigue, and hot, heavy, dogged stupidity!"

Before we close our notice of this work, we must extract the following specimen of slavery in the "good old times,"—times long anterior to those "last ten years," on the history of which, as the enlightened philanthropist above alluded to assures us, "future times will pause with mingled wonder, contempt, and pity."

"There is a popular negro song, the burden of which is,

'Take him to the Gulley! take him to the Gulley!
'But bringee back the frock and board.'
'Oh! massa, massa! me no deadee yet!
'Take him to the Gulley! take him to the Gulley!
Carry him along!'

"This alludes to a transaction which took place some thirty years ago, on an estate in this neighbourhood, called Spring Garden, the owner of which (I think the name was Bedward) is quoted as the cruellest proprietor that ever disgraced Jamaica. It was his constant practice, whenever a sick negro was pronounced incurable, to order the poor wretch to be carried to a solitary vale upon his estate, called the Gulley, where he was thrown down, and abandoned to his fate, which fate was generally to be half-devoured by the john-crows before death had put an end to his sufferings. By this proceeding the avaricious owner avoided the expense of maintaining the slave during his last illness; and in order that he might be as little a loser as possible, he always enjoined the negro bearers of the dying man to strip him naked before leaving the Gulley, and not to forget to bring back his frock and the board on which he had been carried down. One poor creature, while in the act of being removed, screamed out most piteously 'that he was not dead yet,' and implored not to be left to perish in the Gulley in a manner so horrible. His cries had no effect upon his master, but operated so forcibly on the less marble hearts of his fellow-slaves, that in the night some of them removed him back to the negro village privately, and nursed him there with so much care, that he recovered, and left the estate unquestioned and undiscovered. Unluckily, one day the master was passing through Kingston, when, on turning the corner of a street suddenly, he found himself face to face with the negro, whom he had supposed long ago to have been picked to the bones in the Gulley of Spring Garden. He immediately seized him, claimed him as his slave, and ordered his attendants to convey him to his house; but the fellow's cries attracted a crowd round them before he could be dragged away. He related his melancholy story, and the singular manner in which he had recovered his life and liberty; and the public indignation was so forcibly excited by the shocking tale, that Mr. Bedward was glad to save himself from being torn to pieces by a precipitate retreat from Kingston, and never ventured to advance his claim to the negro a second time."

There is a good deal of pleasing poetry interspersed throughout this volume, of which the following stanzas

of a song forming part of a metrical tale, called "the Isle of Devils," may serve as an example:

1.

"When summer smiled on Goa's bowers,
They seemed so fair;
All light the skies, all bloom the flowers,
All balm the air!
The mock-bird swelled his amorous lay,
Soft, sweet, and clear;
And all was beauteous, all was gay,
For she was near.

2.

"But now the skies in vain are bright
With summer's glow;
The pea-dove's call to Love's delight
Augments my woe;
And blushing roses vainly bloom;
Their charms are fled;
And all is sadness, all is gloom,
For she is dead!"

In conclusion, we must add, that the pleasant impression which this work has produced, makes us desire to learn more respecting Mr. Lewis. The man who left so good a journal must have been an agreeable correspondent. He had moreover many distinguished literary friends. Did he correspond with them? and are any of his letters preserved and producible? If so, they would probably be found interesting. We should be glad, too, to see something of the nature of a memoir; and hope we may draw a favourable augury with respect to the probable appearance of some such production, even from the laconic brevity of the "advertisement" to this journal; for, assuredly, it cannot be supposed that the reading world will be quite satisfied with being informed merely, that "the following Journals of two residences in Jamaica, in 1815-16 and in 1817, are now printed from the MS. of Mr. Lewis, who died at sea on the voyage homewards from the West Indies, in the year 1818."

From the *Athenæum*.

JOHN MARTIN.

The following anecdote is from the last number of the *Booksellers' Advertiser* of New York:

"John Martin, the justly celebrated self-taught artist, has, without solicitation, been elected a member of the Belgic Academy; and the government have purchased, at his own price, his noble and astonishing picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh.' By his own talents alone, Martin has risen from obscurity to an enviable distinction in his profession. We have not seen the following anecdote in print, but we have it from a friend of the parties. Some years ago, an American artist, on a visit to London, noticed in an exhibition of paintings, a small piece, of such evident merit as induced him to inquire for the painter. 'His name is John Martin,—a young man in extreme poverty; he supports himself at present by making baskets.' The American found him in a miserable apartment thus employed; he gave him a small sum of money, and advised and encouraged him to pursue the study of the more congenial art.

The American visited Italy; and on his return, two or three years after, found the once poor basket-maker, now independent, married, occupying a handsome dwelling, and already famed for his extraordinary powers in the 'divine art.' 'To you,' he said to the American, 'I am indebted for this prosperity. With the money you gave me I purchased materials, and executed several pictures, which met with ready sale. I persevered, in the face of many difficulties, and, as you see, I did not persevere in vain.' The American was *Washington Allston*, now of Boston. It is remarkable that though Martin has received many honours from foreign institutions, he has never even been admitted as a member of the London Academy of Arts, founded for the encouragement of native talent. Besides the 'Fall of Nineveh,' his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' and his 'Illustrations of Milton' are universally admired."

Now the anecdote is a good anecdote, and, if true, would reflect credit on all parties. As, however, we had a strong suspicion that it was not true, and as it was likely to be copied into the English papers, and circulated all over the country, we thought it well to address a note to the painter and enclose the paper. His answer confirms our suspicions, and, as it contains much matter of interest, we shall take the liberty of making a copious extract:

"There is not a particle of truth in the anecdote; indeed I had not the pleasure of knowing my friend Allston until I was, in some degree, known as an artist; but I will give you a slight sketch, a mere outline, of my early career, and also of my first introduction to Allston, which, as it relates to more than myself, may not be uninteresting to you. I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London, where I was to be under the protection of Boniface Muss, or Musso, a clever master, the father of Charles Muss, the celebrated enamel painter. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam Street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that, by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-colour drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which, I believe you know, I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible

delight my wife and I experienced at the time. My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the President, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honour on their respective countries.' Leslie immediately informed Allston, who resided in the same house with him, that he had met me—Allston requested to be introduced, as he had felt a strong desire to know me from the time he had seen my 'Sadak,' but a sort of reserve had prevented his introducing himself, although he had several times taken up his pen to do so. Thus, twenty years ago, commenced a friendship which caused me deeply to regret Allston's departure for his native country, for I have rarely met a man whose cultivated and refined taste, combined with a mild, yet enthusiastic temper and honourable mind, more excited my admiration and esteem. It is somewhat singular, that my picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment, that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning, in the vain endeavour of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture. Allston has never seen it, but he sent from America to say, 'that he would not mind a walk of ten miles, over a quickest hedge, before breakfast, to see it.' This is something from a bad walker and worse riser. His own 'Belshazzar' was not completed for many years, not till very lately, I think."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

In a former number* we presented to our readers some very interesting fragments and extracts of these Memoirs. We now intend to impart such other passages as have since transpired. These have been sent direct from Monsieur Chateaubriand himself to two Parisian periodical works, and there can be therefore no doubt of their entire authenticity. M. de Chateaubriand, it appears, was so well satisfied with the notice of the *Revue de Paris*, from which we borrowed our former communication, that he has, in token of his satisfaction, sent to it, and to another work of the same description, the passages which we have now to lay before our readers. We

* See Museum for August.

are happy to have this testimony of the faithfulness, if not in word in spirit, of our former article to the sense of the illustrious author. What we have now to furnish comes directly from himself. We have already said that these Memoirs are not written consecutively, according to a chronological order of events. Sometimes late events will be found in the early pages, and again scenes of boyhood and of youth will be inserted at the period of gray-haired experience. Every part seems to have been written according as the actual impression of the moment dictated. By this means every incident and reflection comes bright and burning from the brain, with the stamp of the instant's impulse upon it; and the whole is connected together, not by a plodding series of order, but by those vivid links of recollection and anticipation which blend and harmonize distant facts together much more happily, and give to a work of biography more real unity of effect, than the artificial help of chronology (which often abruptly interrupts, instead of aiding the natural association of parts) can ever do. The passage we subjoin may probably be an illustration of this remark. Though written whilst the author is engaged in the scenes of the first Revolution, his mind is hurried from their contemplation to thoughts with which they are intimately allied—thoughts which perceive the events of the actual moment in their seeds which were then sown and scattered so profusely in blood, and which project the mind into speculations on the future, when the consequences of that dire revolution will be finally and fully developed and consummated. The passage is a pregnant one—a fine weaved-up skein of conjectures and poetic reasonings, bearing such a weight of truth, that a little time, we fear, only is necessary to turn its anticipations (in part at least) into prophecies. It is as follows:

"Europe is hastening to a democracy. France is nothing else than a republic clogged by a director. Nations have grown out of their pagehood. Arrived at their majority, they pretend to have no longer need of tutors. From the time of David to our own times, kings have been called—nations appear now to be called in their turn. The brief and unimportant exceptions of the Grecian, Carthaginian, and Roman republics, do not alter the general political fact of antiquity, that the state of society was monarchical all over the globe. But now society is quitting monarchy, at least monarchy such as it has been understood till now."

"The symptoms of social transformation abound. It is in vain that efforts are made to re-organize a party for the absolute government of a single man—the elementary principles of this government no longer exist—men are changed as much as principles. Although facts seem to be sometimes in collision, they concur nevertheless in the same result; as in a machine, wheels which turn in opposite directions produce a common action."

"But sovereigns, submitting themselves gradually to the necessary popular liberties—detaching themselves without violence and without shock from their pedestals, may yet transmit to their sons, for a period more or less extended, their hereditary sceptres, reduced to proportions measured by the law. France would have done better for her happiness and inde-

pendence had she preserved a child who could not have turned the days of July into a shameful deception; but no one comprehended the event. Kings are bent obstinately on guarding that which they cannot retain. Instead of descending gently on an inclined plane, they expose themselves to fall into a gulf—instead of dying gloriously, full of honours and days, monarchy runs the risk of being flayed alive—a tragic mausoleum at Venice contains only the skin of an illustrious general."

"Even countries the least prepared for liberal institutions, such as Spain and Portugal, are urged forward by constitutional movements. In these countries, ideas have outgrown the men whom they influence. France and England, like two enormous battering-rams, strike with redoubled strokes on the crumbling ramparts of the ancient society. The boldest doctrines on property, equality, and liberty, are proclaimed from morning to evening in the face of monarchs trembling behind a triple hedge of suspected soldiers. The deluge of democracy is gaining on them. They mount from floor to floor, from the ground floor to the top of their palaces, whence they will throw themselves struggling into the waves which will overwhelm them."

"The discovery of printing has changed all social conditions—the press, a machine which can no longer be broken, will continue to destroy the old world till it has formed a new one. Its voice is calculated for the general forum of all people. The press is nothing else than the word, the first of all powers—the word created the universe. Unhappily the word in man participates of the human infirmity—it will mix evil with good, till our fallen nature has recovered its original purity."

"Thus the transformation brought about by the age of the world will have place. All is calculated in this plan. Nothing is possible now except the natural death of society, from whence will spring the regeneration. It is impiety to struggle against the angel of God, to believe that we can arrest Providence. Perceived from this height, the French revolution is only a point of the general revolution—all impatience should cease—all the axioms of ancient politics become inapplicable."

"Louis Philippe has ripened the democratic fruit half a century. The Bourgeois soil in which Philipism has been planted, being less worked than the military and popular soil, furnishes still some juices to the vegetation of the government of the 7th August; but it will be soon exhausted."

"There are some religious men who are revolted at the bare idea of the actual state of things having any duration. 'There are,' say they, 'inevitable reactions, moral reactions, instructive, magisterial, avenging. If the monarch who first gave us liberty paid for the despotism of Louis XIV. and the corruption of Louis XV., can it be believed that the debt contracted by *Egalité* at the scaffold of the innocent King is not to be acquitted? *Egalité*, by losing his life, expiated nothing. The tear shed at the last moment redeems no one—the tears of fear, which moisten merely the bosom, fall not upon the conscience. What! shall the race of Orleans reign by right of the vices and crimes of their ancestors? Where, then, is Providence? Never could a more

frightful temptation come to unseat virtue, to accuse eternal justice, or insult the existence of God, than such a supposition?

"I have heard these reasonings made, but must we thence conclude that the sceptre of the 9th August is to be broken immediately? No. Raising our view to universal order, the reign of Louis Philippe is but an apparent anomaly, but an unreal infraction of the laws of morals and equity: they are violated, these laws, in a limited and relative sense, but they are observed in a sense unlimited and general. From an enormity consented to by God, I shall deduce a consequence still weightier—I shall deduce the Christian proof of the abolition of royalty in France. It will be this abolition itself, and not an individual chastisement, which will be the expiation of the death of Louis XVI. None shall be admitted, after this just one, to cincture his brow solidly with the diadem—from the forehead of Napoleon it fell in spite of his victories, and from that of Charles X. in spite of his piety! *To finish the disgrace of the crown in the eyes of the people, it has been permitted to the son of the regicide to sleep for a moment in mock kingship in the bloody bed of the martyr.*

"Another reason, taken from the category of human considerations, may also prolong, for a short time more, the duration of the sophism government struck out of the shock of paving stones.

"For forty years every government in France has perished by its own fault: Louis XVI. could twenty times have saved his crown and his life; the republic succumbed only by the excess of its crimes. Bonaparte could have established his dynasty, but he threw himself down from the pinnacle of his glory; but for the ordinances of July, the legitimate throne would be still standing. But the actual government will not apparently commit the error which destroys—its power will never be suicidal—all its skill is exclusively employed in its conservation—it is too intelligent to die of folly, and it has not that in it which can render it guilty of the mistakes of genius, or the weaknesses of virtue.

"But, after all, it must perish. What are, then, four, six, ten, or twenty years in the life of a people? The ancient society perished with the Christian policy from whence it sprung. At Rome, the reign of a man was substituted for that of the law by Cesar; from the republic was the passage to the empire. Revolution, at present, takes a contrary direction; the law dethrones the man: from royalty the transition is to a republic. The era of the people is returned—it remains to be seen how it will be filled.

"But first Europe must be levelled in one same system. A representative government cannot be supposed in France, with absolute monarchies around it. To arrive at this point, it is but too probable that foreign wars must be undergone, and that, in the interior, a double anarchy, moral and physical, must be traversed.

"If property alone were in question, would it not be touched? would it remain distributed as it is? A society, or individuals, have two millions of revenue, whilst others are reduced to fill bags with heaps of putrefaction, and to collect the worms from them—which worms, sold to fishermen, are the only means of existence to their families, themselves aborigines

of the dunghill: can such a society remain stationary on such foundations, in the midst of the progress of ideas?

"But if property is touched, immense disorder will result, which will not be accomplished without the effusion of blood; the law of sacrifice and of blood is every where: God delivered up his Son to the nails of the cross, to renew the order of the universe. Before a new right shall spring from this chaos, the stars will often have risen and set. Eighteen hundred years since the promulgation of Christianity have not sufficed for the abolition of slavery; there is still but a small part of the evangetic mission accomplished.

"These calculations go not quick enough for the impatience of Frenchmen. Never, in the revolutions they have made, have they admitted the element of time; this is why they will always be disappointed by results contrary to their hopes. Whilst they are disordering, time is ordering; it puts order into their disorder—rejects the green fruit—detaches the ripe—and sifts and examines men, manners, and ideas.

"What will the new society be? I am ignorant. Its laws are to me unknown. I cannot conceive it, any more than the ancients could conceive the society without slaves produced by Christianity. How will fortunes become levelled? how will labour be balanced by recompense? how will the woman arrive at her complete emancipation? I know not. Till now, society has proceeded by aggregation and by families; what aspect will it offer, when it shall be merely individual, as it tends to become, and as we see it already forming itself in the United States? Probably the human race will be aggrandized, but it is to be feared that man will diminish—that the eminent faculties of genius will be lost—that the imagination, poetry, the arts, will die in the narrow cavities of a bee-hive society, in which every individual will be no more than a bee—a wheel in a machine—an atom of organized matter. If the Christian religion should become extinct, man would arrive, by liberty, at that social petrification which China has arrived at by slavery.

"Modern society has taken ten centuries to arrive at its consistency. At present, it is in a state of decomposition. The generations of the middle age were vigorous, because they were in a state of progressive ascendancy; we are feeble, because we are in progressive descent. This descending world will not resume its vigour till it has attained the lowest grade, whence it will commence to reascend towards a new life. I see, indeed, a population in agitation, which proclaims its power, exclaiming,—'I will—I am; the future belongs to me—I have discovered the universe. Before me nothing was known—the world was waiting for me—I am incomparable—my ancestors were children and idiots.'

"But have facts answered to these magnificent words? How many hopes in talents and characters have failed? If you except about thirty men of real merit, what a throng have we—libertine, abortive—without convictions, without faith, political or religious, and scrambling for money and place like mendicants for a gratuitous distribution: a flock which acknowledges no shepherd—which runs from the mountain to the plain, from the plain to the mountain,

disdaining the experience of their aged pastors—hardened to the wind and to the sun! We, the pastors, are only generations of passage—intermediate generations—obscure—devoted to oblivion—forming the chain reaching only to those hands which will pluck the future.

* * * * *

"Respecting misfortune, and respecting myself—respecting the cause which I have served, and which I shall continue to serve at the sacrifice of the repose due to my age, I fear to pronounce, living, a word which may wound the unfortunate, or even destroy their chimeras. But when I shall be no more, my sacrifices will give to my tomb the privilege of speaking the truth; my duties will be changed—the interest of my country will prevail over the engagements of honour from which I shall be freed. To the Bourbons belongs my life—to my country belongs my death. A prophet, in quitting the world, I trace my predictions on my declining hours—light withering leaves, which the breath of eternity will soon have blown away.

"If it be true that the lofty races of kings, refusing enlightenment, approach the term of their power, were it not better, and more in their historic interest, that they should, by an end worthy of their grandeur, retire into the sacred night of the past with bygone ages? To prolong life beyond its brilliant illustration is worth nothing. The world wearies of you and of your noise. It owes you a grudge for being there to hear it. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, have all disappeared according to the rules of glory. To die gloriously, one must die young. Let it not be said to the children of the spring,—What; is there still that name of past renown, that person, that race, at whom the world clapped its hands, and for whom one would have paid for a smile, for a look, for a hair, the sacrifice of a life? How sad it is to see Louis XIV., in his old age, a stranger to the rising generation, and having none about him to speak to of his own age, but the aged Duke de Villeroi! It was the last victory of the great Condé in his second childhood, to have met Bossuet on the borders of his grave; the orator reanimated the mute waters of Chantilly—the superannuation of the old man he impregnated with his adolescence—he re-embrowned the locks on the front of the conqueror of Rocroi, by bidding an immortal adieu to his gray hairs. Men who love glory, be careful for your tomb—lay yourselves gracefully down in it—try there to make a good figure, for you will remain there!"

The above passage opens certainly a fearful vision of the present state and future prospects of France. We cannot, we confess, include the entire of Europe so unreservedly in its prophetic anticipations. The tendency, however, of the democratic principle goes fully to the length of their complete realization; but its universal triumph is what we have yet heart and hope enough to disbelieve in. With respect to France, it is true, we see nothing but her foreign relations which would prevent its triumphing completely to-morrow. In fact, it does at this moment, in theory, triumph; and there is no antagonist national theory, which deserves the name, which could even in semblance be opposed to it. The legitimists, according to M. Chateaubriand's own confession, are

in spirit defunct. They talk, we see, of opposing the angel of God, and would sit in supineness, and see the work of disorganization completed. The Philippiets are simply the ministry, and their *employés*; and all the rest, excepting the inert mass, which is ready to take any shape, so that it may repose in its inertness, are republicans. In truth, a very first glance over the political landscape in France, will show that monarchy is there out of its place. Monarchy is in itself the feeblest of things. It requires support strong and natural, not artificial and temporary, all around it. An aristocracy, a clergy, great landed interests, great commercial bodies, these are its visible outward bulwarks, and through these are its roots spread, and its sympathies diffused throughout a population. But in France none of these things, better than in mockery, exist. The monarchy is isolated. It exists only individually, not nationally. It is, therefore, the butt for every shaft, the object of all scorn, and all malice, a gorgeous useless thing, set up only to be hated for its eminence, and its inevitable want of sympathy with the people, decked in purple and regal attire, and placed upon a height, only to whet envious passions, and to glut them by its ultimate downfall and destruction. To this consummation, which the sagacity of M. de Chateaubriand has foreseen, are things rapidly tending in France. What is there, save physical force—which will be found ineffectual, for the spirit of Evil as well as of Good, bloweth where it listeth, and is not to be controlled or limited by material violence—what is there, we repeat, which can avert this catastrophe? Nothing. Religion and morals, those great conservatives, those great safety-valves of a state, went to wreck with every thing else at the first revolution (perhaps before,) and went into more complete wreck than any thing else, as they have never been in any degree re-established. While these remain, disorganization, however violent, can never be of any long continuance, for they naturally seek, and will find, stability in the organs by which they are to be exercised. The spirit of disorganization, which is nothing but their absence, can never, whilst they survive, be propagated from system to system, from revolution to revolution, from dynasty to dynasty, from change to change, carrying the principle of decomposition through its every transition. But this has been, and will apparently continue to be, the case in France, till a moral revolution, which is the *real* want, and not a political one, takes place. To create such a revolution, out of which alone stability for any form of government can grow, is *humanly* impossible. The want, however, is felt—and this is the only saving sign we have perceived in the nation—by all classes and all parties. A moral citizen education, it is supposed by the Republicans, would work the wonder; but even the Pagans had religious principles, which inspired their civic virtues—the object and model for emulation—and which, therefore, cannot be imitated, though they may be shammed and burlesqued. Others insist upon reviving a respect for Christianity, but Catholicism, its only form in France, has been degraded so thoroughly, so pierced through and through, and so utterly disabled, that it can never again raise its head in that country. And what are morals without reli-

gion (supposing them possible ?) Merely the excogitation of human wisdom for human convenience, and therefore always subject to be questioned and disputed. How loose does such a notion—for it is nothing more—leave man of all obligations, and how utterly does it annihilate all moral convictions ; for how can there be convictions, when the very foundations on which they should rest are merely opinions ? According to this doctrine, there is nothing within the veil : his erect form was given to man in vain, for he is forbidden to look up to heaven ! Truly with these sentiments, and they are nearly universal in France, it is only natural to look forward to a new era of experiments on human nature in that country. We believe not, however, with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, (if his supposition be any thing more than bitter irony,) that these experiments will ever attain to any practical consistency. We believe the disorganizing principle to be inconsistent with any stable society, even the bee-hive society, the materializing animalizing society, which he has anticipated. We would anticipate rather that Providence will leave those wicked men, to whom our remarks point, in their wickedness, and make them the scourges of its judgments on the earth, till, by a renewed, not a new, moral revolution, order and progress be again restored, and a new era dawn upon the world.

We have dwelt, perhaps somewhat too much at length, on the moral condition of France, because we regard the state of the human heart in any country to be a much more unerring criterion of its future destinies, than any external political events whatever.

The lines from the above extract, which we have printed in italics, terrible and blasting as they are to the Orleans dynasty, have not been taken any public notice of by the government. What ! does it fear to prosecute Monsieur de Chateaubriand ? Yes, truly. Discretion is with it the better part of valour, and Monsieur de Chateaubriand is allowed an unlimited impunity, whilst poor journalists and printers are hunted and persecuted to ruin and beggary, in violation of the *charte*, and by all the arts of despotism. But Monsieur de Chateaubriand's name is not good to conjure with. It might raise a spirit which might tear the conjuror to pieces.

We now hasten to our concluding extract. Having presented, from Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a distracting picture of human politics and miseries, we have now the pleasure of contrasting it with one from nature, which may calm and elevate the troubled thoughts his prophetic vision has raised up.

"It was twenty-two years ago, as I have just said, that I sketched, in London, the *Natchez* and *Atala*. I am precisely now, in my Memoirs, at the epoch of my voyage to America. This conjunction happens admirably. Let us suppress these twenty-two years, as they are in fact suppressed in my life, and let us depart for the forests of the new world. The recital of my embassy will come in its place. Should I remain here a few months, I shall have leisure to arrive at the cataract of Niagara, the army of the Princes in Germany, and from the army of the Princes to my retreat in England. The ambassador of the King of France can relate the history of the French emigrant, in the place itself to which he was

exiled. But I must first speak of seas and of ships ; and am I not well placed in London to speak of those things ?

"You have seen that I embarked at St. Malo. We left the channel, and the immense billows coming from the west announced our entrance on the Atlantic.

"It is difficult for those who have never been at sea to form an idea of the sentiments experienced when from the deck of the vessel one sees on all sides nothing but the serious and menacing face of the abyss. There is in the perilous life of a sailor an independence which springs from his absence from the land. The passions of men are left upon the shore. Between the world quitted and the world sought for, there is neither love nor country, but on the element which bears us. No more duties to fulfil, no more visits to make, no more journals, no more politics. Even the language of a sailor is not the ordinary language. It is a language such as the ocean and the heavens, the calm and the tempest speak. One inhabits a universe on the waters, among creatures whose clothing, whose tastes, whose manners and aspects, resemble not the people of the earth ; they have the roughness of the sea-wolf, and the lightness of the bird. Their fronts are marked by none of the cares of society. The wrinkles which traverse them resemble the foldings of a diminutive sail, and they are less chiselled by age than by the wind and by the waves. The skin of these creatures, impregnated by salt, is red and rigid, like the surface of the rock beaten by the billows.

"Sailors have a passion for their vessel. They weep with regret on quitting it, and with tenderness on returning to it. They cannot remain with their families. After having sworn a hundred times to expose themselves no more to the sea, they find it impossible to live away from it, like a young lover who cannot tear himself from the arms of a faithless and stormy mistress. In the docks of London and Plymouth it is not rare to find sailors born on board ship ; from their infancy to their old age they have never been on shore, and have never seen the land but from the deck of their floating cradle ; spectators of the world they have never entered. Within this life, narrowed to so small a space under the clouds and over the abyss, every thing is animated for the mariner : an anchor, a sail, a mast, a cannon, are the creatures of his affections, and have each their history—'That sail was shivered on the coast of Labrador ; the master sailman mended it with the piece you see—that anchor saved the vessel, when all the other anchors were lost in the midst of the coral rocks of the Sandwich Isles—that mast was broken by a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope ; it was but one single piece, but it is much stronger now that it is composed of two pieces—the cannon which you see is the only one which was not dismounted at the battle of the Chesapeake.' Then the most interesting news a-board—'The log has just been thrown, the vessel is going ten knots an hour, the sky is clear at noon ; an observation has been taken ; they are at such a latitude ; so many leagues have been made in the right direction ; the needle declines, it is at such a degree, the sand of the sand-glass passes badly, it threatens rain ; flying fish have been seen towards the south, the weather will become calm, the water

has changed its colour; pieces of wood have been seen floating by; sea-gulls and wild-ducks have been seen; a little bird has perched upon the yards; it is necessary to stand out to sea, for they are nearing the land, and it is dangerous to approach it during the night. Among the poultry is a favourite sacred cock which has survived all the others; it is famous for having crowed during a battle, as if in a farm-yard in the midst of its hens. Under the decks lives a cat of tortoise-coloured skin, bushy tail, long stiff mustaches, firm on its feet, and caring not for the rolling of the vessel: it has twice made the voyage round the world, and saved itself from a wreck, on a cask. The cabin boys give to the cock biscuits soaked in wine; and the cat has the privilege of sleeping, when it likes, in the hammock of the first lieutenant.

"The aged sailor resembles the aged labourer. Their harvests are different, it is true; the sailor has led a wandering life, the labourer has never quitted his field, but they both consult the stars, and predict the future in ploughing their furrows; to the one the lark, the redbreast, and the nightingale; to the other, the albatross, the curlew, and the kingfisher, are prophets. They retire in the evening, the one into his cabin, the other into his cottage: frail tenements, but where the hurricane which shakes them, does not agitate their tranquil consciences.

'In the wind tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they decry;
The guiltless heart, its boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c. &c.'

"The sailor knows not where death will surprise him, or on what coast he will leave his life. Perhaps he will mingle his last sigh with the wind, attached to a raft to continue his voyage; perhaps he will sleep interred on a desert island, which one may never light upon again, as he slept alone in his hammock in the middle of the ocean. The vessel is itself a spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, a hippogriff or winged courser, it obeys the hand of the pilot, as a horse the hand of its rider. The elegance of the masts and cordages, the agility of the sailors who cluster about the yards, the different aspects in which the ship presents itself, whether it advances leaning upon the water by a contrary wind, or flies straight forward before a favourable breeze, makes this scientific machine one of the wonders of the genius of man. Sometimes the waves break against its sides, and dash up their spray; sometimes the tranquil water divides without resistance before its prow. The flags, the lights, the sails, complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune. The main-sails, unfurled in all their breadth, belly out like vast cylinders; the top-sails, reefed in the midst, resemble the breasts of a mermaid. Animated by impetuous wind, the vessel with its keel, as with the share of the plough, furrows with a mighty noise the fields of the ocean.

"On these vast paths of the deep, along which are seen neither trees, nor villages, nor cities, nor towers, nor spires, nor tombs; on this causeway without columns, without mile-stones, which has no boundaries but the waves, no relays but the winds, no lights but

the stars; the most delightful of adventures, when one is not in quest of lands and seas unknown, is the meeting of two vessels. The mutual discovery takes place along the horizon by the help of a telescope; then they make sail towards each other. The crews and the passengers hurry upon the deck. The two ships approach, hoist their flags, brail half up their sails, and lay themselves alongside of each other. All is silence; the two captains, from the poop, hail each other with speaking-trumpets: 'The name of the vessel—from what port—the name of the captain; where he comes from—where he is bound for—how many days his passage has lasted, and what are his observations on the longitude and latitude.' These are the questions; 'Good voyage.' The sails are unbrailled, and belly to the wind. The sailors and passengers of the two vessels follow each other with their eyes, without saying a word; these going to seek the sun of Asia, those the sun of Europe, which will equally see them die. Time carries away and separates travellers upon the earth more promptly still than the wind separates those upon the ocean. They also make signs of adieu from afar; good voyage; the common port is Eternity.

"The boatswain of the vessel I was embarked in was an ancient supercargo, named Pierre Villeneuve. His name alone pleased me, for it recalled the good Villeneuve. He had served in India under Suffrein, and in America under the Count D'Estaing; he had been engaged in a multitude of affairs. Leaning on the forepart of the vessel, near the bowsprit, like a veteran seated on the bank of his little garden in the fosse of the Invalides, Pierre, whilst chewing a quid of tobacco, which swelled his cheek like a rheum, described to me the effect of detonations of artillery on the decks during a combat, the ravage the bullets made in rebounding against the gun frames, the cannons, and the timbers. I made him talk of the Indians, the negroes, the colonists; I asked him how the people were dressed, how the trees were shaped; of what colour was the earth and sky, what was the taste of the fruits; if the manna were better than peaches, the palm-tree finer than the oak. He explained to me all this by comparisons taken from things which I knew. The palm-tree was a great cabbage, the dress of an Indian was like the dress of my grandmother; all the people of the East, and especially the Chinese, were cowards and robbers. Villeneuve was from Brittany, and we did not fail to finish by singing the praises of the incomparable beauty of our own country.

"The bell interrupted our conversation. It regulated the hours of dressing, of mustering the crew, and of meals. In the morning, at a given signal, the crew ranged upon the deck to take off their blue shirts to change them for others hanging in the shrouds. The shirts taken off are immediately washed in tubs, in which the mariners all wash their brown faces and tarry hands. At the midday and evening meal, the sailors, sitting in a circle around their wooden bowls, plunge one after the other, regularly and fairly, their pewter spoons into their soup, undulating to the rolling of the vessel. Those who are not hungry sell to their comrades their portion of biscuit and meat for tobacco or a glass of brandy. The passengers eat in the captain's cuddy. During

the fine weather, a sail was often spread over the aft of the vessel, and we dined in view of the blue sea, whitened here and there by the foam of the breaking waves. Enveloped in my cloak, I slept during the night on the deck. My looks turned towards the stars above my head. The swelling sail sent to me the freshness of the breeze, which rocked me under the heavenly dome; dozing, and impelled by the wind, the sky changed with my dream.

"The passengers on board a vessel offer a society different from the crew; they belong to another element; their destinies are on the earth. Some are seeking fortune, others repose; some returning to their country, others quitting it; and others are voyaging to study the manners of foreign nations, and to instruct themselves in the sciences and the arts. There is leisure enough in this moving *hôtellerie*, which voyages with its voyagers, to learn many adventures, to form acquaintances, to conceive antipathies, and to contract friendships; and when those young women, of English and Indian blood, joining the beauty of *Clarissa* with the delicacy of *Sacotala*, appear and disappear, then are formed those chains which the perfumed winds of Ceylon, soft and light as they are, bend and unloose."

* * * * *

ST. PETER'S ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND.—"The Governor lodged in a fort at the extremity of the city. I dined two or three times with this officer, who was extremely polite and obliging. He cultivated, under a bastion, some of the vegetables of Europe. After dinner, he shewed me what he called his garden. A delicate soft odour exhaled from a little plot of beans and flowers. It was not wafted to us by a breeze from our country, or by a zephyr of love, but by a wild wind of Newfoundland, without relations with the exiled plant, without sympathies of reminiscence or delight. In this perfume, which had changed its climate, its culture, and its world, were the melancholies and regrets of absence and youth.

"We then went conversing to under the mast on which the flag floated, which was planted on the height of the fort, whilst like the women of Virgil, we looked upon the sea, which separated us from our natal land—*Jentes*. The governor was agitated. He belonged to the vanquished opinion; he was weary of this rock; a retreat suitable to a dreamer like me, but a rude abode for a man occupied with affairs, and not having in himself that passion which absorbs altogether, and makes the rest of the world disappear. Mine host inquired about the revolution, and I inquired about the north-west passage. He was at the advanced guard of the desert, but he knew nothing of the Esquimaux, and received nothing from Canada but partridges.

"I was alone one morning, to behold the rising of the sun in the direction of France. I sat down on a projecting rock, my feet hanging over the waves, which were unfurling themselves below on the steep shore. A young female appeared on the higher declivities; her legs were bare, though it was cold, and she walked amidst the dew. Her black hair was disposed in knots under an Indian handkerchief, which was arranged round her head; above the handkerchief she wore a hat of straw, or rather of the reeds of the country, in the shape of a cradle. A

bouquet of heath lilac peeped from her bosom, which contrasted with her white chemisette. From time to time she stooped to pluck some leaves of an aromatic plant, which is called in the island *natural tea*. With one hand she put these leaves into a paper, which she held in the other hand. She perceived me, and without the least timidity, came and sat by my side, put her basket near her, placed herself like me, her legs hanging over the sea, and looked up at the sun.

"We remained a few minutes without speaking, and without daring to turn our faces towards each other. At last I became more courageous, and addressed her, 'what have you been gathering?' She raised her large black eyes, timid and proud, towards me, and replied, 'I have been gathering tea.' She presented to me her basket. 'Are you carrying this tea to your father or to your mother?' 'My father is fishing with *Guillaumy*.' 'How do you pass the winter in the island?' 'We make nets; on a Sunday we go to mass and to vespers; we sing the canticles, then we play upon the snow, and we see the young men hunt the white bear.' 'Will your father soon return?' 'Oh no, the captain will take the vessel to Genoa with *Guillaumy*.' 'But will *Guillaumy* return?' 'Oh yes, next season, at the return of the fishermen. He will bring me in his venture, a silk corset, a muslin petticoat, and a black necklace.' 'And then you will be dressed for the wind, the mountain, and the sea. Shall I send you a corset, a petticoat, and a necklace from America?' 'Oh no.'

"She got up, took her basket, and hurried by a steep path along a grove of fir-trees. She sung with a shrill voice the canticle of the missions.

Tout brûlant d'une ardeur immortelle.
C'est vers Dieu qui tendent mes desirs.

"As she went swiftly along, sea-gulls, and beautiful marine birds, called egrets, from their tufts of feathers on their heads, flew up before her. She seemed to belong to their flock. Having reached the sea, she sprang into a boat, unfurled the sail, and sat at the helm. One might have taken her for the goddess Fortune. She was soon out of sight.

Vider picciola nave; e in poppa quella
Che guida gli doveva fatal donzella.

"Oh no! Oh yes, *Guillaumy*. The image of the young sailor on the yardarm in the midst of the winds, changed to her the frightful rock of St. Peter into a land of delights:

"L'isole di Fortuna, ora vedete."

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

'Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

AKENSIDE.

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To Freedom and to God!

Gaze proudly on, my English Boy!
 And let thy kindling mind
 Drink in the spirit of high thought
 From every chainless wind!

There, in the shadow of old Time,
 The halls beneath thee lie,
 Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore
 Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
 They stand, 'midst oak and yew!
 Whence Cressy's yeomen haply framed
 The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords hang
 Whose faith knew no alloy,
 And shields of knighthood, pure from stain—
 Gaze on, my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
 Gleams by the antique elm,
 Or where the minster lifts the cross
 High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free hearts' blood,
 That England's prayer might rise,
 From those grey fanes of thoughtful years,
 Unfetter'd, to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their trees,
 This earth's most glorious dust,
 Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
 Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther, farther yet—
 My gallant English Boy!
 Yon blue sea bears thy country's flag,
 The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
 Above her faithful dead;
 That red-cross flag victoriously
 Hath floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to keep
 By hostile tread unstain'd;
 These knightly halls inviolate,
 Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear, their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English Boy!
 And pray, like *them*, to stand,
 Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
 The altars of the land.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the author of "Newton Foster," "Peter Simple," &c

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,
 I learnt a bit to row;
 And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

It was on the Sunday after the pic-nic party, that feeling I had neglected Captain Turnbull, and that he would think it unkind of me not to go near him, that after having accompanied Mary to church, I set off on foot to his villa near Brentford. I rang at the porter's lodge, and asked whether he was at home. "Yes, sir," replied the old woman at the lodge, who was very communicative, and very friendly with me, "and misus be at home too." I walked up the carriage drive of one hundred yards, which led to the entrance door, and when I rang, it was opened by a servant I had not seen before as belonging to the service. "Where is Mr. Turnbull?" inquired I. "He is in his own room, sir," replied the man; "but you must send up your name, if you please, as every one is not admitted." I must observe to the reader that I was not dressed in jacket and trowsers. The money I earned was more than sufficient to supply all my expenses, and I had fitted on what are called at sea, and on the river, *long togs*; i. e. I was dressed as most people are on shore. The servant evidently took me for a gentleman; and perhaps, as far as dress went, I was entitled to that distinction. Many people are received as such in this world with less claims than I had. I gave my name, the man left me at the door, and soon returned, requesting that I would follow him. I must say that I was rather astonished; where were Mr. Mortimer and the two men in flaunting liveries, and long cotton epaulettes with things like little marling spikes hanging to the ends of them? Even the livery was changed, being a plain brown coat, with light blue collar and cuffs. I was, however, soon made acquainted with what had taken place on my entering the apartment of Mr. Turnbull, (his study, as Mrs. T. called it,) although Mr. Turnbull insisted upon calling it his cabin, a name certainly more appropriate, as it contained but two small shelves of books, the remainder of the space being filled up with favourite harpoons, porpoise skulls, shark's jaws, corals, several bears' skins, brown and white, and one or two models of the vessels which had belonged to his brother and himself, and had been employed in the Greenland fishery. It was, in fact, a sort of museum of all he had collected during his voyages. Esquimaux implements, ornaments, and dresses, were lying about in corners; and skins of rare animals killed by himself, such as black foxes, &c. were scattered about the carpet. His sea-chest, full of various articles, was also one of the ornaments of the room, much to the annoyance of Mrs. T., who had frequently exerted her influence to get rid of it, but in vain. The only articles of furniture were two sofas, a large table in the centre, and three or four heavy chairs. The only attempt at adornment consisted in a dozen coloured engravings, framed and glazed, of walrus shooting, &c., taken from the folio works of Captains Cook and Mulgrave; and a sketch

* Continued from page 161.

or two by his brother, such as the state of the *William* pressed by an iceberg on the morning of the 25th of January, lat. —, long. —.

Captain T. was in his morning gown, evidently not very well, at least he appeared harassed and pale. "My dear Jacob, this is very kind of you. I did mean to scold you for not coming before; but I'm too glad to see you to find the heart now. But why have you kept away so long?"

"I have really been very well employed, sir. Stapleton has given me up the wherry, and I could not neglect his interests, even if I did my own."

"Always right, boy; and how are you getting on?"

"I am very happy, sir; very happy indeed."

"I'm glad to hear it, Jacob. May you always be so. Now take the other sofa, and let us have a long palaver, as the Indians say. I have something to tell you. I suppose you observed a change—heh?"

"Yes, sir; I observed that Mr. Mortimer was not visible."

"Exactly. Well, Mr. Mortimer, or John Snobbs, the rascal, is at present in Newgate for trial; and I mean to send him out on a voyage for the good of his health. I caught the scoundrel at last, and I'll show him no more mercy than I would to a shark that has taken the bait. But that's not all. We have had a regular mutiny, and attempt to take the ship from me; but I have them all in irons, and ordered for punishment. Jacob, money is but too often a curse, depend upon it."

"You'll not find many of your opinion, sir," replied I, laughing.

"Perhaps not; because those who have it are content with the importance which it gives to them, and won't allow the damnable fact; and because those who have it not, are always sighing after it, as if it were the only thing worth looking after in this world. But now I will just tell you what has happened since I last saw you, and then you shall judge."

As, however, Captain T.'s narrative ran to a length of nearly three hours, I shall condense the matter for the information of the reader. It appeared that Mrs. T. had continued to increase the lengths of her drives in her carriage, the number of her acquaintances, and her manifold expenses, until Mr. T. had remonstrated in very strong terms. His remonstrances did not, however, meet with the attention which he had expected; and he found out by accident, moreover, that the money with which he had constantly supplied Mrs. T. to defray her weekly bills, had been otherwise appropriated; and that the bills for the last two quarters had none of them been paid. This produced an altercation, and a desire on his part to know in what manner these sums had been disbursed. At first, the only reply from Mrs. T., who considered it advisable to brazen it out, and, if possible, gain the ascendancy which was necessary, was a contemptuous toss of her head, which undulated the three yellow ostrich feathers in her bonnet, as she walked out of the room and entered her carriage. This, to Mr. T., who was a matter-of-fact man, was not very satisfactory; he waited per force until the carriage returned, and then demanded an explicit answer. Mrs. T. assumed the highest ground, talked about fashionable expenses, her know-

ledge of what was due to his character, &c. Mr. T. rejoined about necessary expenses, and that it was due to his character to pay his tradesmen's bills. Mrs. T. then talked of good breeding, best society, and her many *plaisirs*, as she termed them. Mr. T. did not know what *many pleasures* meant in French; but he thought she had been indulged in as many as most women since they had come down to this establishment. But to the question; why were not the bills paid, and what had she done with the money. Spent it in *pin money*. *Pin money*! thirty pounds a week in *pins*! it would have bought harpoons enough for a three years' voyage. She must tell the truth. She wouldn't tell any thing, but called for her salts, and called him a *brute*. At all events, he wouldn't be called a *fool*. He gave her till the next morning to consider of it. The next morning the bills were all sent in as requested, and amounted to six hundred pounds. They were paid and receipted. "Now, Mrs. T., will you oblige me by letting me know what you have done with this six hundred pounds?" Mrs. T. would not, she was not to be treated in that manner. Mr. T. was not on board a whaler now to bully and frighten as he pleased. She would have justice done her. Have a separation, *alimony*, and a divorce. She might have them all if she pleased, but she should have no more money, that was certain. Then she would have a fit of hysterics. So she did, and lay the whole of the day on the sofa, expecting Mr. T. would pick her up. But the idea never came into Mr. T.'s head. He went to bed: feeling restless, he had risen very early; had seen out of his window a cart drive up to the wall, and the parties who came with it, leap over and enter the house, and return carrying to it two large hampers. He snatched up one of his harpoons, walked out the other way, and arrived at the cart just as the hampers had been put in, and they were about to drive off; challenged them, and instead of being answered, the horse was flogged, and he nearly run over. He then let fly his harpoon into the horse, which dropped, and pitched out the two men on their heads insensible; secured them, called to the lodge for assistance, sent for constables, and gave them in charge. They proved to be hampers forwarded by Mr. Mortimer, who had been in the habit of so doing for some time. These hampers contained his best wine, and various other articles, which also proved that Mr. Mortimer must have had false keys. Leaving the culprits and property in charge of two constables, Mr. T. returned to the house in company with the third constable; the door was opened by Mr. Mortimer, who followed him into his study, told him he should leave the house directly, had always lived with *gentlemen* before, and requested that he might have what was due to him. Mr. T. thought the request unreasonable, and therefore gave him in charge of the constable. Mr. Snobbs, rather confounded at such ungentlemanly behaviour, was with the others marched off to Bow Street. Mr. T. sends for the other two servants in livery, and assures them that he has no longer any occasion for their services, having the excessive vulgar idea that this speculation must have been known to them. Pays them their wages, requests they will take off their liveries, and leave the house. Both willing. They also had always lived with *gentlemen*

before. Mr. T. takes the key of the butler's pantry, that the plate may not consider him too vulgar to remain in his house, and then walks to the stables. Horses neigh, as if to say, they are all ready for their breakfasts, but the door locked. Hails the coachman, no answer. Returning from the stables, perceives coachee rather dusty coming in at the lodge gate; requests to know why he did not sleep at home, and take care of his horses. He was missus's coachman, not master's, and could satisfy her, but could not satisfy Mr. T.; who paid him his wages, and deducting his liveries, sent him after the others. Coachee also very glad to go; had always lived with *gentlemen* before. Meets the lady's maid, who tells him Mrs. T. is much too ill to come down to breakfast. Rather fortunate, as there was no breakfast to be had. Dresses himself, gets into a pair-horse coach, arrives at the White Horse Cellar, swallows his breakfast, goes to Bow Street, commits Mr. Mortimer *alias* Snobbs, and his confederates, for trial. Hires a job man to bring the horses up for sale, and leaves his carriage at the coachmaker's. Obtains a temporary footman, and then Mr. T. returns to his villa. A very good morning's work. Finds Mrs. T. up and in the parlour, very much surprised and shocked at his conduct; at no Mr. Mortimer, at no servants, and indebted to her own maid for a cup of tea. More recriminations, more violence, another threat of *halimony*, and the carriage ordered that she may seek counsel. No coachman, no carriage, no horses, no nothing, as her maid declares. Mrs. T. locks herself in her room, and another day is passed with as little matrimonial comfort as can be expected.

In the mean time the news flies in every direction. Brentford is full of it. Mr. T. had been living too fast; is done up; had been had up to Bow Street; creditors had poured in with bills; servants discharged; carriage and horses seized. Mrs. T., poor creature, in hysterics, and nobody surprised at it; indeed, everybody expected it. The Peters, of Petercomb Hall, heard, and shook their heads at the many upstarts there were in the world. Mr. Smith requested the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton never to mention to his father the Right Honourable Marquis of Springguns, that he had ever been taken to see the Turnbells, or that he, Mr. Smith, would infallibly lose his situation in *esse*, and his living in *posse*; and Monsieur and Madame Tagliabue were even more astounded; but they felt deeply, and resolved to pay a visit the next morning, at least Monsieur Tagliabue did, and Madame acknowledged to the propriety.

The next morning some little order had been restored; the footman hired had been given in charge of a sufficient quantity of plate, the rest had been locked up. The cook was to stay her month; the housemaid had no wish to leave; and as for the lady's maid, she would remain as long as she could, to console her poor mistress, and accept what she was inclined to give her in return, in the way of clothes, dresses, &c. although, of course, she could not hurt her character by remaining too long in a family where there was no carriage, or gentleman out of livery. Still Mrs. T. did obtain some breakfast, and had just finished it when Monsieur Tagliabue was announced, and was received.

"Ah! Monsieur T., I hope madame is better. Madame Tagliabue did nothing but cry all last night when she heard the very bad news about de debt, and all dat."

"Very much obliged to madame," replied Turnbull, gruffly; "and now, pray, sir, what may be your pleasure?"

"Ah! Monsieur Turnbull, I feel very much for you; but suppose a gentleman no lose his *honour*, what matter de money?" (Mr. Turnbull stared.)

"You see, Monsieur Turnbull, honour be every thing to a gentleman. If a gentleman owe money to one rascally tradesfellow, and not pay him, dat no great matter; but he always pay de debt of honour. Every gentleman pay dat. Here, Monsieur Turnbull," (and the little Frenchman pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket,) "be a leetle note of madame Turnbull, which she give to Madame Tagliabue, in which she acknowledged she owe two hundred pounds for money lost at *écarté*. Dat you see, Monsieur Turnbull, be what gentlemen call debt of honour, which every gentleman pay, or else he lose de character, and be called one blackguard by all de world. Madame Tagliabue and I too much fond of you and Madame Turnbull not to save your character, and so I come by her wish to beg you to settle this leetle note, this *leetle* debt of honour;" and Monsieur Tagliabue laid the note on the table, with a very polite bow.

Mr. Turnbull examined the note, it was as described by Monsieur Tagliabue. So, thought he, now's the whole story out; she has been swindled out of her money by this rascally French couple. "Now Monsieur Tagliabue," said he, "allow me to put a question or two, before I pay this money; and if you answer me sincerely, I shall raise no objection. I think Mrs. T. has already lost about six hundred pounds at *écarté* before?" (Monsieur T., who presumed that Mrs. Turnbull had made him acquainted with the fact, answered in the affirmative.) "And I think that two months ago she never knew what *écarté* was."

"Dat is true; but the ladies are very quick to learn."

"Well, but now, do you think that, as she knew nothing about the game, and you and your wife are well acquainted with it, it was honourable on your part to allow her to lose so much money?"

"Ah! Monsieur, when a lady say she will play, *comment faire*, what can you do?"

"But why did you never play at this house, Monsieur Tagliabue?"

"Ah! Monsieur Turnbull, it is for de lady of de house to propose de game."

"Very true," replied Mr. Turnbull, writing a cheque for the two hundred pounds; "there is your money, Mr. Tagliabue, and now that you are paid, allow me to observe that I consider you and your wife a couple of swindlers; and beg that you will never enter my doors again."

"Vat you say, sar! *Swind-lare*! God dam! Sar, I will have satisfaction."

"You've got your money, is that sufficient; or do you want any thing else?" replied Mr. T., rising from his chair.

"Yes, sar, I do want more—I will have more."

"So you shall then," replied Mr. Turnbull, kicking him out of the room, along the passage, and out of the front door.

Monsieur Tagliabue turned round every now and then, and threatened, and then tried to escape, as he perceived the upraised boot of Mr. Turnbull. When fairly out of the house, he turned round, "Monsieur Turnbull, I will have de satisfaction, de terrible satisfaction for this. You shall pay. By God, sar, you shall pay—de money for this." That evening Mr. Turnbull was summoned to appear at Bow Street on the following morning for the assault. He met Monsieur Tagliabue with his lawyer, and acknowledged that he had kicked him out of his house for swindling his wife, refused all accommodation, and was prepared with his bail. Monsieur Tagliabue stormed and blustered, talked about his acquaintance with the nobility; but the magistrate had seen too much of foreigners to place much reliance on their asseverations. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"Sar, I am a gentleman."

"What profession are you, sir?"

"Sar, a gentleman has no profession."

"But how do you live, Monsieur Tagliabue?"

"As a gentleman always does, sar."

"You mentioned Lord Scrope just now as your particular friend, I think?"

"Yes, sar, me very intimate with Lord Scrope; me spend three months at Scrope Castle with mi Ladi Scrope; mi Ladi Scrope very fond of Madame Tagliabue."

"Very well, Monsieur Tagliabue; we must proceed with another case until Mr. Turnbull's bail arrives. Sit down for a little while, if you please."

Another case was then heard, which lasted about half an hour; but previous to hearing it, the magistrate, who knew that Lord Scrope was in town, had despatched a runner with a note to his lordship, and the answer was now brought back. The magistrate read it and smiled; went on with the other case, and when it was finished, said, "Now, M. Tagliabue, you have said that you were very intimate with Lord Scrope."

"Yes, sar, very intimate."

"Well, Lord Scrope I have the pleasure of knowing, and as he is in town, I wrote a note to him, and here is his answer. I will read it." M. Tagliabue turned pale as the magistrate read the following:

"DEAR SIR,—A fellow of the name you mention came from Russia with me as my valet. I discharged him for dishonesty; after he left, Lady Scrope's attendant, who it appeared was, unknown to us, married to him, left also, and then I discovered their peculations to have been so extensive, that had we known where to have laid hold of them, I should certainly have brought them before you. Now the affair is forgotten; but a greater scoundrel never existed."

"Yours, SCROPE."

"Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" continued the magistrate, in a severe tone. M. Tagliabue fell on his knees, and begged for mercy from the magistrate, from Lord Scrope, and lastly from Mr. Turnbull, to whom he proffered the draft for £200. The magistrate seeing that Mr. Turnbull

did not take it, said to him, "Make no ceremony of taking your money back again, Mr. Turnbull; the very offer of it proves that he has gained it dishonestly; and £600 is quite enough to have lost." Mr. Turnbull then took the cheque and tore it in pieces, and the magistrate ordered M. Tagliabue to be taken to the alien office, and he was sent to the other side of the channel, in company with his wife, to play *écarté* with whomever he pleased; thus ended this episode of Monsieur Tagliabue.

"And now you see, Jacob, what a revolution has taken place; not very pleasant, I grant, but still it was very necessary. I have since been paying all my bills, for the report of my being in difficulty has brought them in fast enough; and I find that in these last five months my wife has spent a whole year's income, so it was quite time to stop."

"I agree with you, sir; but what does Mrs. Turnbull say now—has she come to her senses?"

"Pretty well, I expect, although she does not quite choose to acknowledge it. I have told her that she must dispense with a carriage in future; and so she shall, till I think she deserves it. She knows that she must either have *my company* in the house, or none at all. She knows that the Petesers, of Petercomb Hall, have cut her, for they did not answer a note of hers, sent by the gardener; and Mr. Smith has written a very violent answer to another of her notes, wondering at her attempting to push herself into the company of the aristocracy. But what has brought her to her senses more than all, is the affair of Monsieur Tagliabue. The magistrate, at my request, gave me the note of Lord Scrope, and I have taken good care that she should read the police report as well; but the fact is, she is so much mortified, that I say nothing to her. She has been following the advice of these French swindlers, who have led her wrong, to be able to cheat her of her money. I expect she will ask me to sell this place, and go elsewhere; but at present, we hardly exchange a word during the whole day."

"I feel very sorry for her, sir, for I believe her to be really a very good, kind-hearted person."

"Like you, Jacob—and so she is. At present she is in a state to be pitied. She would throw a share of the blame upon other people, and cannot—she feels it is all herself. All her bubbles of grandeur have burst, and she finds herself not half so respectable as she was before her vanity induced her to cut her former acquaintance, and try to get into the society of those who laughed at her, and at the same time were not half so creditable. But it's that cursed money which has proved her unhappiness—and I may add, mine."

"Well, sir, I see no chance of its ever adding to my misfortunes, at all events."

"Perhaps not, Jacob, even if you ever should get any; but at all events, you may take a little to-morrow, if you please. I cannot ask you to dine here, it would not be pleasant to you, and show a want of feeling to my wife; but I should like you to come up with the wherry to-morrow, and we'll take a cruise."

"Very well, I shall be at your orders—at what time?"

"Say ten o'clock, if the weather is fine; if not, the next day."

"Then, sir, I'll now wish you good-by, as I must go and see the Domine."

Mr. Turnbull shook my hand, and we parted. I was soon at Brentford, and was continuing my course through the long, main street, when I met Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, the former head clerk, who had charge of the Brentford wharf. "I was intending to call upon you, sir, after I had paid a visit to my old master."

"Very well, Jacob; and recollect, we dine at half-past three—fillet of veal and bacon—don't be too late for dinner."

I promised that I would not, and in a few minutes more arrived at the Grammar School. I looked at its peaked, antiquated front, and called to mind my feelings, when, years back, I had first entered its porch. What a difference between the little, uncouth, ignorant, savage, tricked out like a harlequin, and now tall, athletic, well-dressed youth, happy in his independence, and conscious, although not vain, of his acquirements; and I mentally blessed the founders. But I had to talk to the Domine, and to keep my appointment with the veal and bacon at half-past three, so I could not spare any time for meditation. I therefore unfolded my arms, and making use of my legs, entered the wicket, and proceeded to the Domine's room. The door was ajar, and I entered without being perceived. I have often been reminded by Flemish paintings which I have seen since, of the picture which presented itself. The room was not large, but lofty. It had but one window, fitted with small, diamond-shaped panes, in heavy wood-work, through which poured a broad, but subdued stream of light. On one side of the window was an ancient armoire, containing the Domine's library, not gilt and lettered, but well thumbed and worn. On the other his huge chest of drawers, on which lay, alas! for the benefit of the rising generation, a new birch rod, of large dimensions. The table was in the centre of the room, and the Domine sat at it, with his back to the window, in a dressing-gown, once black, having been a surplice, but now brown with age. He was on his high and narrow-backed chair, leaning forwards, with both elbows on the table, his spectacles on his luxuriant nose, and his hands nearly meeting on the top of his bald crown, earnestly poring over the contents of a book. A large bible, which he constantly made use of, was also on the table, and had apparently been shoved from him to give place to the present object of his meditations. His pipe lay on the floor, in two pieces, having evidently been thrown off without his perceiving it. On one side of him was a sheet of paper, on which he evidently had been writing extracts. I passed by him without his perceiving me, and, gaining the back of his chair, looked over his shoulder. The work he was so intent upon was "Ovid's Remedy of Love."

It appeared that he had nearly finished reading through the whole, for in less than a minute he closed the book, and laying his spectacles down, threw himself back in his chair. "Strange," soliloquized the Domine. "Yet verily, is some of his advice important, and I should imagine recommendable, yet do I not find my remedy therein. 'Avoid idleness,'—yes, that is sage counsel—and employment to one that

hath not employed himself, may drive away the thought; but I have never been idle, and mine hath not been love in idleness. 'Avoid her presence,'—that must I do; yet doth she still present herself to mine imagination, and I doubt whether the tangible reality could be more clearly perceptible. Even now doth she stand before me in all her beauty. 'Read not Propertius and Tibullus,'—that is easily refrained from; but read what I will, in a minute the type passeth from my eyes, and I see but her face beaming from the page. Nay, cast my eyes in what direction I may wist, it is the same. If I look at the stained wall, the indistinct lines gradually form themselves into her profile; if I look at the clouds, they will assume some of the redundant outlines of her form; if I cast mine eyes upon the fire in the kitchen grate, the coals will glow and cool until I see her face; nay, but yesterday, the shoulder of mutton upon the spit, gyrated until it at last assumed the decapitated head of Mary. 'Think of her faults, and magnify them,'—nay, that were unjust and unchristian. Let me rather correct mine own. I fear me, that when Ovid wrote his picture, he intended it for the use of young men, and not for an old fool like me. Behold! I have again broken my pipe—the fourth pipe that I have destroyed this week. What will the dame say? already hath she declared me demented, and God knows she is not very far from the truth;" and the Domine covered up his face in his hands. I took this opportunity to step to the door, and appear to enter it, dropping the latch, and rousing the Domine by the noise, who extended to me his hand. "Welcome, my son—welcome to thine old preceptor, and to the walls which first received thee, when thou wert cast on shore as a tangled weed from the river. Sit, Jacob; I was thinking of thee and thine."

"What, sir! of old Stapleton and his daughter, I suppose."

"Even so; ye were all in my thoughts at the moment that thou madest thy appearance. They are well?"

"Yes, sir," replied I. "I see but little of them; the old man is always smoking, and as for the girl—why, the less one sees of her, the better, I should say."

"Nay, Jacob, this is new to me; yet is she most pleasant."

I knew the Domine's character, and that if any thing could cure his unfortunate passion, it would be a supposition on his part, that the girl was not correct. I determined at all events to depreciate her, as I knew that what I said would never be mentioned by him, and would therefore do her no harm. Still I felt that I had to play a difficult game, as I was determined not to state what was not the fact. "Pleasant, sir; yes, pleasant to every body; the fact is, I don't like such girls as she is."

"Indeed, Jacob; what, is she light?" I smiled, and made no answer. "Yet I perceived it not," replied the Domine.

"She is just like her mother, sir," observed I.

"And what was her mother?"

I gave a brief account of her mother, and how she met with her death in trying to escape from her husband. The Domine mused. "Little skilled am I in women, Jacob; yet what thou sayest not only sur-

priseth, but grieveth me. She is fair to look upon."

"Handsome is that handsome does, sir. She'll make many a man's heart ache yet, I expect."

"Indeed, Jacob, I am full of marvel at what thou hast already told me."

"I have seen more of her, sir."

"I pray thee tell me more."

"No, sir, I had rather not. You may now imagine all you please."

"Still, she is young, Jacob; when she becometh a wife, she would alter."

"Sir, it is my firm opinion, (and so it was,) that if you were to marry her to-morrow, she would run away from you in a week."

"Is that thy candid opinion, Jacob?"

"I would stake my life upon her so doing."

"Jacob, I thank thee—thank thee much: thou hast opened mine eyes; thou hast done me more good than Ovid. Yes, boy; even the ancients, whom I have venerated, have not done me so kind an act as thou, a stripling whom I have fostered. Thou hast repaid me, Jacob; thou hast rewarded me, Jacob; thou hast protected me, Jacob; thou hast saved me, Jacob—thou hast saved me both from myself and from her: for know, Jacob, know that mine heart did yearn toward that maiden; and I thought her even to be perfection. Jacob, I thank thee; now leave me, Jacob, that I may commune with myself, and search out my own heart, for I am awakened—awakened as from a dream, and I would fain be quite alone."

I was not sorry to leave the Domine, for I also felt that I would fain be in company with the fillet of veal and bacon: so I shook hands, and thus ended my second morning call. I was in good time at Mr. Tomkins's, who received me with great kindness. He was well pleased with his new situation, which was one of respectability and consequence, independent of profit; and I met at his table one or two people who, to my knowledge, would have considered it degrading to have visited him when only head clerk to Mr. Drummond. We talked over old affairs, not forgetting the ball, and the illuminations, and Mr. Turnbull's *bon-mot* about Paradise; and after a very pleasant evening, I took my leave, with the intention of walking back to Fulham, but I found old Tom waiting outside, on the look out for me.

"Jacob, my boy, I want you to come down to my old shop one of these days. What day will you be able to come! The lighter will be here for a fortnight at least, I find from Mr. Tomkins, as she waits for a cargo coming by canal, and there is no other craft expected above bridge; so tell me what day will you come and see the old woman, and spend the whole day with us. I want to talk a bit with you, and ax your opinion about a good many little things."

"Indeed!" replied I, smiling. "What, are you going to build a new house?"

"No, no—not that; but you see, Jacob, as I told you last winter, it was time for me to give up night-work up and down the river. I'm not so young as I was about fifty years ago, and there's a time for all things. I do mean to give up the craft in the autumn, and go on shore for a *full due*; but at the same time I must see how I can make matters out: so tell me what day you will come."

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"Well, then, shall we say Wednesday?"

"Wednesday's as good a day as any other day; come to breakfast, and you shall go away after supper, if you like; if not, the old woman will sling a ham-mock for you."

"Agreed, then; but where's Tom?"

"Tom? I don't know; but I think he's gone after that daughter of Stapleton's. He begins to think of the girls now, Jacob; but as the old buffer her father says, 'its all human natur.' Howsomever, I never interferences in these matters: they seems to be pretty well matched, I think."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, as for good looks, they be well enough matched, that's sure; but I don't mean that—I mean he is quite as knowing as she is, and will shift his helm as she shifts hers. 'Twill be a long running-fight, and when one strikes, t'other won't have much to boast of. Perhaps they may sheer off, after all—perhaps they may sail as consorts. God only knows; but this I knows, that Tom's sweetheart may be as tricky as she pleases, but Tom's wife won't be—'cause why, he'll keep her in order. Well, good night; I have a long walk."

When I returned home, I found Mary alone. "Has Tom been here?" inquired I.

"What makes you ask that question?" replied Mary.

"To have it answered—if you have no objection."

"O no! Well, then, Mr. Jacob, Tom has been here, and very amusing he has been."

"So he always is," replied I.

"And where may you have been?" I told her. "So you saw the old Domine. Now, tell me, what did he say about me?"

"That I shall not tell," replied I; "but I will tell you this, that he will never think about you any more, and you must not expect ever to see him again."

"But you recollect that he promised."

"He kept his promise, Mary."

"O, he told you so, did he? Did he tell you all that passed?"

"No, Mary; he never told me that he had been here; neither did he tell me what had passed; but I happen to know all."

"I cannot understand that."

"Still it is true; and I think, on the whole, you behaved pretty well, although I cannot understand why you gave him a kiss at parting."

"Good heavens! where were you? you must have been in the room. And you heard every word that passed?"

"Every word," replied I.

"Well," said Mary, "I could not have believed that you could have done so mean a thing."

"Mary, rather accuse your own imprudence: what I heard was to be heard by every one in the street as well as by me. If you choose to have love scenes in a room not eight feet from the ground, with the window wide open, you must not be surprised at every passer-by hearing what you say."

"Well, that's true; I never thought of the window being open: not that I would have cared if all the world had heard me, if you had not."

It never occurred to me till then why Mary was annoyed at my having overheard her, but at once I

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recollected what she had said about me. I made no answer. Mary sat down, leaned her forehead against her hands, and was also silent; I therefore took my candle and retired. It appeared that Mary's pride was much mortified at my having heard her confession of being partial to me—a confession which certainly made very little impression on me, as I considered that she might a month afterwards confess the same relative to Tom, or any other individual who took her fancy; but in this I did not do her justice. Her manners were afterwards much changed towards me; she always appeared to avoid, rather than seek further intimacy. As for myself, I continued as before, very good friends, kind towards her, but nothing more. The next morning I was up to Mr. Turnbull's by the time agreed; but before I set off, rather a singular occurrence took place. I had just finished cleaning my boat, and had resumed my jacket, when a dark man, from some foreign country, came to the hard with a bundle under his arm.

"How much for to go to the other side of the river—how much pence?"

"Two-pence," replied I; but not caring to take him, I continue, "but you only pay one penny to cross the bridge."

"I know very well; but suppose you take me?"

He was a well-looking, not very dark man; his turban was of coloured cloth; his trowsers not very wide; and I could not comprehend whether he was a Turk or not: I afterwards found out that he was a Parsee, from the East Indies. He spoke very plain English. As he decided upon crossing, I received him, and shoved off. When we were in the middle of the stream, he requested me to pull a little way up. "That will do," said he, opening his bundle, and spreading a carpet on the stern flooring of the wherry. He then rose, looking at the sun, which was then rising in all its majesty—bowed to it, with his hands raised, three times—then knelt on the carpet, and touched it several times with his forehead—again rose on his feet, took some common field-flowers from his vest, and cast them into the stream—bowed again, folded up his carpet, and begged me to pull on shore.

"I say my prayers," said the man, looking at me with his dark, piercing eye.

"Very proper. Who did you say them to?"

"To my God."

"But why don't you say them on shore?"

"Can't see sun in house: suppose I go out, little boys laugh and throw mud. Where no am seen, river very proper place."

We landed, and he took out three-pence, and offered it to me. "No, no," said I; "I don't want you to pay for saying your prayers."

"No, take money!"

"Yes, take money to cross river, but not take money for saying prayers. If you want to say them any other morning come down, and if I am here, I'll always pull you into the stream."

"You very good man—I thank you."

The Parsee made me a low salaam, and walked away. I may here observe, that the man generally came down at sunrise two or three days in the week, and I invariably gave him a pull off into the stream, that he might pursue his religious ceremony. We often conversed, and at last became very intimate.

Mr. Turnbull was at the bottom of the lawn, which extended from his house to the banks of the river, looking out for me, when I pulled up. The basket with our dinner, &c. was lying by him on the gravel-walk.

"This is a lovely morning, Jacob; but it will be rather a warm day, I expect," said he; "come, let us be off at once, lay in your sculls, and let us get the oars to pass."

"How is Mrs. Turnbull, sir?"

"Pretty well, Jacob; more like the Molly Bacon that I married than she has been for some years. Perhaps, after all, this affair may turn out one of the best things that ever happened. It may bring her to her senses—bring happiness back to our hearth; and if so, Jacob, the money is well spent."

We pulled leisurely up stream, talking, and every now and then resting on our oars to take breath; for, as the old captain said, "Why should we make a toil of pleasure? I like the upper part of the river best, Jacob, because the water is clear, and I love clear water. How many hours have I, when a boy on board ship, hung over the gunnel of a boat, lowered down in a calm, and watched the little floating objects on the dark blue, unfathomable water beneath me—objects of all sizes, of all colours, and of all shapes—all of them beautiful and to be admired; yet of them, perhaps, not one in hundreds of millions ever meet the eye of man! You know, Jacob, that the North Seas are full of these animals; you cannot imagine the quantity of them; the sailors call them blubbers, because they are composed of a sort of transparent jelly, but the real name, I am told, is *Medusa*; that is the learned name. The whale feeds on them, and that is the reason why the whale is found where they are."

"I should like very much to go a voyage to the whale fishery," replied I; "I've heard so much about it from you."

"It is a stirring life, and a hard life, Jacob; still it is an exciting one. Some voyages will turn out very well, but others are dreadful, from their anxiety. If the weather continues fine, it is all very well; but sometimes, when there is continuance of bad weather, it is dreadful. I recollect one voyage which made me show more gray hairs than all the others, and I think I have been twenty-two in all. We were in the drift-ice, forcing our way to the northward, when it came on to blow: the sea rose, and after a week's gale it was tremendous. We had little daylight, and when it was daylight, the fog was so thick that we could see but little: there we were tossing among the large drift-ice, meeting immense icebergs which bore down all with the force of the gale, and each time we narrowly escaped perishing: the rigging was loaded with ice: the bows of the ship were cased in a sheet; the men were more than half-frozen, and we could not move a rope through a rope-block without pouring boiling water through it first, to clear it out. But then the long, dreary, dreadful nights, when we were rising on the mountain wave and then pitching down into the trough, not knowing but that but at each end we might strike upon the ice below, and go to the bottom immediately afterwards. All pitchy dark; the wind howling, and as it struck you, cutting you to the back-bone with its cold, searching

power, the waves dancing all black around you, and every now and then perceiving by its white colour and the foam encircling it, a huge mass of ice borne upon you, and hurled against you as if there were a demon who was using it as an engine for your destruction. I never shall forget the *turning* of an iceberg during that dreadful gale, which lasted for a month and three days."

"I don't know what that means, sir."

"Why, you must know, Jacob, that the icebergs are all fresh water, and are supposed to have been detached from the land by the force of the weather and other causes. Now, although ice floats, yet it floats deep; that is, if an iceberg is five hundred feet high above the water, it is generally six times as deep below the water. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Now, Jacob, the water is much warmer than the air, and in consequence the ice under the water melts away much faster; so that if an iceberg has been some time afloat, at last the part that is below is not so heavy as that which is above; then it turns; that is, it upsets, and floats in another position."

"I understand you, sir."

"Well, we were close to an iceberg, which was to windward of us, a very tall one indeed, and we reckoned that we should get clear of it, for we were carrying a press of sail to effect it. Still, all hands were eagerly watching the iceberg, as it came down very fast before the storm. All of a sudden it blew twice as hard as before, and then one of the men shouted out, '*Turning, turning!*' and sure enough it was. There was its towering summit gradually bowing towards us, until it almost appeared as if the peak was over our heads. Our fate appeared inevitable as the whole mountain of ice was descending on the vessel, and would of course have crushed us into atoms. We all fell on our knees, praying mentally, and watching its awful descent: even the man at the helm did the same, although he did not let go the spokes of the wheel. It had nearly half turned over, right for us, when the ice below being heavier on one side than on the other, gave it a more slanting direction, and it shifted the direction of its fall, and plunged into the sea about a cable's-length astern of us, throwing up the water to the heavens in foam, and blinding us all with the violence with which it was dashed into our faces. For a minute the run of the waves was checked, and the sea appeared to boil and dance, throwing up peaked pointed masses of water in all directions, one sinking, another rising; the ship rocked and reeled as if she were drunk; even the current of the gale was checked for a moment, and the heavy sails flapped and cleared themselves of their icy varnishing—then all was over. There was an iceberg of another shape astern of us. The gale recommenced, the waves pressed each other on as before, and we felt the return of the gale, awful as it was, as a reprieve. That was a dreadful voyage, Jacob, and turned one-third of my hair gray; and what made it worse was, that we only had three fish on board on our return. However, we had reason to be thankful, for eighteen of our vessels were lost altogether, and it was the mercy of God that we were not among the number."

"Well, I suppose you told me that story to prevent my going a voyage?"

"Not a bit, Jacob; if it should chance that you find it your interest to go to the North Pole, or anywhere else, I should say go by all means; let neither difficulty nor danger deter you; but do not go merely from curiosity, that I consider foolish. It's all very well for those who come back, to have the satisfaction to talk of such things, and it is but fair that they should have it; but when you consider how many there are who never come back at all, why then it's very foolish to push yourself into needless danger and privation. You are amused with my recollections of arctic voyages, but just call to mind how many years of hardship, of danger, cold, and starvation, I have undergone to collect all these anecdotes, and then judge whether it is worth any man's while to go for the sake of mere curiosity."

I then amused Mr. Turnbull with the description of the pic-nic party, which lasted until we had pulled far beyond Kew Bridge. We thrust the bow of the wherry into a bunch of sedges, and then we sat down to our meal, surrounded by hundreds of blue dragonflies, that flitted about as if to inquire what we meant by intruding upon their domiciles. We continued there, chatting and amusing ourselves, till it was late, and then shoved off, and pulled down with the stream. The sun was down, and we had yet six or seven miles to return to Mr. Turnbull's house, when we perceived a slight, handsome young man, in a small skiff, who pulled towards us.

"I say, my lads," said he, taking us both for watermen, "have you a mind to earn a couple of guineas with very little trouble?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Turnbull, "if you can show us how. A fine chance for you, Jacob," continued he, aside.

"Well, then, I shall want your services, perhaps, for not more than an hour—it may be a little longer, as there is a lady in the question, and we may have to wait. All I ask is, that you pull well and do your best. Are you agreed?"

We consented; and he requested us to follow him, and then pulled for the shore.

"This is to be an adventure, sir," said I.

"So it seems," replied Mr. Turnbull; "all the better. I'm old now, but I'm fond of a spree."

The gentleman pulled into a little boat-house by the river's side, belonging to one of the villas on the bank, made fast his boat, and then stepped into ours.

"Now, we've plenty of time; just pull quietly for the present." We continued down the river, and after we had passed Kew Bridge, he directed us in-shore, on the right side, till we came to a garden sweeping down to the river from a cottage *ornée*, of large dimensions, about fifty yards from the bank. The water was up to the brick wall, which rose from the river about four or five feet. "That will do, stop—! not a word," said he, rising in the stern-sheets, and looking over. After a minute or two reconnoitring, he climbed from the boat on to the parapet of the wall, and whistled two bars of an air which I had never heard before. All was silent. He crouched behind a lilac bush, and in a minute he repeated the same air in a whistle as before; still there was no

appearance of movement at the cottage. He continued at intervals to whistle the portion of the air, and at last a light appeared at an upper window; it was removed and reappeared three times. "Be ready now, my lads," said he. In about two minutes afterwards a female, in a cloak, appeared, coming down the lawn with a box in her hand, panting with excitement.

"Oh, Edward! I heard your first signal, but I could not get into my uncle's room for the box; at last he went out, and here it is."

The gentleman seized the box from her, and handed it to us in the boat.

"Take great care of that, my lads," said he; "and now, Cecilia, we have no time to lose: the sooner you are in the boat the better."

"How am I to get down there, Edward?" replied she.

"O, nothing more easy. Stop; throw your cloak into the boat, and then all you have to do is, first to get upon the top of the wall, and then trust to the watermen below and to me above for helping you."

It was not, however, quite so easy a matter; the wall was four feet high above the boat, and moreover there was a trellised work of iron, about a foot high, which ran along the wall. Still, she made every effort on her own part, and we considered that we had arranged so as to conquer the difficulty, when the young lady gave a scream. We looked up, and beheld a third party on the wall. It was a stout, tall, elderly man, as far as we could perceive in the dark, who immediately seized hold of the lady by the arm, and was dragging her away. This was resisted by the young gentleman, and the lady was relinquished by the other to defend himself, at the same time that he called out,

"Help, help! Thieves, thieves!"

"Shall I go to his assistance?" said I to Mr. Turnbull; "one of us must stay in the boat."

"Jump up, then, Jacob; for I never could get up that wall."

I was up in a moment; and gaining my feet, was about to spring to the help of the young man, when four servants with lights and with arms in their hands made their appearance, hastening down the lawn. The lady had fainted on the grass; the elderly gentleman and his antagonist were down together, but the elderly gentleman had the mastery, for he was uppermost. Perceiving the assistance coming, he called out, "Look to the watermen—secure them!" I perceived that not a moment was to be lost. I could be of no service, and Mr. Turnbull might be in an awkward scrape. I sprang into the boat, shoved off, and we were in the stream, and at thirty yards distance before they looked over the wall to see where we were.

"Stop, in that boat! stop," they cried.

"Fire, if they don't," cried their master.

We pulled as hard as we could. A musketoon was discharged, but the shot fell short; the only person who fell was the man who fired it. To see us, he had stood upon the coping bricks of the wall, and the recoil tumbled him over into the river: we saw him fall, and heard the splash; but we pulled on as hard as we could, and in a few minutes the scene of

action was far behind us. We then struck across to the other side of the river, and when we had gained close to the shore, we took breath.

"Well," said Mr. Turnbull, "this is a spree I little looked for; to have a blunderbuss full of shot sent after me."

"No," replied I, laughing, "that's carrying the joke rather too far on the river Thames."

"Well, but what a pretty mess we are in! here we have property belonging to God knows whom; and what are we to do with it?"

"I think, sir, the best thing we can do is, for you to land at your own house with the property, and take care of it until we find out what all this is about; and I will continue on with the sculls to the hard. We shall hear or find out something about it in a day or two, they may still follow up the pursuit and trace us."

"The advice is good," replied Mr. Turnbull, "and the sooner we cut over again the better, for we are nearly abreast of my place."

We did so; Mr. Turnbull landed in his garden, taking with him the tin-box, (it was what they call a deed box,) and the lady's cloak. I did not wait, but boating the oars, took my sculls, and pulled down to Fulham as fast as I could. I had arrived, and was pulling gently in, not to injure the other boats, when a man with a lantern came into the wherry.

"Have you any thing in your boat, my man?" said he.

"Nothing, sir," replied I. The man examined the boat, and was satisfied.

"Tell me, did you see a boat with two men in it as you came along?"

"No, sir," replied I; "nothing has passed me."

"Where do you come from now?"

"From a gentleman's place near Brentford."

"Brentford? Oh, then you were far below them. They are not down yet."

"Have you a job for me, sir?" said I, not wishing to appear anxious to go away.

"No, my man, no; nothing to-night. We are on the look-out; but we have two boats in the stream, and a man at each landing-place."

I made fast my boat, shouldered my oars and sculls, and departed, not at all sorry to get away. It appeared that as soon as it was ascertained that we were not to be stopped by being fired at, they saddled horses, and, the distance by the road being so much shorter, had, by galloping as hard as they could, arrived at Fulham some ten minutes before me. It was therefore most fortunate that the box had been landed, or I should have been discovered. That the contents were of value was evident from the anxiety to secure them; but the mystery was still to be solved. I was quite tired with exertion and excitement when I arrived at Stapleton's. Mary was there to give me my supper, which I ate in silence, complaining of a headache, and went to bed. That night I dreamed of nothing but the scene over and over again, and the two bars of music were constantly ringing in my ears. As soon as I had breakfasted the next morning, I set off to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him what had occurred.

"It was indeed fortunate that the box was landed," said he; "or you might have now been in prison. I

wish I had had nothing to do with it: but as you say, 'what's done can't be helped.' I will not give up the box, at all events, until I know which party is entitled to it, and I cannot help thinking that the lady is. But, Jacob, you will have to reconnoitre, and find out what this story is. Tell me, do you think you could remember the tune, which he whistled so often?"

"It has been running in my head the whole night, and I have been trying it all the ways I pulled here. I think I have it exact. Hear, sir." I whistled the two bars.

"Quite correct, Jacob; quite correct; well, take care not to forget them. Where are you going to-day?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Suppose then you pull up the river, and find out the place where we landed, and when you have ascertained that, you may go on and see whether the young man is with his skiff: at all events, you may find out something; but pray be cautious."

I promised to be very careful, and departed on my errand, which I undertook with much pleasure, for I was delighted with any thing like adventure. I pulled up the river, and in about an hour and a quarter came abreast of the spot. I recognised the cottage *ornée*, the parapet wall, even the spot where we lay, and perceived that several bricks were detached, and had fallen in the river. There appeared to be no one stirring in the house; yet I continued to pull up and down, looking at the windows. At last, one opened, and a young lady looked out, who, I was persuaded, was the same that we had seen the night before. There was no wind, and all was quiet around. She sat at the window, leaning her head on her hand. I whistled the two bars of the air. At the first bar, she started up, and looked earnestly at me as I completed the second. I looked up: she waved her handkerchief once, and then shut the window. In a few seconds she made her appearance on the lawn, walking down towards the river. I immediately pulled in under the wall. I laid in my sculls, and held on, standing up in the boat.

"Who are you? and who sent you?" said she, looking down on me, and discovering one of the most beautiful faces I had ever witnessed.

"No one sent me, ma'am," replied I; "but I was in the boat last night. I'm sorry you were so unfortunate; but your box and cloak are quite safe."

"You were one of the men in the boat? I trust no one was hurt when they fired at you."

"No, ma'am."

"And where is the box?"

"In the house of the person who was with me."

"Can he be trusted? for they will offer large rewards for it."

"I should think so, ma'am," replied I, smiling; "the person who was with me is a gentleman of large fortune, who was amusing himself on the river. He desires me to say that he will not give up the box until he knows to whom the contents legally belong."

"Good heavens, how fortunate! Am I to believe you?"

"I should hope so, ma'am."

"And what are you then? You are not a waterman?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

She paused, looking earnestly at me for a little while, and then continued, "How did you learn the air you whistled?"

"The young gentleman whistled it six or seven times last night before you came. I tried it this morning coming up, as I thought it would be the means of attracting your attention. Can I be of any service to you, ma'am?"

"Service—yes, if I could be sure you were to be trusted—of the greatest service. I am confined here—cannot send a letter—watched as I move—only allowed the garden, and even watched while I walk here. They are most of them in quest of the tin-box to-day, or I should not be able to talk to you so long."

She looked round at the house anxiously, and then said, "Stop here a minute, while I walk a little." She then retreated, and paced up and down the garden walk. I still remained under the wall, so as not to be perceived from the house. In about three or four minutes, she returned and said, "It would be very cruel—it would be more than cruel—it would be very wicked of you to deceive me, for I am very unfortunate and very unhappy." The tears started in her eyes. "You do not look as if you would. What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful, ma'am, and I will be true to my name, if you will put your trust in me. I never deceived any one that I can recollect; and I'm sure I would not you—now that I've seen you."

"Yes, but money will seduce every body."

"Not me, ma'am; I've as much as I wish for."

"Well, then, I will trust you, and think you sent from heaven to my aid; but how am I to see you? To-morrow my uncle will be back, and then I shall not be able to speak to you one moment, and if seen to speak to you, you will be laid in wait for, and perhaps shot."

"Well, ma'am," replied I, after a pause, "if you cannot speak, you can write. You see that the bricks on the parapet are loose here. Put your letter under this brick—I can take it away, even in day-time, without being noticed, and can put the answer in the same place, so that you can secure it, when you come out."

"How very clever! Good heavens, what an excellent idea!"

"Was the young gentleman hurt, ma'am, in the scuffle last night?" inquired I.

"No, I believe not much, but I wish to know where he is, to write to him; could you find out?" I told her where we had met him, and what had passed. "That was Lady Auburn's," replied she, "he is often there—she is our cousin; but I don't know where he lives, and how to find him I know not. His name is Henry Talbot. Do you think you could find him out?"

"Yes, ma'am, with a little trouble it might be done. They ought to know where he is at Lady Auburn's."

"Yes, some of the servants might—but how will you get to them?"

"That, ma'am, I must find out. It may not be done in one day, or two days, but if you will look every morning under this brick, if there is any thing to communicate you will find it there."

"You can write and read then?"

"I should hope so, ma'am," replied I, laughing.

"I don't know what to make of you. Are you really a waterman?"

"Really and——" She turned her head round at a noise of a window opening.

"You must go—don't forget the brick;" and she disappeared.

I shoved my wherry along by the side of the wall, so as to remain unperceived until I was clear of the frontage attached to the cottage; and then taking my sculls, pulled into the stream; and as I was resolved to see if I could obtain any information at Lady Auburn's, I had to pass the garden again, having shoved my boat down the river instead of up, when I was under the wall. I perceived the young lady walking with a tall man by her side; he speaking very energetically, and using much gesticulation, she holding down her head. In another minute they were shut out from my sight. I was so much stricken with the beauty and sweetness of expression in the young lady's countenance, that I was resolved to use my best exertions to be of service to her. In about an hour and a half, I had arrived at the villa, abreast of which we had met the young gentleman, and which the young lady had told me belonged to Lady Auburn. I could see no one in the grounds, nor indeed in the house. After watching a few minutes, I landed as near to the villa as I could, made fast the wherry, and walked round to the entrance. There was no lodge, but a servant's door at one side. I pulled the bell, having made up my mind how to proceed as I was walking up. The bell was answered by an old woman, who, in a snarling tone, asked me, what did I want?

"I am waiting below, with my boat, for Mr. Talbot; has he come yet?"

"Mr. Talbot. No—he's not come; nor did he say that he would come; when did you see him?"

"Yesterday. Is Lady Auburn at home."

"Lady Auburn—no; she went to town this morning; every body goes to London now, that they may not see the flowers and green trees, I suppose."

"But I suppose Mr. Talbot will come," continued I, "so I must wait for him."

"You can do just as you like," replied the old woman, about to shut the gate in my face.

"May I request a favour of you, ma'am, before you shut the gate—which is, to bring me a little water to drink, for the sun is hot, and I have had a long pull up here;" and I took out my handkerchief and wiped my face.

"Yes, I'll fetch you some," replied she, shutting the gate, and going away.

"This don't seem to answer very well," thought I to myself. The old woman returned, opened the gate, and handed me a mug of water. I drank some, thanked her, and returned it.

"I am very tired," said I, "I should like to sit down and wait for the gentleman."

"Don't you sit when you pull?" inquired the old woman.

"Yes," replied I.

"Then you must be tired of sitting, I should think, not of standing; at all events, if you want to sit, you can sit in your boat, and mind it at the same time."

With this observation she shut the door upon me, and left me without any more comment.

After this decided repulse on the part of the old woman, I had nothing to do but to take her advice, viz. to go and look after my boat. I pulled down to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him my good and bad fortune. It being late, he ordered me some dinner in his study, and we sat there canvassing over the affair. "Well," said he, as we finished, "you must allow me to consider this as my affair, Jacob, as I was the occasion of our getting mixed up in it. You must do all you can to find this young man, and I shall hire Stapleton's boat by the day until we succeed; you need not tell him so, or he may be anxious to know why. To-morrow you go down to old Beazeley's!"

"Yes, sir; you cannot hire me to-morrow."

"Still I shall, as I want to see you to-morrow morning before I go. Here's Stapleton's money for yesterday and to-day, and now good night."

I was at Mr. Turnbull's early the next morning, and found him with the newspaper before him. "I expected this, Jacob," said he; "read that advertisement." I read as follows: "Whereas, on Friday night last, between the hours of nine and ten, a tin box, containing deeds and papers, was handed into a wherry, from the grounds of a villa between Brentford and Kew, and the parties who owned it were prevented from accompanying the same, This is to give notice, that a reward of twenty pounds will be paid to the watermen upon their delivering up the same to Messrs. James and John White, of No. 14, Lincoln's Inn Fields. As no other parties are authorized to receive the said tin box of papers, all other applications for it must be disregarded. An early attention to this advertisement will oblige." "There must be papers of no little consequence in that box, Jacob, depend upon it," said Mr. Turnbull; "however, here they are, and here they shall remain until I know more about it, that's certain. I intend to try what I can do myself with the old woman, for I perceive the villa is to be let for three months—here is the advertisement in the last column, I shall go to town to-day, and obtain a ticket from the agent, and it is hard but I'll ferret out something. I shall see you to-morrow. Now you may go, Jacob." I hastened away, as I had promised to be down to old Tom's to breakfast; an hour's smart pulling brought me to the landing place opposite to his house.

The house of old Tom Beazeley was situated on the verge of Battersea Fields, about a mile and a half from the bridge bearing the same name; the river about twenty yards before it—the green grass behind it, and not a tree within half a mile of it. There was nothing picturesque in it but its utter loneliness; it was not only lonely, but isolated, for it was fixed upon a delta of about half an acre, between two creeks, which joined at about forty yards from the river, and ran up through the fields, so that the house was, at high water, upon an island, and at low water was defended by a more impassable barrier of mud, so that the only advances to it could be made from the river, where a small *hard*, edged with posts worn down to the conformation of decayed double teeth, offered the only means of access. The house itself was one story high; dark red bricks, and darker tiles upon the roof; windows very scarce and very

small, although built long before the damnable tax upon light, for it was probably built in the time of Elizabeth, to judge by the peculiarity of the style of architecture observable in the chimneys; but it matters very little at what epoch was built a tenement which was rented at only ten pounds per annum. The major part of the said island was stocked with cabbage plants; but on one side, there was half a boat set upright, with a patch of green before it. At the time that old Beazeley hired it, there was a bridge, rudely constructed of old ship plank, by which you could gain a path which led across the Battersea Fields; but as all the communications of old Tom were by water, and Mrs. Beazeley never ventured over the bridge, it was gradually knocked away for fire-wood, and when it was low water, one old post, redolent of mud, marked the spot where the bridge had been. The interior was far more inviting; Mrs. Beazeley was a clean person and frugal housewife, and every article in the kitchen, which was the first room you entered, was as clean and as bright as industry could make them. There was a parlour also, seldom used; both of the inmates, when they did meet, which was not above a day or two in three weeks, during the time that old Beazeley was in charge of the lighter, preferring comfort to grandeur. In this isolated house, upon this isolated spot, did Mrs. Beazeley pass a life of almost isolation.

And yet perhaps there never was a more lively or more happy woman than Mrs. Beazeley, for she was strong, in good health, and always employed. She knew that her husband was following up his employment on the river, and laying by a provision for their old age, while she herself was adding considerably to it by her own exertions. She had married old Tom long before he had lost his legs, at a time that he was a prime active sailor, and the best man of the ship. She was a net-maker's daughter, and had been brought up to the business, at which she was very expert. The most difficult part of the art, is that of making large seines for taking sea fish; and when she had no order for those to complete, the making of casting-nets beguiled away her time as soon as her household cares had been disposed of. She made money and husbanded it, not only for herself and her partner, but for her son, young Tom, upon whom she doated. So accustomed was she to work hard and be alone, that it was difficult to say whether she was most pleased or most annoyed when her husband and son made their appearance for a day or two, and the latter was alternately fondled and scolded during the whole of his sojourn; Tom, as the reader may suppose from a knowledge of his character, caring about as much for the one as the other.

I pulled into the *hard*, and made fast my boat. There was no one outside the door when I landed; on entering, I found them all seated at the table, and a grand display of fragments in the shape of herring-bones, &c. "Well, Jacob, come at last—thought you had forgot us; piped to breakfast at eight bells—always do, you know," said old Tom, on my making my appearance.

"Have you had your breakfast, boy?" said Mrs. Beazeley.

"No," replied I, "I was obliged to go up to Mr. Turnbull's, and that detained me."

"No more sodgers, Jacob," said Tom, "father and I eat them all."

"Have you," replied Mrs. Beazeley, taking two more red herrings out of the cupboard and putting them on the fire to grill; "no, no, master Tom, there's some for Jacob yet."

"Well, mother, you make nets to some purpose, for you've always a fish when it's wanted."

I despatched my breakfast, and as soon as all had been cleared away by his wife, old Tom, crossing his two timber legs, commenced business, for it appeared, what I was not aware of, that we had met on a sort of council of war.

"Jacob, sit down by me; old woman, bring yourself to an anchor in the high chair. Tom, sit any where, so you sit still."—"And leave my net alone, Tom," cried his mother, in parenthesis.—"You see, Jacob, the whole long and short of it is this, I feel my toes more and more, and flannel's no longer warm. I can't tide it any longer, and I think it high time to lie up in ordinary and moor abreast of the old woman. Now, there's Tom, in the first place, what's to do with he? I think that I'll build him a wherry, and as I'm free of the river, he can finish his apprenticeship with my name on the boat; but to build him a wherry will be rather a heavy pull for me."

"If you mean to build it yourself, I think it will prove a *heavy pull* for me," replied Tom.

"Silence, Tom; I built you, and God knows you're light enough."

"And Tom, leave my net alone," cried his mother.

"Father made me light-fingered, mother."

"Aye, and light-hearted too, boy," rejoined the dame, looking fondly at the son.

"Well," continued old Tom, "supposing that Tom be provided for in that way; then now I comes to myself. I've an idea that I can do a good bit of work in patching up boats, for you see I always was a bit of a carpenter, and I know how the builders extortionate the poor waterman when there's a trifle amiss. Now, if they knew I could do it, they'd all come to me fast enough; but then there's a puzzle; I've been thinking this week how I can make them know it. I can't put out a board and say, Beazeley, *Boat-builder*, because I'm no boat-builder, but still I want a sign."

"Lord, father, hav'n't you got one already," interrupted young Tom, "you've half a boat stuck up there, and that means you're half a boat-builder."

"Silence, Tom, with your frippery; what do you think, Jacob?"

"Could not you say, 'Boats repair'd here'?"

"Yes, but that won't exactly do; they like to employ a builder—and there's the puzzle."

"Not half so puzzling as this net," observed Tom, who had taken up the needle, unobserved by his mother, and began to work; "I've made only ten stitches, and six of them are long ones."

"Tom, Tom, you good for nothing—why don't you let my net alone?" cried Mrs. Beazeley, "now 'twill take me as much time to undo ten stitches as to have made fifty."

"All right, mother."

"No, Tom, all's wrong; look at these meshes?"

"Well, then, all's fair, mother."

"No, all's foul, boy; look how it's tangled."

"Still, I say, all's fair, mother, for it is but fair to give the fish one or two chances to get away, and that's just what I've done; and now, father, I'll settle your affair to your own satisfaction, as I have mother's."

"That will be queer satisfaction, Tom, I guess, but let's hear what you have to say."

"Why, then, father, it seems, that you're no boat-builder, but you want people to fancy that you are—a'n't that the question?"

"Why, 'tis something like it, Tom—but I do nobody no harm."

"Certainly not; it's only the boats which will suffer. Now, get a large board, with 'Boats built to order, and boats repaired, by Tom Beazeley.' You know if any man is fool enough to order a boat, that's his concern, you didn't say you're a boat-builder, although you've no objection to try your hand."

"What do you say, Jacob," said old Tom, appealing to me.

"I think that Tom has given very good advice, and I would follow it."

"Ah! Tom has a head," said Mrs. Beazeley, fondly. "Tom, let go my net again, will you? what a boy you are! Now, touch it again if you dare," and Mrs. Beazeley took up a little poker from the fire-place and shook it at him.

"Tom has a head, indeed," said young Tom, "but as he has no wish to have it broken, Jacob, lend me your wherry for half an hour, and I'll be off."

I assented, and Tom, first tossing the cat upon his mother's back, made his escape, crying

"Lord, Molly, what a fish,"

as the animal fixed in its claws to save herself from falling, making Mrs. Beazeley roar out and vow vengeance, while old Tom and I could not refrain from laughter.

After Tom's departure, the conversation was renewed, and every thing was finally arranged between old Tom and his wife, except the building of the wherry, at which the old woman shook her head. It would be too long, and not sufficiently interesting to detail; one part, however, I must make the reader acquainted with. After entering into all the arrangements of the house, Mrs. Beazeley took me up-stairs to show me the rooms, which were very neat and clean. I came down with her, and old Tom said, "Did the old woman show you the room with the white curtains, Jacob?"

"Yes," replied I, "and a very nice one it is."

"Well, Jacob, there's nothing sure in this world. You're well off at present, and 'leave well alone' is a good motto; but recollect this, that room is for you when you want it, and every thing else we can share with you. It's offered freely, and you will accept it the same. Is it not, old lady?"

"Yes, that it is, Jacob; but may you do better—if not, I'll be your mother for want of a better."

I was moved with the kindness of the old couple; the more so, as I did not know what I had done to

deserve it. Old Tom gave me a hearty squeeze of the hand, and then continued: "But about this wherry—what do you say, old woman?"

"What will it cost?" rejoined she gravely.

"Cost; let me see,—a good wherry with sculls and oars will be a matter of thirty pounds."

The old woman screwed up her mouth, shook her head, and then walked away to prepare for dinner.

"I think she could muster the blunt, Jacob, but she don't like to part with it. Tom must coax her. I wish he hadn't shied the cat at her. He's too full of fun."

As old Beazeley finished, I perceived a wherry pulling in with some ladies. I looked attentively, and recognised my own boat, and Tom pulling. In a minute more they were at the *hard*, and who, to my astonishment, were there seated, but Mrs. Drummond and Sarah. As Tom got out of the boat and held it steady against the *hard*, he called to me; I could not do otherwise than go and assist them out; and once more did I touch the hands of those whom I never thought to meet again. Mrs. Drummond retained my hand a short time after she landed, saying, "We are friends, Jacob, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied I, much moved, in a faltering voice.

"I shall not ask that question," said Sarah, gayly, "for we parted friends."

And as I recalled to mind her affectionate behaviour, I pressed her hand, and the tears glistened in my eyes as I looked into her sweet face. As I afterwards discovered, this was an arranged plan with old and young Tom, to meet me, without my knowledge. Mrs. Beazeley curtsied and stroked her apron—smiled at the ladies, looked very *cat-tish* at Tom, showed the ladies into the house, where old Tom assisted to do the honours after his own fashion, by asking Mrs. Drummond if she would like to *whet her whistle* after her *pull*. Mrs. Drummond looked round to me for explanation, but young Tom thought proper to be interpreter. "Father wants to know, if you please, ma'am, whether, after your *pull* in the boat, you wouldn't like to have a *pull* at the brandy bottle?"

"No," replied Mrs. Drummond, smiling, "but I should be obliged for a glass of water. Will you get me one, Jacob?"

I hastened to comply, and Mrs. Drummond entered into conversation with Mrs. Beazeley. Sarah looked at me, and went to the door, turning back as inviting me to follow. I did so, and we soon found ourselves seated on the bench in the old boat.

"Jacob," said she, looking earnestly at me, "you surely will be friends with my father?"

I think I should have shaken my head, but she laid an emphasis on *my*, which the little gipsy knew would have its effect. All my resolutions, all my pride, all my sense of injury vanished before the mild beautiful eyes of Sarah, and I replied hastily, "Yes, Miss Sarah, I can refuse you nothing."

"Why Miss, Jacob?"

"I am a waterman, and you are much above me."

"That is your own fault; but say no more about it."

"I must say something more, which is this, do not

attempt to induce me to leave my present employment; I am happy, because I am independent; and that I will, if possible, be for the future."

"Any one can pull an oar, Jacob."

"Very true, Miss Sarah; and is under no obligation to any one by so earning his livelihood. He works for all, and is paid for all."

"Will you come and see us, Jacob? Come to-morrow—now do—promise me. Will you refuse your old playmate, Jacob?"

"I wish you would not ask that."

"How then can you say that you are friends with my father? I will not believe you unless you promise to come."

"Sarah," replied I, earnestly, "I will come; and to prove to you that I am friends, I will ask a favour of him."

"O, Jacob, this is kind indeed," cried Sarah, with her eyes swimming with tears. "You have made me so—so very happy!"

The meeting with Sarah humanized me, and every feeling of revenge was chased from my memory. Mrs. Drummond joined us soon after, and proposed to return. "And Jacob will pull us back," cried Sarah. "Come, sir, look after your *fare*, in both senses. Since you will be a waterman, you shall work." I laughed, and handed them into the boat. Tom took the other oar, and we were soon at the steps close to Mr. Drummond's house.

"Mamma, we ought to give these poor fellows something to drink, they've worked very hard," said Sarah, mocking. "Come up, my good men." I hesitated. "Nay, Jacob, if to-morrow, why not to-day? the sooner these things are over the better."

I felt the truth of this observation, and followed her. In a few minutes I was again in that parlour in which I had been dismissed, and in which the affectionate girl burst into tears on my shoulder, as I held the handle of the door. I looked at it, and looked at Sarah. Mrs. Drummond had gone out of the room to let Mr. Drummond know that I had come. "How kind you were, Sarah!" said I.

"Yes, but kind people are cross sometimes, and so am I—and so was—"

Mr. Drummond came in, and stopped her. "Jacob, I am glad to see you again in my house; I was deceived by appearances, and did you injustice." How true is the observation of the wise man, that a soft word turneth away wrath; that Mr. Drummond should personally acknowledge that he was wrong to me—that he should confess it—every feeling of resentment was gone, and others crowded in their place. I recollected how he had protected the orphan—how he had provided him with instruction—how he had made *his* house a home to me—how he had tried to bring me forward under his own protection. I recollected—which, alas! I never should have forgotten—that he had treated me for years with kindness and affection, all of which had been obliterated from my memory by one single act of injustice. I felt that I was a culprit, and burst into tears; and Sarah, as before, cried in sympathy.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Drummond," said I, as soon as I could speak; "I have been very wrong in being so revengeful after so much kindness from you."

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"We both have been wrong; but say no more on the subject, Jacob; I have an order to give, and then I will come up to you again," and Mr. Drummond quitted the room.

"You dear, good boy," said Sarah, coming up to me. "Now I really do love you."

What I might have replied was put a stop to, by Mrs. Drummond entering the room. She made a few inquiries about where I at present resided, and Sarah was catechizing me rather inquisitively about Mary Stapleton, when Mr. Drummond re-entered the room, and shook me by the hand with a warmth which made me more ashamed of my conduct towards him. The conversation became general, but still rather embarrassed, when Sarah whispered to me, "What is the favour you would ask of my father?" I had forgotten it at the moment, but I immediately told him that I would be obliged if he would allow me to have a part of the money belonging to me, which he held in his possession.

"That I will, with pleasure, and without asking what you intend to do with it, Jacob. How much do you require?"

"Thirty pounds, if there is so much."

Mr. Drummond went down, and in a few minutes returned with the sum, in notes and guineas. I thanked him, and shortly afterwards took my leave.

"Did not young Beazeley tell you I had something for you, Jacob?" said Sarah, as I wished her good-bye.

"Yes; what is it?"

"You must come and see," replied Sarah, laughing. Thus was a finale to all my revenge, brought about by a little girl of fifteen years old, with large dark eyes.

Tom had taken his glass of grog below, and was waiting for me at the steps. We shoved off, and returned to his father's house, where dinner was just ready. After dinner old Tom recommenced the argument. "The only hitch," says he, "is about the wherry. What do you say, old woman?" The old woman shook her head.

"As that is the only hitch," said I, "I can remove it, for here is the money for the wherry, which I make a present to Tom," and I put the money into young Tom's hand. Tom counted it out before his father and mother, much to their astonishment.

"You're a good fellow, Jacob," said Tom: "but I say, do you recollect Wimbeldon Common?"

"What then?" replied I.

"Only Jerry Abershaw, that's all."

"Do not be afraid, Tom, it is honestly mine."

"But how did you get it, Jacob?" said old Tom.

It may appear strange, but impelled by the wish to serve my friends, I had asked for the money which I knew belonged to me, but never thought of the manner in which it had been obtained. The question of old Tom recalled every thing to my memory, and I shuddered when I recollected the circumstances attending it. I was confused, and did not like to reply. "Be satisfied, the money is mine," replied I.

"Yes, Jacob, but how?" replied Mrs. Beazeley; "surely you ought to tell how you got so large a sum."

"Jacob has some reason for not telling, missus,

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depend upon it; mayhap Mr. Turnbull, or whoever gave it to him, told him to hold his tongue." But this answer would not satisfy Mrs. Beazeley, who declared she would not allow a farthing to be taken, unless she knew how it was obtained.

"Tom, give back the money directly," said she, looking at me suspiciously.

Tom laid it on the table before me without saying a word. "Take it, Tom," said I, colouring up. "I had it from my mother."

"From your mother, Jacob!" said old Tom. "Nay, that could not well be, if my memory serves me right. Still it may be."

"Deary me, I don't like this at all," cried Mrs. Beazeley, getting up, and wiping her apron with a quick motion. "O Jacob, that must be—not the truth."

I coloured up to the tips of my ears, at being suspected of falsehood. I looked round, and saw that even Tom and his father had a melancholy doubt in their countenances; and certainly, my confused appearance would have caused suspicion in any body.

"I little thought," said I, at last, "when I hoped to have so much pleasure in giving, and to find that I had made you happy in receiving the money, that it would have proved a source of so much annoyance. I perceive that I am suspected of having obtained it improperly, and of not having told the truth. That Mrs. Beazeley may think so, who does not know me, is not to be wondered at; but that you," continued I, turning to old Tom, "or you," looking at his son, "should suspect me, is very mortifying; and I did not expect it. I tell you, that the money is mine, honestly mine, and obtained from my mother. I ask you, do you believe me?"

"I, for one, do believe you, Jacob," said young Tom, striking his fist on the table. "I can't understand it, but I know you never told a lie, or did a dishonourable act since I've known you."

"Thank you Tom," said I, taking his proffered hand.

"And I would swear the same, Jacob," said old Tom; "although I have been longer in the world than my boy has, and have therefore seen more, and sorry am I to say, many a good man turned bad, from temptation being too great; but when I looked in your face, and saw the blood up to your forehead, I did feel a little suspicious, I must own; but I beg your pardon, Jacob, no one can look in your face, now, and not see that you are innocent. I believe all you say, in spite of the old woman, and the devil to boot; and there's my hand upon it."

"Why not tell—why not tell?" muttered Mrs. Beazeley, shaking her head, and working at her net faster than ever.

But I had resolved to tell, and did so, narrating distinctly the circumstances by which the money had been obtained. I did it, however, with feelings of mortification which I cannot express. I felt humiliated; I felt that for my own wants that money I never could touch. Still my explanation had the effect of removing the doubts even of Mrs. Beazeley, and harmony was restored. The money was accepted by the old couple, and promised to be applied for the purpose intended.

"As for me, Jacob," said Tom, "when I say I

thank you, you know I mean it. Had I had the money, and you had wanted it, you will believe me when I say that I would have given it to you."

"That I'm sure of, Tom."

"Still, Jacob, it is a great deal of money; and I shall lie by my earnings as fast as I can, that you may have it in case you want it; but it will take many a heavy pull, and many a shirt wet with labour before I can make up a sum like that."

I did not stay much longer after this little fracas; I was hurt; my pride was wounded by suspicion, and fortunate it was that the circumstance had not occurred previous to my meeting with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, otherwise no reconciliation would have taken place in that quarter. How much are we the sport of circumstances, and how insensibly they mark out our career in this world! With the best intentions, we go wrong; instigated by unworthy motives, we fall upon our feet, and the chapter of accidents has more power over the best regulated mind, than all the chapters in the Bible.

I shook hands with Tom, who, perceiving that I was vexed, had accompanied me down to the boat, with his usual sympathy, and had offered to pull with me to Fulham, and walk back; which offer I declined, as I wished to be alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and the broad light and shadow, with the stillness of all around, were peculiarly adapted to my feelings. I continued my way up the river, revolving in my mind the scenes of the day: the reconciliation with one whom I never intended to have spoken to again; the little quarrel with those whom I never expected to have been at variance with, and that, at the time, that I was only exerting myself to serve them; and then I thought of Sarah, as an oasis of real happiness in this contemplated desert, and dwelt upon the thought of her as the most pleasant and calming to my still agitated mind. Thus did I ruminate till I had passed Putney Bridge, forgetting that I was close to my landing-place, and continuing in my reverie to pull up the river, when my cogitations were disturbed by a noise of men laughing and talking, apparently in a state of intoxication. They were in a four-oared wherry, coming down the river, after a party of pleasure, as it is termed, generally one ending in intoxication. I listened.

"I tell you I can spin an oar with any man in the king's service," said the man in the bow. "Now look."

He threw his oar out of the rollocks, spun it in the air, but unfortunately did not catch it when it fell, and consequently it went through the bottom, starting two of the planks of the fragile built boat, which immediately filled with water.

"Hilloa! waterman," cried another, perceiving me, "quick, or we shall sink." But the boat was nearly up to the thwarts in water, before I could reach her, and just as I was nearly alongside, she filled and turned over.

"Help, waterman; help me first, I'm senior clerk," cried a voice which I well knew. I put out my oar to him, as he struggled in the water, and soon had him clinging to the wherry. I then tried to catch hold of the man who had sunk the boat by his attempt to toss the oar, but he very quietly said, "No, damn it, there's too many, we shall swamp the

wherry; I'll swim on shore," and suiting the action to the word, he made for the shore with perfect self-possession, swimming in his clothes with great ease and dexterity.

I picked up two more, and thought that all were saved, when turning round and looking towards the bridge, I saw resplendent in the bright beams of the moon, and "round as its orb," the well remembered face of the stupid young clerk who had been so inimical to me, struggling with all his might. I pulled to him, and putting out my oar over the bow, he seized it after rising from his first sink, and was, with the other four, soon clinging to the sides of the wherry.

"Pull me in, pull me in, waterman," cried the head clerk, whose voice I had recognised.

"No, you will swamp the boat."

"Well, but pull me in, if not the others. I'm the senior clerk."

"Can't help that, you must hold on," replied I, "while I pull you on shore; we shall soon be there." I must say that I felt a pleasure in allowing him thus to hang in the water. I might have taken them all in certainly, although at some risk, from their want of presence of mind and hurry, arising from the feeling of self-preservation; but I desired them to hold on, and pulled for the landing-place, which we soon gained. The person who had preferred swimming, had arrived before us, and was waiting on the beach.

"Have you got them all, waterman?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I believe so; I have four."

"The tally is right," replied he, "and four greater gallots were never picked up; but never mind that. It was my nonsense that nearly drowned them; and, therefore, I'm very glad you've managed so well. My jacket went down in the boat, and I must reward you another time."

"Thank you, sir, no occasion for that, it's not a regular fare."

"Nevertheless give us your name."

"O you may ask Mr. Hodgson, the senior clerk, or that full-moon faced fellow; they know my name."

"Waterman, what do you mean?" replied Mr. Hodgson, shivering with cold.

"Very impudent fellow," said the junior, of the round face.

"If they know your name, they won't tell it," replied the other.

"Now I'll first tell you mine, which is Lieutenant Wilson, of the navy; and now let's have yours, that I may ask for it; and tell me what stairs you ply from."

"My name is Jacob Faithful, sir," replied I; "and you may ask your friends whether they know it or not when their teeth don't chatter quite so much."

At the mention of my name the senior and junior clerk walked off, and the lieutenant telling me that I should hear from him again, was about to leave. "If you mean to give me money, sir, I tell you candidly I shall not take it. I hate these two men for the injuries they have heaped upon me; but I don't know how it is, I feel a degree of pleasure in having saved them, that I wish no better revenge. So farewell, sir."

"Spoken as you ought, my lad—that's glorious

revenge. Well, then, I will not come; but if ever we meet again, I shall not forget this night and Jacob Faithful." He held out his hand, shook mine warmly, and walked away.

When they were gone, I remained for some little time quite stupefied at the events of the day. The reconciliation, the quarrel, the revenge. I was still in thought, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. This recalled me, and I was hauling up my boat, intending to go home to Stapleton's; but with no great eagerness. I felt a sort of dislike to Mary Stapleton, which I could not account for; but the fact was, I had been in company with Sarah Drummond. The horse stopped at the foot of the bridge; and the rider giving it to his servant, who was mounted on another, to hold, came down to where I was hauling up my boat. "My lad, is it too late for you to launch your boat? I will pay you well."

"Where do you wish to go to, sir? It is now past ten o'clock."

"I know it is, and I hardly expected to find a waterman here; but I took the chance. Will you take me about two miles up the river?"

I looked at the person who addressed me, and was delighted to recognise in him the young man who had hired Mr. Turnbull and me to take him to the garden, and who had been captured when we escaped with the tin box; but I did not make myself known. "Well, sir, if you wish it, I've no objection," replied I, putting my shoulder to the bow of my wherry, and launching her again into the water. At all events this has been a day of adventure, thought I, as I threw my sculls again into the water, and commenced pulling up the stream. I was some little while in meditation whether I should make myself known to the young man; but I decided that I would not. Let me see, thought I, what sort of a person this is; whether he is as deserving as the young lady appeared to consider. "Which side, sir?" inquired I.

"The left," was the reply.

I knew that well enough, and I pulled in silence until nearly up to the wall of the garden which ran down to the bank of the river. "Now pull into that wall, and make no noise," was the injunction, which I obeyed; securing the boat to the very part where the coping bricks had been displaced. He stood up, and whistled the two bars of the tune as before, waited five minutes, repeated it, and watched the windows of the house; but there was no reply, or signs of any body being up or stirring. "It is too late, she is gone to rest."

"I thought there was a lady in the case, sir," observed I. "If you wish to communicate with her, I think I could manage it."

"Could you?" replied he. "Stop a moment, I'll speak to you by and by." He whistled the tune once more, and after waiting another ten minutes, dropped himself down on the stern sheets, and told me to pull back again. After a few minutes silence he said to me, "You think you could communicate with her, you say. Pray, how do you propose?"

"If you will write a letter, sir, I'll try to let it come to her hand."

"How?"

"That, sir, you must leave me to find out, and

trust to opportunity; but you must tell me what sort of person she is, that I may not give it to another; and also, who there is in the house that I must be careful does not see me."

"Very true," replied he: "I can only say, that if you do succeed, I will reward you handsomely; but she is so strictly watched, that I am afraid it will be impossible; however, a despairing, like a drowning man, will catch at a straw, and I will see whether you will be able to assist me."

He then informed me, that there was no one in the house except her uncle and his servants, all of whom were spies upon her; that my only chance was watching if she were permitted to walk in the garden alone, which might be the case; and perhaps by concealing myself from eight o'clock in the morning till the evening, under the parapet wall, I might find an opportunity. He directed me to be at the foot of the bridge the next morning, at seven o'clock, when he would come with a letter written for me to deliver, if possible. We had then arrived at Fulham; he landed, and putting a guinea in my hand, mounted his horse, which his servant walked up and down, waiting for him, and rode off. I hauled up my boat and went home, tired with the manifold events of the day. Mary Stapleton, who had sat up for me, was very inquisitive to know what had occasioned my coming home so late, but I evaded her questions, and she left me in any thing but good humour; but about that I never felt so indifferent.

The next morning the servant made his appearance with the letter, telling me that he had orders to wait till the evening; and I pulled up the river. I placed it under the loose brick, as agreed upon with the young lady, and then shoved off to the other side of the river, where I had a full view of the garden, and could notice all that passed. In half an hour the young lady came out, accompanied by another female, and sauntered up and down the gravel walk. After a while she stopped, and looked on the river, her companion continuing her promenade. As if without hope of finding any thing there, she moved the brick aside with her foot; perceiving the letter, she snatched it up eagerly, and concealed it in her dress, and then cast her eyes on the river. It was calm, and I whistled the bar of music. She heard it, and turning away, hastened into the house. In about half an hour she returned, and watching her opportunity, stooped down to the brick. I waited a few minutes, when both she and her companion went into the house. I then pulled in under the wall, lifted up the brick, took the letter, and hastened back to Fulham, when I delivered the letter to the servant, who rode off with it as fast as he could, and I returned home quite pleased at the successful issue of my attempt, and not a little curious to learn the real facts of this extraordinary affair.

The next day, being Sunday, as usual, I went to see the Domine and Mr. Turnbull. I arrived at the school just as all the boys were filing off, two and two, for church, the advance led by the usher, and the rear brought up by the Domine in person, and I accompanied them. The Domine appeared melancholy and out of spirits; hardly exchanging a word with me during our walk. When the service was over, he ordered the usher to take the boys home, and

remained with me in the churchyard, surveying the tombstones and occasionally muttering to himself. At last the congregation dispersed, and we were alone.

"Little did I think, Jacob," said he, at last, "that when I bestowed such care upon thee in thy childhood, I should be rewarded as I have been. Little did I think that it would be to the boy who was left destitute, that I should pour out my soul when afflicted, and find in him that sympathy which I have long lost, by the removal of those who were once my friends. Yes, Jacob, those who were known to me in my youth, those few in whom I confided, and leant upon, are now lying here in crumbling dust, and the generation hath passed away, and I now rest upon thee, my son, whom I have directed in the right path, and who hast, by the blessing of God, continued to walk straight in it. Verily thou art a solace to me, Jacob, and though young in years, I feel that in thee I have received a friend, and one that I may confide in. Bless thee, Jacob! bless thee, my boy, and before I am laid with those who have gone before me, may I see thee prosperous and happy. Then I will sing the *Nunc dimittis*—then will I say, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.'"

"I am happy, sir," replied I, "to hear you say that I am of any comfort to you, for I feel truly grateful for all your kindness to me; but I wish that you did not require comfort."

"Jacob, in what part of a man's life does he not require comfort and consolation; yes, even from the time, when as a child, he buries his weeping face in his mother's lap, till the hour that summons him to his account! Not that I consider this world to be, as many have described it, a 'vale of tears.' No, Jacob, it is a beautiful world, a glorious world, and would be a happy world, if we would only restrain those senses and those passions with which we have been endowed, that we may fully enjoy the beauty, the variety, the inexhaustible bounty of a gracious Heaven. All was made for enjoyment and for happiness, but it is we ourselves who, by excess, defile that which otherwise were pure. Thus, the fainting traveller may drink wholesome and refreshing draughts from the bounteous overflowing spring, but should he rush heedlessly into it, he muddies the source, and the waters are those of bitterness. Thus, Jacob, was wine given to cheer the heart of man, yet didst not thou witness me, thy preceptor, debased by intemperance! Thus, Jacob, were the affections implanted in us as a source of sweetest happiness, such as those which now yearn in my breast towards thee; yet hast thou seen me, thy preceptor, by yielding to the infatuation and imbecility of threescore years, doat, in my folly, upon a maiden, and turn the sweet affections into a source of misery and anguish." I answered not, for the words of the Domine made a strong impression upon me, and I was weighing them in my mind. "Jacob," continued the Domine, after a pause, "next to the book of life, there is no subject of contemplation more salutary than the book of death, of which each stone now around us may be considered as a page, and each page contains a lesson. Read that which is now before us. It would appear hard that an only child should have been torn away from its doting parents, who have thus imper-

fectly expressed their anguish on the tomb; it would appear hard that their delight, their solace, the object of their daily care, of their waking thoughts, of their last imperfect recollections as they sank into sleep, of their only dreams, should thus have been taken from them; yet did I know them, and Heaven was just and merciful. The child had weaned them from their God; they lived but in him, they were without God in the world. The child alone had their affections, and they had been lost, had not He in his mercy removed it. Come this way, Jacob." I followed the Domine till he stood before another tombstone in a corner of the churchyard. "This stone, Jacob, marks the spot where lie the remains of one who was my earliest and dearest friend; for in my youth I had friends, because I had anticipations, and little thought that it would have pleased God that I should do my duty in that station to which I have been called. He had one fault, which proved a source of misery through life, and was the cause of an untimely death. He was of a revengeful disposition. He never forgave an injury, forgetting, poor sinful mortal! for how much he had need to be forgiven. He quarrelled with his relations, he was shot in a duel with his friend. I mention this, Jacob, as a lesson to thee, not that I feel myself worthy to be thy preceptor, for I am humbled, but out of kindness and love towards thee, that I might persuade thee to correct that fault in thy disposition."

"I have already made friends with Mr. Drummond, sir," answered I, "but still your admonition shall not be thrown away."

"Hast thou, Jacob! then is my mind much relieved. I trust thou wilt no longer stand in thine own light, but accept the offers which, in the fulness of his heart to make redress, he may make unto thee."

"Nay, sir, I cannot promise that; I wish to be independent and earn my own livelihood."

"Then hear me, Jacob, for the spirit of prophecy is on me; the time will come when thou shalt bitterly repent. Thou hast received an education by my unworthy endeavours, and hast been blest by Providence with talents far above the situation in life to which thou wouldst so tenaciously adhere; the time will come when thou wilt repent, yea, bitterly repent. Look at that marble monument with the arms so lavishly emblazoned upon it. That, Jacob, is the tomb of a proud man, whose career is well known to me. He was in straitened circumstances, yet of gentle race; but like the steward in the scripture, 'work he could not, to beg he was ashamed.' He might have prospered in the world, but his pride forbade him. He might have made friends, but his pride forbade him. He might have wedded himself to wealth and beauty, but there was no escutcheon, and his pride forbade him. He did marry, and entail upon his children poverty. He died, and the little he possessed was taken from his children's necessities to build this record to his dust. Do not suppose that I would check that honest pride, which will prove a safeguard from unworthy actions. I only wish to check that undue pride which will mar thy future prospects. Jacob, that which thou termest *independence* is nought but pride."

I could not acknowledge that I agreed with the Domine, although something in my breast told me

that he was not wrong. I made no answer. The Domine continued to muse—at last he again spoke.

"Yes; it is a beautiful world; for the Spirit of God is on it. At the breaking up of chaos it came over the waters, and hath since remained with us, every where, but invisible. We see his hand in the variety and the beauty of creation, but his Spirit we see not; yet do we feel it in the still small voice of conscience, which would lead us into the right path. Now, Jacob, we must return, for I have the catechism and collects to attend to."

I took leave of the Domine, and went to Mr. Turnbull's, to whom I gave an account of what had passed since I last saw him. He was much pleased with my reconciliation with the Drummonds, and interested about the young lady to whom appertained the tin box in his possession. "I presume, Jacob, we shall now have that mystery cleared up."

"I have not told the gentleman that we have possession of the box," replied I.

"No; but you told the young lady, you silly fellow; and do you think she will keep it a secret from him?"

"Very true, I had forgotten that."

"Jacob, I wish you to go to Mr. Drummond's and see them again; you ought to do so." I hesitated. "Nay, I shall give you a fair opportunity without wounding that pride of yours, sir," replied Mr. Turnbull; "I owe him some money for some wine he purchased for me, and I shall send the cheque by you."

To this I assented, as I was not sorry of an opportunity of seeing Sarah. I dined with Mr. Turnbull, who was alone, his wife being on a visit to a relation in the country. He again offered me his advice as to giving up the profession of a waterman; but if I did not hear him with so much impatience as before, nor use so many arguments against it, I did not accede to his wishes, and the subject was dropped. Mr. Turnbull was satisfied that my resistance was weakened, and hoped in time to have the effect which he desired. When I went home, Mary told me that Tom Beazeley had been there, that his wherry was building, that his father had given up the lighter, and was now on shore very busy in getting up his board to attract customers, and obtain work in his new occupation.

I had not launched my wherry the next morning, when down came the young gentleman to whom I had despatched the letter. "Faithful," said he, "come to the tavern with me; I must have some conversation with you." I followed him, and as soon as we were in a room, he said, "First let me pay my debt, for I owe you much;" and he laid five guineas on the table. "I find from Cecilia that you have possession of the tin case of deeds which have been so eagerly sought after by both parties. Why did you not say so? And why did you not tell me that it was you whom I hired on the night when I was so unfortunate?"

"I considered the secret as belonging to the young lady, and having told her, I left it to her discretion to make you acquainted or not, as she pleased."

"It was thoughtful and prudent of you, at all events, although there was no occasion for it. Nevertheless I am pleased that you did so, as it proves

you to be trustworthy. Now tell me, who is the gentleman who was with you in the boat, and who has charge of the box? Observe, Faithful, I do not intend to demand it. I shall tell him the facts of the case in your presence, and then leave him to decide whether he will surrender up the papers to the other party, or to me. Can you take me there now?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "I can, if you please; I will pull you up in half an hour. The house is at the river's side."

The young gentleman leaped into my wherry, and we were, in less than the time I had mentioned, in the parlour of Mr. Turnbull. I will not repeat the previous conversation, but give the outline of the young man's story.

"The gentleman who prevented my taking off the young lady is uncle to both of us. We are therefore first cousins. Our family name is Wharncliffe. My father was a major in the army. He died when I was young, and my mother is still alive, and is sister to Lady Auburn. The father and mother of Cecilia are both dead. He went out to India to join his brother, another uncle, of whom I shall speak directly. He has now been dead three years, and out of the four brothers there is only one left, my uncle, with whom Cecilia is living, and whose Christian name is Henry. He was a lawyer by profession, but he purchased a patent place, which he still enjoys. My father, whose name was William, died in very moderate circumstances; but still he left enough for my mother to live upon, and to educate me properly. I was brought up to the law under my uncle Henry, with whom, for some years, I resided. Cecilia's father, whose name was Edward, left nothing; he had ruined himself in England, and had gone out to India at the request of my uncle there, whose name was James, and who had amassed a large fortune. Soon after the death of Cecilia's father, my uncle James came home on furlough, for he held a very high and lucrative situation under the Company. A bachelor from choice, he was still fond of young people; and having but one nephew and one niece to leave his money to, as soon as he arrived with Cecilia, whom he brought with him, he was most anxious to see me. He therefore took up his quarters with my uncle Henry, and remained with him during his sojourn in England; but my uncle James was of a very cold and capricious temper. He liked me best because I was a boy, and one day declared I should be his heir. The next day he would alter his intention, and declare that Cecilia, of whom he was very fond, should inherit every thing. If we affronted him, for at the age of sixteen as a boy, and fourteen as a girl, worldly prospects were little regarded, he would then declare that we should not be a shilling the better for his money. With him, money was every thing: it was his daily theme of conversation, his only passion; and he valued and respected people in proportion to what they were supposed to possess. With these feelings he demanded for himself the greatest deference from Cecilia and me as his expectant heirs. This he did not receive; but on the whole he was pleased with us, and after remaining three years in England, he returned to the East Indies. I had heard him mention to my uncle Henry his intention of making his will, and leaving it with

him before he sailed; but I was not certain whether it had been done or not. At all events, my uncle Henry took care that I should not be in the way; for at that time my uncle carried on his profession as a lawyer, and I was working in his office. It was not until after my uncle James returned to India that he gave up business, and purchased the patent place which I mentioned. Cecilia was left with my uncle Henry, and as we lived in the same house, our affections, as we grew up, ripened into love. We often used to laugh at the threats of my uncle James, and agreed that whoever might be the fortunate one to whom he left his property, we would go halves, and share it equally.

"In the mean time I still followed up my profession in another house, in which I at present am a partner. Four years after the return of my uncle James to India, news came home of his death; but it was also stated that no will could be found, and it was supposed that he died intestate. Of course, my uncle Henry succeeded as heir-at-law to the whole property, and thus were the expectations and hopes of Cecilia and of myself dashed to the ground. But this was not the worst of it: my uncle, who had witnessed our feelings for each other, and had made no comment, as soon as he was in possession of the property, intimated to Cecilia that she should be his heiress, provided that she married according to his wishes; and pointed out to her that a fortune such as she might expect would warrant the alliance of the first nobleman in the kingdom; and he very plainly told me that he thought it advisable that I should find lodgings for myself, and not be any longer an inmate in the same house as was my cousin, as no good would result from it. Thus, sir, were we not only disappointed in our hopes, but thwarted in our affections, which had for some time been exchanged. Maddened at this intimation, I quitted the house; but at the same time the idea of my uncle James having made a will still pressed upon me, as I called to mind what I had heard him say to my uncle Henry previous to his sailing for India. There was a box of deeds and papers, the very box now in your possession, which my uncle invariably kept in his bedroom. I felt convinced that the will, if not destroyed, (and I did not believe my uncle would dare to commit an act of felony,) was in that box. Had I remained in the house, I would have found some means to have opened it; but this was no longer possible. I communicated my suspicions to Cecilia, and begged her to make the attempt, which would be more easy, as my uncle would not suspect her of being bold enough to venture it, even if she had the suspicion. Cecilia promised, and one day my uncle fortunately left his keys upon his dressing-table when he came down to breakfast, and went out without missing them. Cecilia discovered them, and opened the box; and amongst other parchments found a document labelled outside as the will of our uncle James; but women understand little about these things, and she was in such trepidation for fear that my uncle should return, that she could not examine very minutely. As it was, my uncle did return for his keys just as she had locked the box, and placed the keys upon the table. He asked her what she was doing there, and she made some excuse. He saw

the keys on the table, and whether suspecting her, for she coloured up very much, or afraid that the attempt might be made at my suggestion, he removed the box and locked it up in a closet, the key of which, I believe, he left with his banker in town. When Cecilia wrote to me an account of what had passed, I desired her to find the means of opening the closet, that we might gain possession of the box; and this was easily effected, for the key of another closet fitted the lock exactly. I then persuaded her to put herself under my protection, with the determination that we would marry immediately; and we had so arranged, that the tin box was to have accompanied us. You are aware, sir, how unfortunately our plan turned out—at least, so far unfortunately, that I lost, as I thought, not only Cecilia, but the tin box, containing, as I expect, the will of my uncle, of which I am more than ever convinced from the great anxiety shown by my uncle Henry to recover it. Since the loss, he has been in a state of agitation which has worn him to a shadow. He feels that his only chance is, that the waterman employed might have broken open the box, expecting to find money in it, and being disappointed, have destroyed the papers to avoid detection. If such had been the case, and it might have been, had it not fallen into such good hands, he then would have obtained his only wish, that of the destruction of the will, although not by his hands. Now, sir, I have given you a full and honest account of the affair, and leave you to decide how to act."

"If you leave me to decide, I shall do it very quickly," replied Mr. Turnbull. "A box has fallen into my hands, and I do not know who is the owner. I shall open it, take a list of the deeds it contains, and advertise them in the Times and other newspapers. If your dead uncle's will is in it, it will of course be advertised with the others, and, after such publicity, your uncle Henry will not venture, I presume, to say a word, but be too glad not to be exposed."

Mr. Turnbull ordered a locksmith to be summoned, and the tin box was opened. It contained the document of the uncle's purchase of the patent place in the courts, and some other papers, but it also contained the parchment so much looked after—the last will and testament of James Wharnccliffe, Esq., dated two months previous to his quitting England. "I think," observed Mr. Turnbull, "that in case of accident, it may be as well that this will should be read before witnesses. You observe, it is witnessed by Henry Wharnccliffe, with two others. Let us take down their names."

The will was read by young Wharnccliffe, at the request of Mr. Turnbull. Strange to say, the deceased bequeathed the whole of his property to his nephew, William Wharnccliffe, and his niece, Cecilia, provided they married; if they did not, they were left £20,000 each, and the remainder of the fortune to go to the first male child born after the marriage of either niece or nephew. To his brother, the sum of £10,000 was bequeathed, with a liberal arrangement, to be paid out of the estate, as long as his niece lived with him. The will was read, and returned to Mr. Turnbull, who shook hands with Mr. Wharnccliffe, and congratulated him.

"I am indebted so much to you, sir, that I can hardly express my gratitude, but I am still more indebted to this intelligent lad, Faithful. You must no longer be a waterman, Faithful," and Mr. Wharnccliffe shook my hand. I made no answer to the latter observation, for Mr. Turnbull had fixed his eye upon me. I merely said that I was very happy to have been of use to him.

"You may truly say, Mr. Wharnccliffe," observed Mr. Turnbull, "that your future prosperity will be through his means, and, as it appears by the will that you have £25,000 per annum safe in the funds, I think you ought to give a prize wherry, to be rowed for every year."

"And I will take that," replied I, "for a receipt in full for my share in the transaction."

"And now," said Mr. Turnbull, interrupting Mr. Wharnccliffe, who was about to answer me, "it appears to me that it may be as well to avoid any exposure—the case is too clear. Call upon your uncle—state in whose hands the documents are—tell him that he must submit to your terms, which are, that he proves the will, and permits the marriage to take place immediately, and that no more will be said on the subject. He, as a lawyer, knows how severely and disgracefully he might be punished for what he has done, and will be too happy now to accede to your terms. In the mean time, I keep possession of the papers, for the will shall never leave my hands, until it is lodged in Doctors' Commons."

Mr. Wharnccliffe could not but approve of this judicious arrangement, and we separated; and not to interfere with my narrative, I may as well tell the reader at once, that Mr. Wharnccliffe's uncle bowed to circumstances, pretended to rejoice at the discovery of the will, never mentioned the loss of his tin box, put the hand of Cecilia into that of William, and they were married one month after the meeting at Mr. Turnbull's, which I have now related.

The evening was so far advanced before this council of war was over, that I was obliged to defer the delivery of the cheque to Mr. Drummond until the next day. I left about eleven o'clock and arrived at noon; when I knocked at the door the servant did not know me.

"What did you want?"

"I wanted to speak with Mrs. or Miss Drummond, and my name is Faithful."

He desired me to sit down in the hall, while he went up, "and wipe your shoes, my lad." I cannot say that I was pleased at this command, as I may call it, but he returned, desiring me to walk up, and I followed him.

I found Sarah alone in the drawing-room.

"Jacob, I'm so glad to see you, and I'm sorry that you were made to wait below, but—if people who can be otherwise, will be watermen, it is not our fault. The servants only judge by appearances."

I felt annoyed for a moment, but it was soon over. I sat down by Sarah, and talked with her for some time.

"The present I had to make you was a purse of my own knitting, to put your—earnings in," said she, laughing; and then she held up her finger in mockery, crying, "Boat, sir; boat, sir. Well, Jacob, there's nothing like independence after all, and you must not mind my laughing at you."

"I do not heed it, Sarah," replied I; (but I did mind it very much;) "there is no disgrace."

"None whatever, I grant; but a want of ambition which I cannot understand. However, let us say no more about it."

Mrs. Drummond came into the room, and greeted me kindly. "When can you come and dine with us, Jacob? Will you come on Wednesday?"

"O mamma! he can't come on Wednesday; we have company on that day."

"So we have, my dear, I had forgotten it; but on Thursday we are quite alone: will you come on Thursday, Jacob?"

I hesitated, for I felt that it was because I was a waterman that I was not admitted to the table where I had been accustomed to dine at one time, whoever might be invited.

"Yes, Jacob," said Sarah, coming to me, "it must be Thursday, and you must not deny us; for although we have greater people on Wednesday, the party that day will not be so agreeable to me as your company on Thursday."

The last compliment from Sarah decided me, and I accepted the invitation. Mr. Drummond came in, and I delivered to him Mr. Turnbull's cheque. He was very kind, but said little further than he was glad that I had promised to dine with them on Thursday. The footman came in and announced the carriage at the door, and this was a signal for me to take my leave. Sarah, as she shook hands with me, laughing, asserted that it was not considerate in them to detain me any longer, as I must have lost half a dozen good fares already; "So go down to your boat, pull off your jacket, and make up for lost time," continued she; "one of these days, mamma and I intend to go on the water, just to patronize you." I laughed, and went away, but I was cruelly mortified. I could not be equal to them, because I was a waterman. The sarcasm of Sarah was not lost upon me; still there was so much kindness mixed with it that I could not be angry with her. On the Thursday I went there, as agreed; they were quite alone; friendly and attentive; but still there was a degree of constraint which communicated itself to me. After dinner, Mr. Drummond said very little; there was no renewal of offers to take me into his employ, nor any inquiry as to how I got on in the profession which I had chosen. On the whole, I found myself uncomfortable, and was glad to leave early, nor did I feel at all inclined to renew my visit. I ought to remark, that Mr. Drummond was now moving in a very different sphere than when I first knew him. He was consignee of several large establishments abroad, and was making a rapid fortune. His establishment was also on a very different scale, every department being appointed with luxury and elegance. As I pulled up the river, something within my breast told me that the Domine's prophecy would turn out correct, and that I should one day repent of my having refused the advances of Mr. Drummond—nay, I did not exactly know whether I did not, even at that moment, very much doubt the wisdom of my asserting my independence.

And now, reader, that I may not surfeit you with an uninteresting detail, you must allow more than a year to pass away before I recommence my narra-

tive. The events of that time I shall sum up in one or two pages. The Domine continued the even tenor of his way—blew his nose and handled his rod with as much effect as ever. I seldom passed a Sunday without paying him a visit and benefiting by his counsel. Mr. Turnbull, always kind and considerate, but gradually declining in health, having never recovered from the effects of his submersion under the ice. Of the Drummonds I saw but little; when we did meet, I was kindly received, but I never volunteered a call, and it was usually from a message through Tom, that I went to pay my respects. Sarah had grown a very beautiful girl, and the well-known fact of Mr. Drummond's wealth, and her being an only daughter, was an introduction to a circle much higher than they had been formerly accustomed to. Every day, therefore, the disparity increased, and I felt less inclined to make my appearance at their house.

Stapleton, as usual, continued to smoke his pipe and descant upon *human natur*. Mary had grown into a splendid woman, but coquettish as ever. Poor Tom Beazeley was fairly entrapped by her charms, and was a constant attendant upon her, but she played him fast and loose—one time encouraging and smiling on him, at another rejecting and flouting him. Still, Tom persevered, for he was fascinated, and having returned me the money advanced for his wherry, he expended all his earnings on dressing himself smartly, and making presents to her. She had completely grown out of any control from me, and appeared to have a pleasure in doing every thing she knew that I disapproved; still, we were on fair friendly terms as inmates of the same house.

Old Tom Beazeley's board was up, and he had met with great success; and all day he might be seen hammering at the bottom of boats of every description, and heard at the same time, lightening his labour with his variety of song. I often called there on my way up and down the river, and occasionally passed a few hours, listening to his yarns, which, like his songs, appeared to be inexhaustible.

With respect to myself, it will be more a narrative of feelings than of action. My life glided on as did my wherry—silently and rapidly. One day was but the forerunner of another, with slight variety of incident and customers. My acquaintance, as the reader knows, were but few, and my visits occasional. I again turned to my books during the long summer evenings, in which Mary would walk out, accompanied by Tom, and other admirers. Mr. Turnbull's library was at my service, and I profited much. After a time, reading became almost a passion, and I was seldom without a book in my hand. But although I improved my mind, I did not render myself happier.—On the contrary, I felt more and more that I had committed an act of egregious folly in thus asserting my independence. I felt that I was superior to my station in life, and that I lived with those who were not companions—that I had thrown away, by foolish pride, those prospects of advancement which had offered themselves, and that I was passing my youth unprofitably. All this crowded upon me more and more every day, and I bitterly repented, as the Domine told me that I should, my spirit of independence—now that it was too late. The offers of Mr.

Drummond were never renewed, and Mr. Turnbull, who had formed the idea that I was still of the same opinion, and who, at the same time, in his afflicted state, for he was a martyr to rheumatism, naturally thought more of himself and less of others, never again proposed that I should quit my employment. I was still too proud to mention my wishes, and thus did I continue plying on the river, apathetic almost as to gain, and only happy when, in the pages of history or the flowers of poetry, I could dwell upon times that were past, or revel in imagination. Thus did reading, like the snake who is said to contain in its body a remedy for the poison of its fangs, became, as it enlarged my mind, a source of discontent at my humble situation; but at the same time the only solace in my unhappiness, by diverting my thoughts from the present. Pass, then, nearly two years, reader, taking the above remarks as an outline, and filling up the picture from the colours of your imagination, with incidents of no peculiar value, and I again resume my narrative.

From the Quarterly Review.

Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831, 1832, and 1833; with Notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo-Choo Islands. By Charles Gutzlaff. London: 12mo. 1834.

IN this little unpretending volume of the honest German, there is abundance of new and curious matter, which, in the hands of one of our modern travellers, would most probably have swollen out into the size and shape of a portly quarto. But Mr. Gutzlaff is as entirely free from the art of amplification, material or rhetorical, as he is from the ambition of fine writing: avoiding all learned disquisitions and elaborate descriptions, he contents himself with plain and simple statements of facts and occurrences, and with brief details of his conversations and intercourse with the people he visited, and among whom he occasionally resided. His extraordinary aptitude for acquiring not merely a knowledge of most of the ultra-Gangetic languages, but also of their various dialects, enabled him to converse freely with all descriptions of persons, from the highest to the lowest ranks: to the former of whom, some proficiency in the healing art gave him a more ready access. Like to those well-intentioned men, who feel it a paramount duty to abandon their country and connexions, as voluntary exiles into foreign lands, to instruct the heathen in the principles and precepts of the Christian religion, Gutzlaff never suffered worldly matters to interfere with this duty, which he considered the great and primary object of his life; yet he appears to have been less scrupulous than some of his religious brethren in the means he employed to accomplish his ends. The Rev. W. Ellis, the author of the well-known "Polynesian Researches," informs us, that

"Mr. Gutzlaff is a native of Stettin, in Prussia. In early life he gave indications of a spirit of adventurous enterprise, which was the means of procuring royal favour and patronage, which opened before him the fairest prospects in his native land; but these

were to him less attractive than the privilege of preaching Christ to the heathen. Before proceeding to his distant field of labour, he visited England, became acquainted with many friends and supporters of missions, and among them Dr. Morrison, then on a visit to his native land, and displayed the most commendable diligence in seeking information likely to be useful in his future labours. The great Head of the Church appears to have endowed him with qualifications peculiarly suited to the important work to which his life is devoted. To a good constitution, and a frame capable of enduring great privations and fatigue, he unites a readiness in the acquisition of languages, a frankness of manner, and a freedom in communicating with the people, a facility in accommodating himself to his circumstances, blending so much of what appeared natural to the Chinese, with what was entirely new, that, while they hailed him in some parts of the coast as 'the child of the Western ocean,' they professed to recognise him as a descendant of one of their countrymen, who had moved with the tide of emigration to some distant settlement."—*Introduction*, pp. lxxxiii., lxxxiv.

Mr. Gutzlaff left Singapore for Siam in the year 1828, and having passed six months there, returned to the former place, where he united himself in marriage with Miss Newell, who had been employed under the London Missionary Society in the superintendence of female schools. This lady appears to have been a second Mrs. Judson, and in all respects suited to be the companion of the joys and toils inseparable from the life of a missionary. In the year 1830, she accompanied him to Siam, where she entered cordially and successfully into all his pleasant pursuits; "studying the languages of the people around them, administering to the sick, translating the Scriptures, and teaching both the rich and poor who came for instruction." But in the course of one short twelvemonth, death removed this amiable woman from the side of her afflicted husband. The great loss he had sustained in the death of his beloved partner, a severe illness, and other circumstances, made him anxious to proceed on an intended voyage along the coast of China.

"The churches (says Mr. Ellis) of Christendom are under lasting obligations to this devoted missionary, for the exertions he has made to enter the empire of China, and to facilitate the more direct and extended communication of the gospel to its inhabitants. The enterprise was perilous in the highest degree; danger, not imaginary, but actual and imminent, threatened; he embarked alone, amidst cold-blooded, treacherous barbarians; he went, emphatically, with his life in his hand, but his aim was noble; his object, in its magnitude and importance, was worthy of the risk; and its results will only be fully realized in eternity. No Christian will read the account of his feelings and views, when entering and pursuing his first voyage, without becoming sensible of the efficacy and the value of the motives which could impel him onward in such a career, and the principles which could support him amidst the trials it imposed."—*Introduction*, p. lxxxvii.

A trade to a considerable extent is carried on in Chinese junks, of about three hundred tons' burden, between the coast of China and Siam, owned chiefly

by Chinese residents at the latter place. In one of these junks, Mr. Gutzlaff took a passage, being the first European, we believe, that ever embarked in such a machine; and the account he gives of the internal management and arrangement of these "ancient craft of the Celestial Empire," is so novel and interesting, that we insert the whole:

"Chinese vessels have generally a captain, who might more properly be styled a supercargo. Whether the owner or not, he has charge of the whole of the cargo, buys and sells as circumstances require; but has no command whatever over the sailing of the ship. This is the business of the *ho-chang*, or pilot. During the whole voyage, to observe the shores and promontories are the principal objects which occupy his attention, day and night. He sits steadily on the side of the ship, and sleeps when standing, just as it suits his convenience. Though he has, nominally, the command over the sailors, yet they obey him only when they find it agreeable to their own wishes; and they scold and brave him, just as if he belonged to their own company. Next to the pilot (or mate) is the *to-kung* (helmsman,) who manages the sailing of the ship; there are a few men under his immediate command. There are, besides, two clerks; one to keep the accounts, and the other to superintend the cargo that is put on board. Also, a comprador, to purchase provisions; and a *heang-kung*, or priest, who attends the idols, and burns, every morning, a certain quantity of incense, and of gold and silver paper. The sailors are divided into two classes; a few, called *tow-muh*, or head men, have charge of the anchor, sails, &c.; and the rest, called *ho-ke*, or comrades, perform the menial work, such as pulling ropes, and heaving the anchor. A cook and some barbers make up the remainder of the crew.

"All these personages, except the second class of sailors, have cabins; long, narrow holes, in which one may stretch oneself; but cannot stand erect. If any person wishes to go as a passenger, he must apply to the *tow-muh*, in order to hire one of their cabins, which they let on such conditions as they please. In fact, the sailors exercise full control over the vessel, and oppose every measure which they think may prove injurious to their own interest; so that even the captain and pilot are frequently obliged, when wearied out with their insolent behaviour, to crave their kind assistance, and to request them to show a better temper.

"The several individuals of the crew form one whole, whose principal object in going to sea is trade, the working of the junk being only a secondary object. Every one is a shareholder, having the liberty of putting a certain quantity of goods on board; with which he trades, wheresoever the vessel may touch, caring very little about how soon she may arrive at the port of destination.

"The common sailors receive from the captain nothing but dry rice, and have to provide for themselves their other fare, which is usually very slender. These sailors are not, usually, men who have been trained up to their occupation; but wretches, who were obliged to flee from their homes; and they frequently engage for a voyage before they have ever been on board a junk. All of them, however stupid,

are commanders; and if any thing of importance is to be done, they will bawl out their commands to each other, till all is utter confusion. There is no subordination, no cleanliness, no mutual regard or interest."—pp. 54-57.

Though the Chinese are in possession of their own original compass,—the property of the magnet having been well known to them, as it would appear, ages before the discovery of it in Europe,—their navigation is still confined to the practice of coasting from one headland to another: they have no sea charts. In contrary winds or stormy weather, their chief trust is in the goddess of the sea, who is named *Matsoo-po*, and with whose image every vessel is furnished. Carefully shut up in a shrine, and before it a lamp perpetually kept burning, cups of tea, and other offerings, are daily ministered. The care of the goddess is intrusted to the priest, who never ventures to appear before her with his face unwashed. The gross superstitions of the seamen, in which they have been educated, may admit of palliation; but the worthy missionary's account of their immoral character and conduct places them in a most disgusting point of view:

"The Chinese sailors are, generally, from the most debased class of people. The major part of them are opium-smokers, gamblers, thieves, and fornicators. They will indulge in the drug till all their wages are squandered; they will gamble as long as a farthing remains; they will put off their only jacket and give it to a prostitute. They are poor and in debt; they cheat and are cheated by one another, whenever it is possible; and when they have entered a harbour, they have no wish to depart till all they have is wasted, although their families at home may be in the utmost want and distress."—p. 61.

Gutzlaff describes his cabin as "a hole only large enough for a person to lie down in, and to receive a small box." His six fellow-passengers were all gamblers, opium-smokers, and versed in every species of villany. The principal officers of the ship were also in a constant state of stupor from inhaling the fumes of opium. It is only surprising that any of these floating machines, considering the ignorance, the confusion, and disorder that are said to prevail therein, ever arrive at their place of destination; no wonder that vast numbers of them are wrecked every year. The one in question, however, succeeded in coasting up to the Tartarian gulf of Leau-tong, and returned in safety. On reaching Namoh, on the coast of Fokien, the following heart-sickening scene was exhibited:

"As soon as we had anchored, numerous boats surrounded us, with females on board, some of them brought by their parents, husbands, or brothers. I addressed the sailors who remained in the junk, and hoped that I had prevailed on them, in some degree, to curb their evil passions. But, alas! no sooner had I left the deck, than they threw off all restraint; and the disgusting scene which ensued, might well have entitled our vessel to the name of Sodom. The sailors, unmindful of their starving families at home, and distracted, blinded, stupified by sensuality, seemed willing to give up aught and every thing they possessed, rather than abstain from that crime which entails misery, disease, and death. Having exhausted

all their previous earnings, they become a prey to reckless remorse and gloomy despair. As their vicious partners were opium-smokers and drunkards by custom, it was necessary that strong drink and opium should be provided; and the retailers of these articles were soon present to lend a helping hand. Thus, all these circumstances conspired to nourish vice, to squander property, and to render the votaries of crime most unhappy."—p. 88.

Mr. Gutzlaff, however, consoles himself, in some measure, that, amidst such abominations, the feeble voice of exhortation was not entirely disregarded, and that some individuals willingly followed his advice; penetrated with a sense of guilt, and covered with shame. His visitors were very numerous; to some he distributed medicines, and to others the word of life. On shore, he observed most of the inhabitants in a state of great poverty, and many famishing for want of food, who greedily seized, and were thankful for the smallest quantities of rice. Many, again, urged on by extreme poverty, had no other resource left than to become pirates, with whom the whole coast of China is infested, and who, during the night, frequently rob and plunder the trading junks in the harbours. We could not have imagined that any thing so deplorable could exist in the general condition of the people in the maritime provinces of this great empire, along such a great extent of coast—an empire in which, according to the often quoted eulogy of the Jesuit missionaries, "the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, the aged honoured; and wherein all is happiness and harmony, under the most wise and benevolent government on the face of the earth, whose rulers watch over the people committed to their charge with parental solicitude." The authors of the *Encyclopédie des Connoissances Humaines*, carried away by the florid and laudatory reports of the Catholic missionaries, persuaded themselves, or wished to persuade the world, that "the Chinese, who, by common consent, are superior to all the Asiatic nations in antiquity, in genius, in the progress of the sciences, in wisdom, in government, and in true philosophy, may, moreover, in the opinion of some writers, enter the lists, on all these points, with the most enlightened nations of Europe."

The sagacious Pauw of Berlin, however, took a very different view of the Chinese character; and the embassy of Lord Macartney stripped it of much of that false glare which had been thrown around this paragon of nations by the Jesuit missionaries at the court of Peking.

If tried only by the single test of their conduct and feelings with regard to the softer sex, the Chinese, on this ground alone, could not be considered in any other light than as barbarians. The higher classes are in the habit of purchasing females, who have previously been educated for sale, to serve as concubines, and to live under the same roof with their legitimate wives; but neither the concubines nor the wives are allowed to sit at the same table with, or even to appear in the presence of their lord and master, either in the company of friends or strangers. Among the lower classes, the females of the most savage nations are not doomed to more degrading and slavish labour than are those of the

Chinese. Like the females of savages, they are, moreover, as we have seen, frequently hired out by their fathers and husbands to the seamen of the junks that frequent the ports—so frequently, indeed, that it occurred at almost every place where the vessel that carried Mr. Gutzlaff stopped—one alone excepted—where, he says, "there was not, in the whole place, nor even in the circuit of several English miles, one female to be seen." Being rather surprised at so curious a circumstance, he learned, on inquiry, "that the whole female population had been removed by the civil authorities, with a view to prevent debauchery among the many sailors who annually visited this port." Its name is Kin-chow, in the gulf of Leau-long, on the coast of Mantchou Tartary.

The Chinese have long been accused of carrying the horrid practice of infanticide to a frightful extent. "At the beach of Amoy," says Gutzlaff, "we were shocked at the spectacle of a pretty new-born babe, which shortly before had been killed. We asked some of the bystanders what this meant; they answered, with indifference, 'It is only a girl.'" He says—

"It is a general custom among them to drown a large proportion of the new-born female children. This unnatural crime is so common among them, that it is perpetrated without any feeling, and even in a laughing mood; and to ask a man of any distinction whether he has daughters, is a mark of great rudeness. Neither the government nor the moral sayings of their sages have put a stop to this nefarious custom."—p. 174.

Mr. Ellis speaks of a Chinese philosopher, who, in writing on the subject of education, and alluding to the ignorance of their women, and the consequent unamiableness of wives, exhorts husbands not to desist from instructing them; for, says he, with a *naïveté* that marks the estimation in which he at least held the intellectual character of the sex, "even monkeys may be taught to play antics—dogs may be taught to tread a mill—rats may be taught to run round a cylinder—and parrots may be taught to recite verses. Since, then, it is manifest that even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may young wives, who, after all, are human beings."

What a concession from a Chinese philosopher! It would seem, however, that there are places in China where the ladies are determined to exercise a freedom of action even beyond the usual privileges of the sex in more enlightened nations. At Ke-shan-so, a port in the province of Shan-tung, Mr. Gutzlaff tells us, "the people seemed fond of horsemanship: and while we were here, the ladies had horse-races, in which they greatly excelled." This is so novel and so refreshing a feature in the female condition generally of China, that we could not forbear wishing the worthy missionary had been less costive in his narrative of so unusual a practice, and entered into some little detail of this branch of female art, such as the mode of training, riding, betting, and other important matters connected with the female turf-club of China.

There are, however, among the lower order of Chinese some redeeming qualities. From a country so overflowing in population, where thousands annu-

ally perish for want, emigration takes place, to a great extent, to the several islands of the Indian Archipelago, to Siam, Malacca, Prince of Wales's Island, and Singapore. The affection of these poor people for their homes and their kindred is as strong as that of the Swiss: neither time nor distance can withdraw their attention from the beloved objects they left behind in their native land. A part of their hard earnings is carefully hoarded, and annually remitted to their kindred left behind. If an emigrant can send but a dollar he will do so, and will fast in order to save it. Every letter he writes must be accompanied by some token, however trifling. These favourable traits are particularly dwelt upon by Mr. Gutzlaff.

On the banks of the river Pei-ho, which leads to the neighbourhood of the capital, Mr. Gutzlaff's attention was drawn to the miserable condition of the trackers of the barges, which is described to be just the same as that in which they were found by the embassies of Lords Macartney and Amherst—ragged, half-naked, and half-famished. "They were very thinly clothed, and seemed to be in great want; some dry rice that was given to them they devoured with inexpressible delight." The houses, whether of the rich or the poor, along the banks of this river, are built of mud: those of the latter are miserable hovels of one apartment, most commonly having no other door but a screen of matting. "I had much conversation," says Gutzlaff, "with these people, who seemed to be rude, but hardy; poor, but cheerful; and lively, but quarrelsome. The number of these wretched beings is very great; and many, it is said, perish annually by the cold of winter." Yet it is under 40° of latitude.

The vessel proceeded up the river as high as Tien-sing, near to which are noticed those large and innumerable stacks of salt—an accumulation sufficient to supply the whole empire. While here, our missionary says he had thoughts of proceeding to Peking; and why he did not afterwards at least attempt this is not clearly stated. A visit to the capital of the Chinese empire, he tells us, was an object of no little solicitude; but he seems to be in doubt how this visit might be viewed by the Chinese government. Hitherto, he says, they had taken no notice of him, but it was expected the local authorities would now interfere. "Almost friendless, with small pecuniary resources, without any personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, I was forced to prepare for the worst." We soon find him, however, in the Gulf of Petchellee, on the frontiers of Tartary, distributing his tracts and his medicines among the natives, who appear to have been more kind and civilized than in the lower parts of the coast.

On the night of the 9th of November, the wind changed to the north-west, and in a few hours the rivers and creeks were frozen up. The sailors consoled themselves with fighting quails, and smoking opium day and night. At length they bent their course to the southward, and in about three weeks arrived in safety at Canton. The long personal inconveniences and perils, the poverty and scantiness of food, consisting almost entirely of rice and salted vegetables, endured by this honest missionary, and his determined perseverance to spread the Scriptures

among this heathen people, are the strongest tests of his sincerity; "it has long been," he tells us, "the firm conviction of his heart, that, in these latter days, the glory of the Lord will be revealed to China."

The second voyage of Mr. Gutzlaff was in the ship *Amherst*, with Mr. Lindsay, some account of which we gave in a former Number,—on "The Free Trade with China." The first voyage brought him chiefly among the lower class of Chinese and Chinese seamen; but the second introduced him more largely into the society of mandarins and merchants. Among the latter there was a strong disposition to encourage commercial intercourse with strangers; while the former used every means, open and concealed, to prevent it, and were generally successful. This aversion, however, did not proceed from any dislike to foreigners, but from the fear of loss of office, or other punishment, should any complaint reach the court of Peking; a circumstance which actually occurred, and the consequence was degradation and loss of place in two or three instances, where the officers did not succeed in "driving away the barbarian ship." Those persons hold their offices, their fortunes, and even their lives, at the mercy of their superiors; and the consequence is, that their whole conduct is but too generally a tissue of falsehood, hypocrisy, and duplicity. Every step they take is marked by timidity and indecision; and, in their negotiations with strangers, they frequently entangle themselves in the most ludicrous embarrassments. Often did Gutzlaff make them ashamed of their conduct, by quoting against themselves the maxims of Confucius and the ancients, which they affect to observe as their rule of conduct, though at the same time acting in direct violation of them. Mr. Lindsay bears testimony to the extraordinary power over the minds of the Chinese, of all ranks, which our author obtained by his thorough acquaintance with the ancient classics, and the copious knowledge which he possessed of the Chinese language. On many occasions, he says, when Mr. Gutzlaff has been surrounded by hundreds of eager listeners, he has been interrupted by loud expressions of the pleasure with which they listened to "his pithy, and indeed elegant language."

At every port the *Amherst* touched at, along the whole of the eastern coast, tracts, of various kinds, in the Chinese language, were eagerly sought after; and these were not confined solely to religious subjects, but others on history, geography, and morality, containing both instruction and amusement, were copiously diffused. But that which most attracted their attention was a pamphlet, written by the late Mr. Marjoribanks, and translated by Dr. Morrison, "Upon the English Nation;" a copy of which is said to have reached the emperor, and to have been carefully perused by him. "Scarcely any means," says Mr. Gutzlaff, "adopted to promote a friendly intercourse, proved so effectual as the circulation of this paper." "Often," he adds, "when I came upon deck, all hands were stretched out to receive it; a scuffle would ensue, and loud complaints were vented by those whose wishes were not satisfied." Mr. Gutzlaff would seem to have provided himself with little treatises on most subjects. At one place he

found a number of persons in a temple, engaged in gambling: "I presented them," he says, "with a tract on gambling, when they started up, astonished at our unexpected and unwelcome gift."

Mr. Gutzlaff observes how difficult it is to ascertain in what manner this populous empire, of such an immense extent, can be kept together; but is convinced that it can by no means be ascribed to the wisdom of the theoretical laws of the Celestial Kingdom. Mr. Paaw tells us, which is partly true, that China is governed by the whip and the bamboo. It is certainly by a graduated and mitigated system of despotism, accompanied frequently with oppression and tyranny, that order is preserved among the greatest mass of human beings congregated on an equal space in any portion of the earth's surface. The emperor tyrannizes over his ministers, his ministers over the governors of provinces, and these over the whole series of subordinate officers—each acting with a sufficient degree of arrogance in his own sphere; and yet all is considered—even personal castigation—to emanate from a paternal solicitude for the welfare of those committed to their care. But such a system could never have held together for such a length of time, had not the subjects, of all ranks and degrees, been carefully debarred from all intercourse with foreigners, from all knowledge of the language, the literature, or the institutions of other nations. Of all such knowledge they are, even at this time, most innocent; and it was the desire to prevent such a contamination that caused so many efforts to prevail on Lindsey and Gutzlaff to depart from their ports.

The mode pursued to get rid of the Amherst was different in different places—sometimes by offers of money and provisions, sometimes by putting on a bullying tone, frequently by coaxing, and now and then by a grand display of soldiers of the most miserable description, some of whom, the missionary sarcastically observes, had the word *valour* written on their jackets *behind*. On one occasion they were visited by two naval officers, who said, that if they failed in driving the ship away, they were to be degraded; and to show they were in earnest, they unscrewed the buttons on their caps, offering them to the party, as being no longer of use to themselves; they said they were all implicated, up to the governor and the commander-in-chief, who were in great tribulation at their remaining so long. "One of the mandarins tried to weep, but the tears fell very sparingly; and, on the whole, this intended tragedy more resembled a farce than any thing else."

From the promontory of Shan-tung, the Amherst stretched over to the coast of Corea, which is studded with such a multitude of islands, that the sovereign may well style himself the 'King of Ten Thousand Islands.' The country is thinly inhabited, the land but little cultivated, and the people miserably poor. Their written characters are Chinese—their timidity and duplicity Chinese—their system of government Chinese—their religion, such as it is, also Chinese. They are supposed to be independent both of Japan and China, though they do pay a sort of tribute to the latter; they, however, said to the visitors, in order to get rid of them—"Our kingdom is a dependent state of China; we can do nothing without the im-

perial decree—this is our law. Hitherto we have had no intercourse with foreigners; how could we venture to commence it now?" They have but a few vessels, which are either employed in fishing, or in carrying on a trifling commerce with China, Japan, and Mantchou Tartary.

Leaving the coast of Corea, the Amherst proceeded to the Loo-Choo Islands, and came to an anchor in Napakiang Bay, in the harbour of which were several Japanese vessels. The mandarins spoke the Chinese language fluently; and they were as friendly and courteous as Captain Basil Hall found them—but crafty, deceitful, and lying—which that clever person did not discover them to be; though the late Sir Murray Maxwell, as appears by his Journal, did. The honest missionary says, "They were generally so very complimentary, and so excessive in their professions of friendship, that we were at a loss how to answer all their polite observations." Neither are they such simple, innocent, and inoffensive beings as to be utterly ignorant of the use of money and of arms—a piece of intelligence that utterly confounded two great men, the one a financier, and the other a general. "No money!" exclaimed Vansittart—"No arms!" whispered Buonaparte.

Their corporal punishments, too, are said to be as severe as those of Corea, which exceed even the example of China; and their jealousy of foreigners is fully equal to that of either. The Amherst's people were most politely treated, and closely watched, to prevent their holding communication, as far as could be done, with the natives. Mr. Gutzlaff had plenty of applications for his physic, but he could only distribute his little books by stealth. On the whole, he says, "with all their deceit, we will freely acknowledge that they are the most friendly and hospitable people which we have met during all our voyage."

About a twelvemonth after the return of the Amherst, another vessel, called the Sylph, well manned and armed, set out from Macao on a smuggling and free-trade expedition along the eastern coast of China, as far up as the Gulf of Leau-tung; and Mr. Gutzlaff, true to his predetermined purpose, "rather to perish in the attempt of carrying the Gospel to China, than to wait quietly on the frontiers," embarked in her on his third voyage to circulate among the heathen the "book of life." He found, that at every place where the Amherst had been, a great change had been effected in the conduct of the mandarins: they were less officious, apparently less frightened, and more indifferent—so that the intercourse of the visitors with the people now met with little interruption. The return of Mr. Gutzlaff was hailed with joy by all his old acquaintances, and he circulated tracts and physic to his heart's content. Furious gales and a tremendous sea drove the little vessel along the coast. "Only one Lascar was swept away; we heard his dying groan, but could lend no assistance. It was a dark, dismal night; we were thoroughly drenched with water; horror hovered around us. Many a wave swept over our deck, but those which dashed against our poop were really terrible."

On the 15th November they entered the Gulf of Leau-tung, and encountered a large fleet of junks, laden with Mantchou produce. The people, who were frank and open-hearted, advised them not to

proceed farther to the northward, as they would soon meet with ice. The Mantchou people on shore were civil and intelligent; they appeared less idolatrous than the Chinese; but there was one temple dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, of which we are artlessly told that "a few blind men were the overseers." This puts us in mind of poor little Holman, the blind traveller, being sent out of Russia as a spy. They proceeded to the Bay of Kinchow, into which the great wall descends, and grounded on a sand-bank. Their situation is described (in a manuscript journal kept by a son of Captain Jauncey, of the Navy) as horrible; a fierce northerly wind from the ice-fields of Kamtschatka blew down the bay; the depth of water decreased; the ship fell over on her beam-ends; the cold was so piercing that the Lascars were useless and helpless, and their lamentable cries were truly distressing; every spray of the sea froze into a sheet of ice. The land was twenty miles distant, but a party volunteered to go in the boat to seek assistance at the town of Kai-chow, among whom were thirteen helpless Lascars. When arrived within three miles of the shore, the boat grounded in two-and-a-half feet water, and it was some time before they got her off. "Entirely covered with ice, we arrived," says Gutzlaff, "at a headland, and were received most humanely by some fishermen and a priest, but found no mercy among the mandarins." All the hills were covered with snow; the Lascars were not able to walk, and it was found necessary to bathe their feet with rum to prevent them from being frost-bitten. A poor Mantchou fisherman carried them into his hut, and placed the Lascars in beds spread on a bench of brick-work, with flues underneath to warm them. One of these poor seamen died, and others went into fits.

The city of Kai-chow was ten miles off, whither Gutzlaff and a party went on foot, to claim assistance from the mandarins to get the ship afloat; but these unfeeling animals would neither give any themselves nor suffer others to do so: a strong southerly wind, however, set into the gulf, and the water rose to such a height that she floated off. The conduct of the people in general, both on the coast and in the interior, made ample amends for the brutality of the mandarins. "In their habits and behaviour," says Gutzlaff, "they appeared very much like our peasantry; some of their farms were in excellent order, and plenty reigns everywhere." Seeing a large building on a hill, Gutzlaff and his party made towards it. It proved to be a temple of Budha. The Padre (a true father Paul), with about a dozen priests, came out and addressed them in a gruff and inhospitable strain, but Gutzlaff reminded them of the precepts of Confucius concerning benevolence and hospitality, and, having made them acquainted with their true situation, they now became all civility; the padre invited them in; a sumptuous dinner was served up, consisting of thirty or forty different dishes; among the delicacies were *biche-de-mar* and bird-nests' soups—such is the luxurious way in which mendicant monks and friars would seem to indulge in whatever part of the world they may be rooted.

Arrived at Kai-chow, the party was received by the mandarins, not merely with coolness, but great insolence; and though they were ultimately prevail-

ed on to promise assistance, they secretly did every thing that was unfriendly. The ship, however, as Mr. Gutzlaff informs us, "got off by the interposition of God, who had ordered the south wind to blow, thus driving up more water upon the bank." Too happy to avail themselves of the fortunate release, they forthwith stood to the southward.

The description of the island of Poo-to, one of the Chusan group, is so curious, and furnishes so strong an instance of the great extent to which the impostors of Buddhism are still enabled to practise on the credulity of the public, that we shall close our brief account of these voyages with a short notice of it. The visitors, passing among large rocks covered with inscriptions, and among numerous temples, came suddenly on one of the latter, of an immense size, covered with yellow tiles. It was filled within with "all the tinsel of idolatry," together with various specimens of Chinese art, and many gigantic statues of Budha:—

"These colossal images were made of clay, and tolerably well gilt. There were great drums and large bells in the temple. We were present at the vespers of the priests, which they chanted in the Pali language, not unlike the Latin service of the Roman church. They held their rosaries in their hands, which rested folded upon their breasts; one of them had a small bell, by the tinkling of which their service was regulated; and they occasionally beat the drum and large bell to rouse Budha to attend to their prayers. The same words were a hundred times repeated."—pp. 441, 442.

Mr. Gutzlaff says there are two large and sixty small temples, on a spot not exceeding twelve square miles, which is the area of the island, and on which two thousand priests were residing; that no females are allowed to live on the island, nor any laymen, except those in the service of the priests; but he observed a number of young fine-looking children, who had been purchased for the purpose of being initiated in the mysteries of Buddhism. This numerous train of idlers have lands assigned for their support, and make up the rest by begging:—

"To every person who visits this island, it appears at first like a fairy land, so romantic is every thing which meets the eye. Those large inscriptions hewn in solid granite, the many temples which appear in every direction, the highly picturesque scenery itself, with its many-peaked, riven, and detached rocks, and above all a stately mausoleum, the largest which I have ever seen, containing the bones and ashes of thousands of priests, quite bewilder the imagination."—p. 444.

We cordially wish every success to the praiseworthy labours of this pious missionary, and that his most sanguine expectations may be realized. He should recollect, however, should disappointment cross his path and damp his ardour, that, although it is now three hundred years since the Catholic missionaries of the different orders entered China, with the view of making proselytes to the tenets of their respective creeds, there probably is not, at this hour, throughout the whole of that extensive empire, a single native Chinese—with the exception of some ten or a dozen educated at the Propaganda of Naples—that has the least knowledge of the Christian re-

ligion, or of the language, the civil institutions, or the moral condition, of any one nation of Europe: so little have their continued labours succeeded. His plan, however, of circulating not religious works only, but others calculated to excite and gratify curiosity on more worldly topics, appears to us a great improvement on the system of his Romish predecessors; and this may pave the way for better things.

From the Quarterly Review.

Italy; with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. In a Series of Letters written during a Residence in those Countries. By William Beckford, Esq., Author of "Vathek." London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

MR. BECKFORD, it is said, appeared as an author at the early age of eighteen; but the "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters" would have excited considerable attention, under whatever circumstances they might have been given to the world. They are a series of sharp and brilliant satires on the Dutch and Flemish schools—the language polished and pointed—the sarcasm at once deep and delicate—a performance in which the buoyancy of juvenile spirits sets off the results of already extensive observation, and the judgments of a refined (though far too fastidious and exclusive) taste. These "Memoirs" were reprinted about ten years ago, but are now, we believe, very little known. The tale of Caliph Vathek, however, which was originally written in French, and published before the author had closed his twentieth year, has, for more than half a century, continued in possession of all the celebrity which it at once commanded.

"For correctness of costume," says Lord Byron, "beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be a translation. As an Eastern tale, even 'Rasselas' must bow before it: his 'Happy Valley' will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis.'"—*Life and Works*, vol. viii. p. 25.

Vathek is, indeed, without reference to the time of life when the author penned it, a very remarkable performance; but, like most of the works of the great poet who has thus eloquently praised it, it is stained with some poison spots—its inspiration is too often such as might have been inhaled in the "Hall of Eblis." We do not allude so much to its audacious licentiousness, as to the diabolical levity of its contempt for mankind. The boy-author appears already to have rubbed all the bloom off his heart; and, in the midst of his dazzling genius, one trembles to think that a stripling of years so tender should have attained the cool cynicism of a *Candide*. How different is the effect of that Eastern tale of our own days, which Lord Byron ought not to have forgotten when he was criticising his favourite romance. How perfectly does *Thalaba* realize the ideal demanded in the Welsh Triad, of "fulness of erudition, simplicity of language, and purity of manners." But the critic was repelled by the purity of that delicious

creation, more than attracted by the erudition which he must have respected, and the diction which he could not but admire:—

"The low sweet voice so musical,
That with such deep and undefined delight
Fills the surrender'd soul."

It has long been known that Mr. Beckford prepared, shortly after the publication of his "Vathek," some other tales in the same vein—the histories, it is supposed, of the princes in his "Hall of Eblis." A rumour had also prevailed, that the author drew up early in life some account of his travels in various parts of the world; nay, that he had printed a few copies of this account, and that its private perusal had been eminently serviceable to more than one of the most popular poets of the present age. But these were only vague reports; and Mr. Beckford, after achieving, on the verge of manhood, a literary reputation, which, however brilliant, could not satisfy the natural ambition of such an intellect—seemed, for more than fifty years, to have wholly withdrawn himself from the only field of his permanent distinction. The world heard enough of his gorgeous palace at Cintra (described in "Childe Harold,"), afterwards of the unsubstantial pageant of his splendour at Font-hill, and latterly of his architectural caprices at Bath. But his literary name seemed to have belonged to another age; and perhaps, in this point of view, it may not have been unnatural for Lord Byron, when comparing "Vathek" with other Eastern tales, to think rather of "Zadig" and "Rasselas," than

"Of Thalaba—the wild and wondrous song."

The preface to the present volumes informs us that they include a reprint of the book of travels, of which a small private edition passed through the press forty years ago, and of the existence of which—though many of our readers must have heard some hints—few could have had any knowledge. Mr. Beckford has at length been induced to publish his letters, in order to vindicate his own original claim to certain thoughts, images, and expressions, which had been adopted by other authors whom he had from time to time received beneath his roof, and indulged with a perusal of his secret lucubrations. The mere fact that such a work has lain for near half a century, printed but unpublished, would be enough to stamp the author's personal character as not less extraordinary than his genius. It is, indeed, sufficiently obvious that Mr. Rogers had read it before he wrote his "Italy,"—a poem, however, which possesses so many exquisite beauties entirely its own, that it may easily afford to drop the honour of some, perhaps unconsciously, appropriated ones; and we are also satisfied that this book had passed through Mr. Moore's hands before he gave us his light and graceful "Rhymes on the Road," though the traces of his imitation are rarer than those which must strike every one who is familiar with the "Italy." We are not so sure as to Lord Byron; but, although we have not been able to lay our finger on any one passage in which he has evidently followed Mr. Beckford's vein, it will certainly rather surprise us should it hereafter be made manifest that he had not seen, or at least heard an account of, this performance, before he conceived the general plan of his "Childe Harold." Mr.

Beckford's book is entirely unlike any book of travels in prose that exists in any European language; and if we could fancy Lord Byron to have written the "Harold" in the measure of "Don Juan," and to have availed himself of the facilities which the *ottava rima* affords for intermingling high poetry with merriment of all sorts, and especially with sarcastic sketches of living manners, we believe the result would have been a work more nearly akin to that now before us than any other in the library.

Mr. Beckford, like "Harold," passes through various regions of the world, and disdaining to follow the guide-book, presents his reader with a series of detached, or very slenderly connected, sketches of the scenes that had made the deepest impression on himself. He when it suits him, puts the passage of the Alps into a parenthesis. On one occasion, he really treats Rome as if it had been nothing more than a post-station on the road from Florence to Naples; but again, if the scenery or the people strike his fancy, he has a royal reluctance to move on, as his own hero showed when his eye glanced on the "grands caractères rouges, tracés par la main de Carathis!" . . . "Qui me donnera des loix!—séciera le Caliphe."

"England's wealthiest son" performs his travels, of course, in a style of great external splendour.

"Conspicuous longe cunctisque notabilis intrat—"

courts and palaces, as well as convents and churches' and galleries of all sorts, fly open at his approach: he is caressed in every capital—he is *filé* in every chateau. But though he appears amidst such accompaniments with all the airiness of a Juan, he has a thread of the blackest of Harold in his texture; and every now and then seems willing to draw a veil between him and the world of vanities. He is a poet, and a great one too, though we know not that he ever wrote a line of verse. His rapture amidst the sublime scenery of mountains and forests—in the Tyrol especially, and in Spain—is that of a spirit cast originally in one of nature's finest moulds; and he fixed it in language which can scarcely be praised beyond its deserts—simple, massive, nervous, apparently little laboured, yet revealing, in its effect, the perfection of art. Some immortal passages in Gray's letters and Byron's diaries, are the only things, in our tongue, that seem to us to come near the profound melancholy, blended with a picturesque of description at once true and startling, of many of these extraordinary pages. Nor is his sense for the *highest* beauties of art less exquisite. He seems to us to describe classical architecture, and the pictures of the great Italian schools, with a most passionate feeling of the grand, and with an inimitable grace of expression. On the other hand, he betrays, in a thousand places, a settled voluptuousness of temperament, and a capricious recklessness of self-indulgence, which will lead the world to identify him henceforth with his Vathek, as inextricably as it has long since connected Harold with the poet that drew him; and then, that there may be no limit to the inconsistencies of such a strange genius, this spirit, at once so capable of the noblest enthusiasm, and so dashed with the gloom of over-pampered luxury, can stoop to chairs and china, ever and anon, with the zeal of an auctioneer—revel

in the design of a clock or a candlestick, and be as ecstatic about a fiddler or a soprano as the fools in Hogarth's *concert*. On such occasions he reminds us, and will, we think, remind every one, of the Lord of Strawberry-hill. But even here all we have is on a grander scale. The oriental prodigality of his magnificence shines out even about trifles. He buys a library where the other would have cheapened a missal. He is at least a male Horace Walpole; as superior to the "silken Baron," as Fonthill, with its York-like tower embosomed among hoary forests, was to that silly band-box which may still be admired on the road to Twickenham.

One great charm of this book is in the date of its delineation. We have of late been surfeited with sketches of things as they are: here all is of the past; and what an impression is left of the magnitude of those changes that have, within the memory of one still vigorous mind, swept over the whole existence of the European nations. Mr. Beckford's first letters are dated at Ghent and Antwerp, in June, 1780—the week after Lord George Gordon's riots. The Netherlands are still the Austrian Netherlands—the prince-bishopricks of the Rhine are still in their entire pomp and dignity of ceremonial sway—Venice is still a republic—no voice of reform has disturbed the "purple" abbots of Spain and Portugal—in France, the pit has indeed been dug, but it is covered with flowers; and as this voluptuous stranger roves from court to court, all he sees about him is the uncalculating magnificence of undoubting security.

We have no discussions of any consequence in these volumes: even the ultra-aristocratical opinions and feelings of the author—who is, we presume, a Whig—are rather hinted than avowed. From a thousand passing sneers, we may doubt whether he has any religion at all; but still he *may* be only thinking of the outward and visible absurdities of popery—therefore we have hardly a pretext for treating these things seriously. In short, this is meant to be, as he says in his preface, nothing but "a book of light reading;" and though no one can read it without having many grave enough feelings roused and agitated within him, there are really no passages to provoke or justify any detailed criticism either as to morals or politics. We shall, therefore, find little more to do on this occasion, than to exemplify the justice of the praises which we have been bestowing on the author's descriptive powers, by a few extracts; and we shall endeavour to be as miscellaneous as possible in the character of our selections.

We begin with a specimen of our traveller's lightest manner: here is his account of a Sunday evening at the court of the Elector of Bavaria—July the 23d, 1780. Nothing can be more lively than it is; and the latter part of the scene is to this hour as perfectly *German* as any thing in Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles:—"

"We were driven in the evening to Nymphenburg, the Elector's country palace, the *bosquets, jet d'eau*, and *parterres* of which are the pride of the Bavarians. The principal platform is all of a glitter with gilded Cupids, and shining serpents spouting at every pore; beds of poppies, holyhocks, scarlet lychnis, and other flame-coloured flowers bordered the edge of the walks, which extended till the perspective appears to

meet, and swarm with ladies and gentlemen in party-coloured raiment. The Queen of Golconda's gardens, in a French opera, are scarcely more gaudy and artificial. Unluckily, too, the evening was fine, and the sun so powerful, that we were half-roasted before we could cross the great avenue and enter the thickets, which barely concealed a very splendid hermitage.

"Amongst the ladies was Madame la Comtesse, I forget who, a production of the venerable Haslang, with her daughter, Madame de Baumgarten, who has the honour of leading the Elector in her chains. These goddesses, stepping into a car, vulgarly called a cariole, the mortals followed, and explored alley after alley, and pavilion after pavilion. Then, having viewed Pagodenburg, which is, as they told me, all Chinese, and Marienburg, which is most assuredly all tinsel, we paraded by a variety of fountains in full squirt; and though they certainly did their best, (for many were set agoing on purpose,) I cannot say I greatly admired them.

"The ladies were very gaily attired; and the gentlemen, as smart as swords, bags, and pretty clothes would make them, looked exactly like the fine people one sees represented on Dresden porcelain. Thus we kept walking genteelly about the orangery till the carriage drew up and conveyed us to Mr. Trevor's. Immediately after supper, we drove once more out of town, to a garden and tea-room, where all degrees and ages dance jovially together till morning. Whilst one party wheel briskly away in the waltz, another amuse themselves in a corner with cold meat and Rhenish. That despatched, out they whisk amongst the dancers, with an impetuosity and liveliness I little expected to have found in Bavaria. After turning round and round with a rapidity that is quite astounding to an English dancer, the music changes to a slower movement, and then follows a succession of zigzag minuets, performed by old and young, straight and crooked, noble and plebeian, all at once, from one end of the room to the other. Tallow-candles, snuffing and stinking; dishes changing, at the risk of showering down upon you their savoury contents; heads scratching; and all sorts of performances going forward at the same moment; the flutes, oboes, and bassoons snorting, grunting, and whining with peculiar emphasis—now fast, now slow, just as variety commands, who seems to rule the ceremonial of this motley assembly, where every distinction of rank and privilege is totally forgotten. Once a week—on Sundays, that is to say, the rooms are open, and Monday is generally far advanced before they are deserted. If good-humour and coarse merriment are all that people desire, here they are to be found in perfection."

As a contrast, take this rapid glimpse among the Tyrol forests; it comes but a few pages after, for on the present occasion the author made but a short stay in Germany; his anxiety was all for Italy.

"There seemed no end to these forests, except where little irregular spots of herbage, fed by cattle, intervened. Whenever we gained an eminence, it was only to discover more ranges of dark wood, variegated with meadows and glittering streams. White clover, and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, clothe their banks; above waves the mountain ash,

glowing with scarlet berries; and beyond, rise hills, and rocks, and mountains, piled upon one another, and fringed with fir to their topmost acclivities. Perhaps the Norwegian forests alone equal these in grandeur and extent. Those which cover the Swiss highlands rarely convey such vast ideas. There the woods climb only half-way up their ascents, which then are circumscribed by snows; here no boundaries are set to their progress; and the mountains, from their basis to their summits, display rich, unbroken masses of vegetation.

"As we were surveying this prospect, a thick cloud, fraught with thunder, obscured the horizon, whilst flashes of lightning startled our horses, whose snorts and stampings resounded through the woods. The impending tempest gave additional gloom to the fir, and we travelled several miles almost in total darkness. One moment the clouds began to fleet, and a faint gleam promised serener intervals; but the next, all was blackness and terror; presently, a deluge of rain poured down upon the valley, and in a short time, the torrents beginning to swell, raged with such violence as to be forded with difficulty. Twilight drew on just as we had passed the most terrible; then ascending a mountain, whose pines and birches rustled with the storm, we saw a little lake below. A deep azure haze veiled its eastern shore, and lowering vapours concealed the cliffs to the south; but over its western extremities hung a few transparent clouds; the rays of a struggling sunset streamed on the surface of the waters, tinging the brow of a green promontory with tender pink. I could not help fixing myself on the banks of the lake for several minutes, till this apparition faded away."

The first opening of Italy is given with equal spirit; but we can afford only one or two paragraphs of a truly splendid chapter.

"The pass is rocky and tremendous, guarded by the fortress of Covalo, in possession of the Empress Queen, and only fit, one should think, to be inhabited by her eagles. There is no attaining this exalted hold but by the means of a cord, let down many fathoms by the soldiers, who live in dens and caverns, which serve also as arsenals and magazines for powder; whose mysteries I declined prying into, their approach being a little too aerial for my earthly frame. A black vapour, tinging their entrance, completed the romance of the prospect, which I never shall forget. . . .

"For two or three leagues it continued much in the same style; cliffs nearly perpendicular on both sides, and the Brenta foaming and thundering below. Beyond, the rocks began to be mantled with vines and gardens. Here and there a cottage, shaded with mulberries, made its appearance; and we often discovered on the banks of the river, ranges of white buildings with courts and awnings, beneath which, numbers of women and children were employed in manufacturing silk. As we advanced, the stream gradually widened, and the rocks receded; woods were more frequent, and cottages thicker strown. About five in the evening, we left the country of crags and precipices, of mists and cataracts, and were entering the fertile territory of the Bossanese. It was now I beheld groves of olives, and vines clus-

tering the summits of the tallest elms; pomegranates in every garden, and vases of citron and orange before almost every door. The softness and transparency of the air soon told me I was arrived in happier climates; and I felt sensations of joy and novelty run through my veins, upon beholding this smiling land of groves and verdure stretched out before me. A few glowing vapours, I can hardly call them clouds, rested upon the extremities of the landscape, and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray. Peasants were returning home from the cultivated hillocks and cornfields, singing as they went, and calling to each other over the fields; whilst the women were milking goats before the wickets of the cottage, and preparing their country fare."

The whole journey from hence to Venice is painted with the same easy lightness of colouring: but we must hurry at once to "the glorious city in the sea," and extract the author's description of the view which presented itself to him when fairly established in a hotel on the Great Canal.

"The rooms of our hotel are spacious and cheerful; a lofty hall, or rather gallery, painted with grotesque in a very good style, perfectly clean, floored with a marble stucco, divides the house, and admits a refreshing current of air. Several windows, near the ceiling, look into this vast apartment, which serves in lieu of a court, and is rendered perfectly luminous by a glazed arcade, thrown open to catch the breezes. Through it I passed to a balcony, which impends over the canal, and is twined round with plants, forming a green festoon, springing from two large vases of orange trees, placed at each end. Here I established myself to enjoy the cool, and observe, as well as the dusk would permit, the variety of figures shooting by in their gondolas. As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas, moving rapidly along, were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires, when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stilled every clamour and suspended all conversation in the galleries and porticoes till, rowing slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers, catching the air, imitated its cadences, and were answered by others at a distance, whose voices, echoed by the arch of the bridge, acquired a plaintive and interesting tone. I retired to rest, full of the sound, and long after I was asleep the melody seemed to vibrate in my ear."

In all great cities the market-place, in the early morning, is a scene of lively attraction; but the market on the great canal of Venice is the most picturesque of them all. This is the author's first morning in Venice:

"It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a

wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

"Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate, in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupulo just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched, in solemn procession, to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III. and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galleass was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermillion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

"I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees, creeping to their devotions; and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I eat my grapes

and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

"After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister, supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people; well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

"Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. Those sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos, that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind."

As a pendant to this morning piece, we give an evening one, of the same localities. If the former has all the vivacity of a Cannaletti, this will carry every reader back to the comedy of Goldoni.

"At this hour any thing like restraint seems perfectly out of the question; and, however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in the day, at night he lays up wig, and robe, and gravity, to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines.

"Many of the noble Venetians have a little suite of apartments, in some out-of-the-way corner, near the Grand Piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. To these they skulk in the dusk, and revel undisturbed with the companions of their pleasures. Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. Many an unhappy lover, whose mistress disappears on a sudden with some fortunate rival, has searched for her haunts in vain. The gondoliers themselves, though the prime managers of intrigue, are often unacquainted with these interior cabinets. When a gallant has a mind to pursue his adventures with mystery, he rows to the piazza, orders his bark to wait, meets his goddess in the crowd, and vanishes from all beholders. Surely, Venice is the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a Devil upon Two Sticks. What a variety of lurking-places would one stroke of his crutch uncover!

"Whilst the higher ranks were solacing themselves in their casinos, the rabble were gathered in knots round the strollers and mountebanks, singing and scaramouching in the middle of the square. I observed a great number of Orientals amongst the crowd, and heard Turkish and Arabic muttering in every corner. Here the Slavonian dialect predominated; there some Grecian jargon almost unintelligible. Had Saint Mark's church been the wondrous tower, and its piazza the chief square of the city of Babylon, there could scarcely have been a greater confusion of languages. The novelty of the scene afforded me no small share of amusement, and I wandered about from group to group, and from one strange exotic to another, asking and being asked innumerable ridiculous questions, and settling the politics of London and Constantinople almost in the same breath. This instant I found myself in a circle of grave Armenian priests and jewellers; the next, amongst Greeks and Dalmatians, who accosted me with the smoothest compliments, and gave proof that their reputation for pliability and address was not ill-founded.

"I was entering into a grand harum-scarum discourse with some Russian counts or princes, or whatever you please, just landed, with dwarfs, and footmen, and governors, and staring like me about them, when Madame de Rosenberg arrived, to whom I had the happiness of being recommended. She presented me to some of the most distinguished of the Venetian families, at their great casino, which looks into the piazza, and consists of five or six rooms, fitted up in a gay, flimsy taste, neither rich nor elegant; where were a great many lights, and a great many ladies, negligently dressed, their hair falling very freely about them, and *innumerable adventures written in their eyes*. The gentlemen were loling upon the sofas or lounging about the apartments. The whole assembly seemed upon the verge of gaping, till coffee was carried round. This magic beverage diffused a temporary animation; and, for a moment or two, conversation moved on with a degree of pleasing extravagance; but the flash was soon dissipated, and nothing remained save cards and stupidity."

We close the letters from Venice with this little record of the celebrated editor of Homer, M. de Vilvoison. Mr. Beckford encounters him while busy in the Ducal Library.

"Whilst I was intent upon my occupation, a little door, I never suspected, flew open, and out popped Monsieur de Vilvoison, from a place where nothing I believe but broomsticks and certain other utensils were ever before deposited. This gentleman, the most active investigator of Homer since the days of the good bishop of Thessalonica, bespatters you with more learning in a minute than others communicate in half a year; quotes Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, &c., with formidable fluency, and drove me from one end of the room to the other with a storm of erudition. Syllables fell thicker than hail, and in an instant I found myself so weighed down and covered, that I prayed, for mercy's sake, to be introduced, by way of respite, to a Laplander, whom he leads about as a curiosity; a poor harmless, good sort of a soul, calm and indifferent, who has acquired the

words of several oriental languages to perfection—ideas he has in none.

"We went all together to view a collection of medals in one of the Gradanigo palaces, and two or three inestimable volumes filled with paintings that represent the dress of the ancient Venetians: so that I had an opportunity of observing to perfection all the Lapland nothingness of my companion. What a perfect void! Cold and silent as the Polar regions; not one passion ever throbbed in his bosom; not one bright ray of fancy ever glittered in his mind; without love or anger, pleasure or pain, his days fleet smoothly along: all things considered, I must confess I envied such comfortable apathy."

This poor Laplander had probably had his loves and angers, his pleasures and his pains, just as abundantly as either M. de Villoison or Mr. Beckford; but he was as little likely to be excited by the medals in the Gradanigo palace, or the "inestimable volumes," representing the ancient Venetian costumes, as the French or English virtuoso would have been to partake his enthusiasm in the hunting of a bear, or the devouring of a seal's blubber. What *nonchalance* may be the disguise of intense bigotry!

We now open the first of these volumes, where the author has taken up his residence at Florence. His descriptions of that city, and its almost unrivalled treasures of art, are worthy of all praise; but we are more particularly pleased with an excursion to Vallombrosa, which opens as follows:

"At last, after ascending a tedious while, we began to feel the wind blow sharply from the peaks of the mountains; and to hear the murmur of groves of pine. A paved path leads across them, quite darkened by boughs, which, meeting over our heads, cast a gloom and a chilliness below that would have stopped the proceedings of reasonable mortals, and sent them to bask in the plain; but, being not so easily discomfited, we threw ourselves boldly into the forest. It presented that boundless confusion of tall straight stems I am so fond of, and exhaled a fresh aromatic odour that revived my spirits.

"The cold to be sure was piercing, but setting that at defiance, we galloped on, and entered a vast amphitheatre of lawns and meadows, surrounded by thick woods beautifully green. The steep cliffs and mountains, which guard this retired valley, are clothed with beech to their very summits, and on their slopes, whose smoothness and verdure equal our English pastures, were dispersed large flocks of sheep. The herbage, moistened by streams which fall from the eminences, has never been known to fade; thus, whilst the chief part of Tuscany is parched by the heats of summer, these upland meadows retain the freshness of spring. I regretted not having visited them sooner, as autumn had already made great havoc amongst the foliage. Showers of leaves blew full in our faces as we rode towards the convent, placed at an extremity of the vale, and sheltered by firs and chestnuts, towering one above another.

"Whilst we were alighting before the entrance, two fathers came out and received us into the peace of their retirement. We found a blazing fire, and tables spread very comfortably before it, round which five or six overgrown friars were lounging, who seemed, by the sleekness and rosy hue of their coun-

tenances, not totally to have despised this mortal existence.

"My letters of recommendation soon brought the heads of the order about me, fair round figures, such as a Chinese would have placed in his pagoda. I could willingly have dispensed with their attention: yet to avoid this was scarcely within the circle of possibility. All dinner, therefore, we endured an infinity of nonsensical questions, but as soon as that was over, I lost no time in repairing to the lawns and forests. The fathers made a shift to waddle after, as fast and as complaisantly as they were able, but were soon distanced. Now I found myself at liberty, and pursued a narrow path overhung by rock, with bushy chestnuts starting from the crevices. This led me into wild glens of beech-trees, mostly decayed, and covered with moss—several were fallen. It was amongst these the holy hermit Gaulbertus had his cell. I rested a moment upon one of their huge branches, listening to the roar of a waterfall which the wood concealed. The dry leaves chased each other down the steep on the edge of the torrents with hollow rustlings, whilst the solemn wave of the forests above most perfectly answered the idea I had formed of Vallambrosa,

'Where the Etrurian shades
High overarch'd embower.'

This celebrated convent was, when Mr. Beckford visited it, entire in its magnificence, and we could willingly pursue our quotation; but, while engaged with this work, another has been laid on our table, in which we find the same scenery described with hardly inferior power, and with a gentleness of feeling, to dwell on which for a moment ere we pass on, may soothe as well as interest our readers. In verse and in prose Lady Charlotte Bury has painted the

"Beautiful gloom of Vallambrosa's bowers"

with a skill and a grace which must do honour even to her name,

"The pathway narrows as the fons ascend;
The boughs, o'erarching, meet in fond embrace;
The fragile branches of the birch-tree bend,
And with majestic chestnuts interlace;
Boldly th' indented leaves, with spiral grace,
Come sharply out from the Italian blue
Of heaven's unclouded vault, whose smiling face
Shows Florence oft, in clear though distant view,
Rising from storied vale, in tones of silver hue."

"The road from Florence to Valle Ombrosa, though less sublime of feature than that which conducts higher into the Apennines, possesses its own peculiar and very great charm. The sudden and delightful breaks of landscape scenery which open to the view, changing in character from close to expansive, and from mild to rugged, can never fail to diversify thought. Here, too, the Arno, untainted by the many-coloured earths which tinge its waters in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence, pours along a translucent stream, fringed at intervals by graceful reeds and flowers, and overhung at others by umbrageous trees, till at length it reaches the Ponte à Sieve. There the river, bearing that name unites its tributary waters to the *Fiume-Maestro* of Tuscany, and the

road, crossing an ancient and picturesque bridge, passes under the gateway of the frowning tower which overhangs the torrent, and turning to the east becomes more rugged and difficult of access.

"The whole accompaniment of the scene assumes an alpine aspect, a character which the route retains as it proceeds through the pine and chestnut woods, till it opens on the skyey plain, in which is spread out the long line of the Certosa, where one is tempted to cry out with Tasso—

'Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede!'

Then succeeds (what human transport lasts!) a sense of disappointment, when the smooth and grassy level meets the view, and the extensive building stretches out in the distance, with too decorative an aspect to assimilate with the feelings previously brought into play. But as the eye pursues its range, and dwells on the majestic wooded theatre beyond, this sensation in its turn subsides, and others of a far different nature succeed.

"In walking through the long-deserted apartments of the convent, its devastated walls and despoiled treasures excite the melancholy interest attached to all mementos of departed greatness: and, without waiting to analyze the justice of regret, it is a sentiment which for the time supersedes all others.

"In former days, the revenue of the Certosa amounted to above forty thousand crowns annually; its farms were in a high state of cultivation, and its tenantry wealthy and prosperous.

"The beneficence of the monks was proverbial: during the rigours of winter, the poor received liberal charities; and in the summer season, the Foresteira of the Certosa (the Cloistral Inn, so to speak) was full of pilgrims and travellers, who were munificently entertained, whatever might be their religion or their rank. Doubtless this profuse distribution of the riches of the community obtained for them a reciprocity of advantages; but their liberality ought not to be churlishly referred to selfish motives alone: the award of Omnipotence has pronounced that 'the liberal soul shall be made fat:' and so it generally is, even as regards this life; yet still the generous mind will be ever ready to concede its belief, that there are others of its own stamp, who act from nobler impulse than that of selfishness; and whatever interested motives may have influenced some of the individuals of the community of Valle Ombrosa, in the distribution of their courtesies and wealth, to the greater part may be attributed the higher views of pure Christian charity.

"Many were the persons who contributed to enrich this institution: none endowed it with more wealth than the famed Empress Matilda—and genius paid it the higher tribute of talents and art. When the strife of faction deluged the plains of Tuscany with blood, this peaceful shrine offered an asylum to the humanizing influence of literature and science.

"The treasures of every denomination which had been so long held sacred even by the most lawless hands, were at length plundered by the French during the last period of the revolution—which, indeed, occasioned throughout Italy the dispersion of every thing that the unsparing cupidity of man could remove. It could not, however, plunder the country of its

rocks, and woods, and streams; or the thousand recollections of by-gone ages, attached to its locality. These must ever remain imperishable monuments for future travellers to venerate and to love."—*Three Sanctuaries of Tuscany*, p. 6.*

Since we are among monastic scenes, we may here introduce part of a very striking letter which Mr. Beckford devotes (in a different part of his work) to a visit of some length which he paid in 1787 to the *Grande Chartreuse* itself. We are not aware there is any thing more characteristic of him in his highest and best vein, throughout the whole of these volumes.

"I paced in silence up the path which led to the great portal. When we arrived before it, I rested a moment, and looking against the stout oaken gate, which closed up the entrance to this unknown region, felt at my heart a certain awe, that brought to my mind the sacred terror of those in ancient days going to be admitted into the Eleusinian mysteries. My guide gave two knocks; after a solemn pause, the gate was slowly opened, and all our horses having passed through, it was again carefully closed.

"I now found myself in a narrow dell, surrounded on every side by peaks of the mountains, rising almost beyond my sight, and shelving downwards till their bases were hidden by the foam and spray of the water, over which hung a thousand withered and distorted trees. The rocks seemed crowding upon me, and, by their particular situation, threatened to obstruct every ray of light; but, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of the prospect, I still kept following my guide up a craggy ascent, partly hewn through a rock, and bordered by the trunks of ancient fir-trees, which formed a fantastic barrier, till we came to a dreary and exposed promontory, impending directly over the dell.

"The woods are here clouded with darkness, and the torrents, rushing with additional violence, are lost in the gloom of the caverns below; every object, as I looked downwards from my path, that hung midway between the base and the summit of the cliff, was horrid and woful. The channel of the torrent sunk deep amidst frightful crags, and the pale willows and wreathed roots spreading over it, answered my ideas of those dismal abodes, where, according to the Druidical mythology, the ghost of conquered warriors were bound. I shivered whilst I was regarding these regions of desolation, and quickly lifting up my eyes to vary the scene, I perceived a range of whitish cliffs, glistening with the light of the sun, to emerge from these melancholy forests.

"On a fragment that projected over the chasm, and concealed for a moment its terrors, I saw a cross, on which it was written, *VIA COELI*. The cliffs being the heaven to which I now aspired, we descended the edge of the precipice, and ascending, came

* This work, if published in a less expensive form, would, we have little doubt, be as popular as its whole execution is creditable to the fancy and feeling of the authoress. It is accompanied by various exquisite engravings, after the design of the late Rev. John Bury, in whom it now appears the world has lost a truly great artist, though the modesty of his character prevented him from making any public display of his extraordinary accomplishments during his too short life.

to a retired nook of the rocks, in which several copious rills had worn irregular grottos. Here we reposed an instant, and were enlivened with a few sunbeams piercing the thickets, and gilding the waters that bubbled from the rock; over which hung another cross, inscribed with this short sentence, which the situation rendered wonderfully pathetic, *O Spes UNICA!* the fervent exclamation of some wretch disgusted with the world, whose only consolation was found in this retirement.

"We quitted this solitary cross to enter a thick forest of beech-trees, that screened, in some measure, the precipices on which they grew, catching however, every instant, terrifying glimpses of the torrent below: streams gushed from every crevice on the cliffs, and falling over the mossy roots and branches of the beech, hastened to join the great torrent, athwart which I, every now and then, remarked certain tottering bridges; and sometimes could distinguish a Carthusian crossing over to his hermitage, that just peeped above the woody labyrinths on the opposite shore.

"Whilst I was proceeding amongst the innumerable trunks of the beech-trees, my guide pointed out to me a peak rising above the others, which he called the Throne of Moses. If that prophet had received his revelation in this desert, no voice need have declared it holy ground, for every part of it is stamped with such a sublimity of character, as would alone be sufficient to impress the idea.

"Having left these woods behind, and crossing a bridge of many lofty arches, I shuddered once more at the impetuosity of the torrent; and, mounting still higher, came at length to a kind of platform, before two cliffs, joined by an arch of rock, under which we were to pursue our road. Below, we beheld again innumerable streams, turbulently precipitating themselves from the woods, and lashing the base of the mountains, mossed over with a dark sea-green.

"In this deep hollow such mists and vapours prevailed, as hindered my prying into its recesses; besides, such was the dampness of the air, that I hastened gladly from its neighbourhood, and, passing under the second portal, beheld with pleasure the sunbeams gilding the Throne of Moses.

"It was now about ten o'clock, and my guide assured me I should soon discover the convent. Upon this information I took new courage, and continued my route on the edge of the rocks, till we struck into another gloomy grove. After turning about it for some time, we entered again into the glare of daylight, and saw a green valley, skirted by ridges of cliffs and sweeps of wood before us. Towards the farther end of this enclosure, on a gentle acclivity, rose the revered turrets of the Carthusians, which extended in a long line on the brow of the hill: beyond them, a woody amphitheatre majestically presents itself, terminated by spires of rock and promontories lost among the clouds. The roar of the torrent was now but faintly distinguishable, and all the scenes of horror and confusion I had passed were succeeded by a sacred and profound calm. I traversed the valley with a thousand sensations I despair of describing, and stood before the gate of the convent with as much awe as some novice or candidate newly arrived to solicit the holy retirement of the order. As ad-

mittance is more readily granted to the English than to almost any other nation, it was not long before the gates opened; and whilst the porter ordered our horses to the stable, we entered a court watered by two fountains, and built round with lofty edifices, characterized by a noble simplicity. The interior portal opening discovered an arched aisle, extending till the perspective nearly met, along which windows, but scantily distributed between the pilasters, admitted a pale, solemn light, just sufficient to distinguish the objects with a picturesque uncertainty.—We had scarcely set our feet on the pavement when the monks began to issue from an arch about half-way down; and passing in a long succession from their chapel, bowed reverently, with much humility and meekness, and dispersed in silence, leaving one of their body alone in the aisle. The Father Coadjutor (for he only remained) advanced toward us with great courtesy, and welcomed us in a manner which gave me far more pleasure than all the frivolous salutations and affected greetings so common in the world beneath. After asking us a few indifferent questions, he called one of the lay brothers, who live in the convent, under less severe restrictions than the fathers, whom they serve, and ordering him to prepare our apartment, conducted us to a large square hall, with casement windows, and what was more comfortable, an enormous chimney, whose hospitable heart blazed with a fire of dry aromatic fir, on each side of which were two doors, that communicated with the neat little cells destined for our bed-chambers.

"We had hardly supped before the gates of the convent were shut; a circumstance which disconcerted me not a little, as the full moon gleamed through the casements, and the stars, sparkling above the forests of pines, invited me to leave my apartment again, and to give myself up entirely to the spectacle they offered. The coadjutor, perceiving that I was often looking earnestly through the windows, guessed my wishes; and, calling the porter, ordered him to open the gates, and wait at them till my return. It was not long before I took advantage of this permission; and, escaping from the courts and cloisters of the monastery, all hushed in death-like stillness, ascended a green knoll, which several ancient pines strongly marked with their shadows; there, leaning against one of their trunks, I lifted up my eyes to the awful barrier of surrounding mountains, discovered by the trembling silver light of the moon, shooting directly on the woods which fringed their acclivities. The lawns, the vast woods, the steep descents, the precipices, the torrents, lay all extended beneath, softened by a pale bluish haze, that alleviated, in some measure, the stern prospect of the rocky promontories above, wrapped in dark shadows. The sky was of the deepest azure: innumerable stars were distinguished with unusual clearness from this elevation, many of which twinkled behind the fir-trees edging the promontories. White, gray, and darkish clouds came marching towards the moon, that shone full against a range of cliffs, which lift themselves far above the others. The hoarse murmur of the torrent, throwing itself from the distant wildernesses into the gloomy vales, was mingled with the

blast that blew from the mountains. It increased; the forests began to wave; black clouds arose from the north; and, as they floated along, approached the moon, whose light they shortly extinguished. A moment of darkness succeeded; the gust was chill and melancholy; it swept along the desert, and then subsiding, the vapours began to pass away, and the moon returned; the grandeur of the scene was renewed, and its imposing solemnity was increased by her presence. Inspiration was in every wind.

"I followed some impulse which drove me to the summit of the mountains before me; and there, casting a look on the whole extent of wild woods and romantic precipices, thought of the days of St. Bruno. I eagerly contemplated every rock that formerly might have met his eyes; drank of the spring which tradition says he was wont to drink of; and ran to every pine, whose withered appearance bespoke the most remote antiquity, and beneath which, perhaps, the Saint had reposed himself, when worn with vigils, or possessed with the sacred spirit of his institutions. It was midnight before I returned to the convent and retired to my quiet chamber, but my imagination was too much disturbed, and my spirits far too active to allow me any rest for some time. I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a furious blast, which drove open my casement, for it was a troubled night, and let in the roar of the tempest. In the intervals of the storm, in those moments when the wind seemed to pause, the faint sounds of the choir stole upon my ear, but were swallowed up the next instant by the redoubled fury of the gust, which was still increased by the roaring of the waters."

Not less magnificent—to return to the early travels of 1780—is our author's account of his arrival at Rome, from Sienna—and his youthful impressions on first beholding St. Peter's.

"We set out in the dark. Morning dawned over the Lago di Vico; its waters, of a deep ultra-marine blue, and its surrounding forests catching the rays of the rising sun. It was in vain I looked for the cupola of St. Peter's, upon descending the mountains beyond Viterbo. Nothing but a sea of vapours was visible.

"At length they rolled away, and the spacious plains began to show themselves, in which the most warlike of nations reared their seat of empire. On the left, afar off, rises the rugged chain of Apennines, and on the other side, a shining expanse of ocean terminates the view. It was upon this vast surface so many illustrious actions were performed, and I know not where a mighty people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here were space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampments; levels for martial games, and room for that variety of roads and causeways, that led from the capital to Ostia. How many triumphant legions have trodden these pavements! how many captive kings! What throngs of cars and chariots once glittered on their surface! savage animals dragged from the interior of Africa, and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic train, hastening to implore the favour of the senate. During many ages, this eminence commanded almost every day such illustrious scenes, but all are vanished; the splendid tumult is passed

away; silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats, thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then, we passed a few black, ill-favoured sheep straggling by the way's side, near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the *manes*. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherd's huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad, tending his herd, and began writing upon the sand, and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrowed cells. The living I can answer for—they were far enough removed.

"You will not be surprised at the dark tone of my musings in so sad a scene; especially as the weather lowered, and you are well acquainted how greatly I depend upon skies and sunshine. To-day I had no blue firmament to revive my spirits, no genial gales, no aromatic plants to irritate my nerves, and lend at least a momentary animation. Heath and a grayish kind of moss are the sole vegetation which covers this endless wilderness. Every slope is strewn with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulls, and coins, are frequently dug up together.

"I cannot boast of having made any discoveries, nor of sending you any novel intelligence. You knew before how perfectly the environs of Rome were desolate, and how completely the papal government contrives to make its subjects miserable. But who knows that they were not just as wretched in those boasted times we are so fond of celebrating? All is doubt and conjecture in this frail existence, and I might as well attempt proving to whom belonged the mouldering bones which lay dispersed around me, as venture to affirm that one age is more fortunate than another. Very likely the poor cottager under whose roof I reposed is happier than the luxurious Roman, upon the remains of whose palace, perhaps, his shed is raised; and yet that Roman flourished in the purple days of the empire, when all was wealth and splendour, triumph and exultation. I could have spent the whole day by the rivulet, lost in dreams and meditations, but recollecting my vow, I ran back to the carriage and drove on. The road not having been mended, I believe, since the days of the Cæsars, would not allow our motions to be very precipitate. 'When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome,' said one of the postillions; up we dragged, no city appeared. 'From the next,' cried out a second, and so on, from height to height, did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience; till, at last, we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, enclosed by thickets, and shaded by flourishing ilex. Here and there a white house, built in the antique style, with open porticos, that received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds and tinting the meads below. Now domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St. Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we

advanced the scene extended, till, winding suddenly round the hill, all Rome opened to our view.

"Shall I ever forget the sensations I experienced upon slowly descending the hills, and crossing the bridge over the Tiber! When I entered an avenue between terraces and ornamented gates of villas, which leads to the Porto del Popolo, and beheld the square, the domes, the obelisk, the long perspective of streets and palaces opening beyond, all glowing with the vivid red of sunset, you can imagine how I enjoyed my beloved tint, my favourite hour, surrounded by such objects. You can fancy me ascending Monte Cavallo, leaning against the pedestal which supports Bucephalus; then, spite of time and distance, hurrying to St. Peter's in performance of my vow.

"I met the Holy Father, in all his pomp, returning from vespers—trumpets flourishing, and a troop of guards drawn out upon Ponte St. Angelo. Casting a respectful glance upon the Moles Adriani, I moved on, till the full sweep of St. Peter's colonnade opened upon me. The edifice appears to have been raised within the year, such is its freshness and preservation. I could hardly take my eyes from off the beautiful symmetry of its front, contrasted with the magnificent though irregular courts of the Vatican, towering over the colonnade, till, the sun sinking behind the dome, I ran up the steps, and entered the grand portal, which was on the very point of being closed.

"I knew not where I was, or to what scene transported; a sacred twilight concealing the extremities of the structure, I could not distinguish any particular ornament, but enjoyed the effect of the whole. No damp air or foetid exhalation offended me. The perfume of incense was not yet entirely dissipated. No human being stirred. I heard a door close with the sound of thunder, and thought I distinguished some faint whisperings, but am ignorant whence they came. Several hundred lamps twinkled round the high altar, quite lost in the immensity of the pile. No other light disturbed my reveries, but the dying glow, still visible through the western windows. Imagine how I felt upon finding myself alone in this vast temple, at so late an hour. Do you think I quitted it without some revelation?

"It was almost eight o'clock before I issued forth, and pausing a few minutes under the porticos, listened to the rush of the fountains. Then traversing half the town, I believe, in my way to the Villa Medici, under which I am lodged, fell into a profound repose, which my zeal and exercise may be allowed, I think, to have merited.

"October 30th.—Immediately after breakfast I repaired again to St. Peter's, which even exceeded the height of my expectations. I could hardly quit it. I wished his holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter; no other sky than the vast arches glowing with golden ornaments, so lofty as to lose all glitter or gaudiness. But I cannot say I should be perfectly contented, unless I could obtain another tabernacle for you. Thus established, we would take our evening walks on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast enough for the extravagance of the appel-

lation! Sometimes, instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light. Music should not be wanting; at one time to breathe in the subterraneous chapels, at another to echo through the dome."

The future creator of Fonthill is apparent in these last paragraphs; or should we not rather say, the former creator of the "Palais des Sens?" We must now pass on to Mr. Beckford's long and interesting series of letters from his favourite Portugal, where, as is well known, he for many years fixed his residence:

"Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!"

One of his first visits, on reaching Lisbon, was to the palace of the old Marquis of Marialva, with whose family he soon formed relations of the most intimate friendship:—

"The court-yard, filled with shabby two-wheeled chaises, put me in mind of the entrance of a French post-house; a recollection not weakened by the sight of several ample heaps of manure, between which we made the best of our way up the great staircase, and had near tumbled over a swinging sow and her numerous progeny, which escaped from under Mr. Horn's legs, with bitter squakings.

"This hubbub announced our arrival, so out came the grand prior, his nephew, the old abade, and a troop of domestics. All great Portuguese families are infested with herds of these in general ill-favoured dependants, and none more than the Marialvas, who dole out every day three hundred portions, at least, of rice and other eatables, to as many greedy devourers.

"The grand prior had shed his pontifical garments, and did the honours of the house, and conducted us with much agility all over the apartments, and through the *manège*, where the old marquis his brother, though at a very advanced age, displays feats of the most consummate horsemanship. He seems to have a decided taste for clocks, compasses, and time-keepers; I counted no less than ten in his bed-chamber, four or five in full swing, making a loud hissing; they were chiming and striking away (for it was exactly six) when I followed my conductor up and down half-a-dozen staircases, into a saloon hung with rusty damask.

"A table in the centre of this antiquated apartment was covered with rarities brought forth for our inspection: curious shell-work, ivory crucifixes, models of ships, housings embroidered with feathers, and the Lord knows what besides, stinking of camphor enough to knock one down.

"Whilst we were staring with all our eyes, and holding our handkerchiefs to our noses, the Count of V——, Viceroy of Algarve, made his appearance in grand pea-green, and pink and silver gala, straddling and making wry faces, as if some disagreeable accident had befallen him. He was, however, in a

* Father of the first Marquis of Loulé.

most gracious mood, and received our eulogiums upon his relation, the new bishop, with much complacency. Our conversation was limply carried on in a great variety of broken languages—Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, and English, had each their turn in rapid succession. The subject of all this *poly-glottery* was the glories and piety of John V., regret for the extinction of the Jesuits, and the reverse for the death of Pombal, whose memory he holds in something not distinctly removed from execration. This flood of eloquence was accompanied by the strangest, most buffoonical grimaces and slobberings, I ever beheld; for the Viceroy, having a perennal moistness of mouth, drivels at every syllable.

"One must not, however, decide too hastily upon outward appearances. This slobbering, canting personage is a distinguished statesman and good officer, pre-eminent amongst the few who have seen service, and given proofs of prowess and capacity.

"To escape the long-winded narrations which were pouring warm into my ear, I took refuge near a harpsichord, where Policarpio, one of the first tenors in the queen's chapel, was singing and accompanying himself. The curtains of the door of an adjoining dark apartment being half drawn, gave me a transient glimpse of Donna Henriqueta de L., Don Pedro's sister, advancing one moment and retiring the next, eager to approach and examine us exotic beings, but not venturing to enter the saloon during her mother's absence. She appeared to me a most interesting girl, with eyes full of graceful languor. But of what do I talk?—I only saw her pale and evanescent, as one fancies one sees objects in a dream. A group of lovely children (her sister's, I believe) sat at her feet upon the ground, resembling genii, partially concealed by folds of drapery, in some grand allegorical picture by Reubens or Paul Veronese.

"Night approaching, lights glimmered in the terraces, and every part of the strange huddle of buildings of which this morisco looking palace is composed. Half the family were engaged in reciting the litanies of saints, the other in freaks and frolics—perhaps of no very edifying nature. The monotonous staccato of the guitar, accompanied by the low, soothing murmur of female voices, singing *moderatos*—formed altogether a strange, though not unpleasant combination of sounds.

"I was listening to them with avidity, when a glare of flambeaux, and the noise of a splashing and dashing of water, called us out upon the verandas in time to witness a procession scarcely equalled since the days of Noah. I doubt whether his ark contained a more heterogeneous collection of animals than issued from a scalera with fifty oars, which had just landed the old Marquis of M—— and his son Don José, attended by a swarm of musicians, poets, bullfighters, grooms, monks, dwarfs, and children of both sexes fantastically dressed.

"The whole party, it seems, were returned from a pilgrimage to some Saint's nest or other on the opposite shore of the Tagus. First jumped out a hump-backed dwarf, blowing a little squeaking trumpet three or four inches long—then a pair of led captains, apparently commanded by a strange old

swaggering fellow, in a showy uniform, who, I was told, had acted the part of a sort of brigadier-general in some sort of an island. Had it been Barataria, Sancho would soon have sent him about his business; for, if we believe the scandalous chronicle of Lisbon, a more impudent buffoon, parasite, and pilferer, has seldom existed.

"Close at his heels stalked a savage-looking monk, as tall as Samson, and two Capuchin friars, heavily laden, but with what sort of provision I am ignorant: next came a very slim and fallow-faced apothecary, in deep sables—completely answering in gait and costume the figure one fancies to one's self of *Senhor Apuntador* in *Gil Blas*—followed by a half-crazed improvisatore, spouting verses at us as he passed under the balustrades against which we were leaning.

"He was hardly out of hearing, before a confused rabble of watermen and servants, with bird-cages, lanterns, baskets of fruit, and chaplets of flowers, came gamboling along to the great delight of a bevy of children, who, to look more like the inhabitants of heaven than even nature designed, had light fluttering wings attached to their rosy-coloured shoulders. Some of these little theatrical angels were extremely beautiful, and had their hair most coquettishly arranged in ringlets.

"The old Marquis is doatingly fond of them; night and day they remain with him, imparting all the advantages that can possibly be derived from fresh and innocent breath to a declining constitution. The patriarch of the Marialvas has followed this regimen many years, and also some others which are scarcely credible. Having a more than Roman facility of swallowing an immense profusion of dainties, and making room continually for a fresh supply, he dines alone every day between two silver canteens of extraordinary magnitude. Nobody in England would believe me, if I detailed the enormous repast I saw spread out for him; but let your imagination loose upon all that was ever conceived in the way of gormandizing, and it will not in this case exceed the reality.

"As soon as the contents, animal and vegetable, of the principal scalera, and three or four other barges in its train, had been deposited in their respective holes, corners, and roosting-places, I received an invitation from the old Marquis to partake of a collation in his apartment. Not less, I am certain, than fifty servants were in waiting; and, exclusive of half-a-dozen wax torches, which were borne in state before us, above a hundred tapers of different sizes were lighted up in the range of rooms, intermingled with silver braziers and cassolettes, diffusing a very pleasant perfume.

"I found the master of all this magnificence most courteous, affable, and engaging. There is an urbanity and good-humour in his looks, gestures, and tone of voice, that prepossesses instantaneously in his favour, and justifies the universal popularity he enjoys, and the affectionate name of father, by which the queen and royal family often address him. All the favours of the crown have been heaped upon him by the present and preceding sovereigns; a tide of prosperity uninterrupted even during the Grand-Vizieriat of Pombal. 'Act as you judge wisest with

the rest of my nobility,' used to say the King Don Joseph to this redoubted minister: 'but beware how you interfere with the Marquis of Marialva!'

"In consequence of this decided predilection, the Marialva palace became a sort of rallying point, an asylum for the oppressed, and its master, in more than one instance, a shield against the thunderbolts of a too powerful minister. The recollections of these times seem still to be kept alive; for the heart-felt respect, the filial adoration I saw paid the old Marquis, was indeed most remarkable; his slightest glance was obeyed, and the person on whom they fell, seemed gratified and animated. His sons, the Marquis of Tancos and Don José de Meneses, never approached to offer him any thing, without bending the knee; and the Conde de Villaverde, the heir of the great house of Anjeja, as well as the Viceroy of Algarve, stood in the circle which was formed around him, receiving a kind or gracious word with the same thankful earnestness as courtiers who hang upon the smile and favour of their sovereign. I shall long remember the grateful sensation with which this scene of reciprocal kindness filled me: it appeared an interchange of amiable sentiments; beneficence diffused without guile or affectation; and protection received, without sullen or abject servility.

"How preferable is patriarchal government of this nature, to the cold theories pedantic sophists would establish, and which, should success attend their selfish, atheistical ravings, bid fair to undermine the best and surest props of society. When parents cease to be honoured by their children, and the feelings of grateful subordination in those of helpless age or condition are unknown, kings will soon cease to reign, and republics to be governed by the councils of experience. Anarchy, rapine, and massacre, will walk the earth, and the abode of demons be transferred from hell to our unfortunate planet."

Since 1780, our unfortunate planet has verified a good deal of these dark anticipations; but even as yet we see only the beginning of the end. Our next extract is from an evening walk in Lisbon; and it includes one of the author's richest displays of Sybarism.

"The night being serene and pleasant, we were tempted to take a ramble in the Great Square, which received a faint gleam from the lights in the apartments of the palace, every window being thrown open to catch the breeze. The archbishop-confessor displayed his goodly person at one of the balconies. From a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier—from a common soldier, a corporal—from a corporal, a monk; in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil. Since her accession to the throne, he is become archbishop in partibus, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and just fears all its true patriots entertain

of seeing it once more relapsed into a Spanish province.

"At a window over his right reverence's shining forehead we spied out the Lacerdas—two handsome sisters, maids of honour to the queen, waving their hands to us very invitingly. This was encouragement enough for us to run up a vast many flights of stairs to their apartment, which was crowned with nephews and nieces, and cousins, clustering round two very elegant young woman, who, accompanied by their singing-master, a little square friar with greenish eyes, were warbling Brazilian *modenhas*.

"Those who have never heard this original sort of music must, and will remain ignorant of the most bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid, interrupted measures, as if the breath was gone with excess of rapture, and the soul panting to meet the kindred soul of some beloved object; with a childish carelessness they steal into the heart, before it has time to arm itself against their enervating influence; you fancy you are swallowing milk, and are admitting the poison of voluptuousness into the closest recesses of your existence. At least such beings as feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing so; I won't answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic northern animals.

"An hour or two past away almost imperceptibly in the pleasing delirium these siren notes inspired, and it was not without regret I saw the company dispersed and the spell dissolve. The ladies of the apartment, having received a summons to attend her majesty's supper, curtsied us off very gracefully—and vanished.

"In our way home we met the sacrament, enveloped in a glare of light, marching in state to pay some sick person a farewell visit, and that hopeful young nobleman, the Conde de Villanova,* preceding the canopy in a scarlet mantle, and tingling a silver bell. He is always in close attendance upon the host, and passes the flower of his days in this singular species of danglement. No lover was ever more jealous of his mistress than this ingenuous youth of his bell; he cannot endure any other person should give it vibration. The parish officers of the extensive and populous district in which his palace is situated, from respect to his birth and opulence, indulge him in this caprice, and indeed a more perseverant bell-bearer they could not have chosen. At all hours and in all weathers he is ready to perform this holy office. In the dead of the night, or in the most intense heat of the day, out he issues, and down he dives, or up he climbs, to any dungeon or garret where spiritual assistance of this nature is demanded.

"It has been again and again observed, that there is no accounting for fancies; every person has his own, which he follows to the best of his means and abilities. The old Marialva's delights are centered between his two silver recipiendaries—the marquis, his son's, in dancing attendance upon the queen—and Villanova's in announcing with his bell to all true believers the approach of celestial majesty. The present rage of the scribblers of all these extra-

* Afterwards Marquis of Abrantes

gancies is Modenas, and under its prevalence he feels half tempted to set sail for the Brazils, the native land of these enchanting compositions, to live in tents such as the Chevalier de Parry describes in his agreeable little voyage, and swing in hammocks, or glide over smooth mats, surrounded by bands of youthful minstrels, diffusing at every step the perfume of jessamine and roses."

We now pass to Madrid, where our traveller arrived in the winter season of 1787; and made acquaintance with a Turkish ambassador, whom he paints with all his eastern gusto.

"Roxas, most eager to enter upon his office of cicerone, fidgeted to the window, observed we had still an hour or two of daylight, and proposed an excursion to the palace and gardens of the *Buen Retiro*. Upon entering the court of the palace, which is surrounded by low buildings, with plastered fronts, sadly pattered with the wind and weather, I spied some venerable figures, in caftans and turbans, leaning against a doorway. My sparks of orientalism instantly burst into a flame at such a sight. 'Who are those picturesque animals?' said I to our conductor; 'is it lawful to approach them?'—'As often as you please,' answered Roxas; 'they belong to the Turkish Ambassador, who is lodged, with all his train, at the *Buen Retiro*, in the identical apartment once occupied by Farinelli, where he held his state levees and opera rehearsals;—drilling ministers one day, and tenors and soprani the other: if you have a mind, we will go up stairs and examine the whole menagerie."

"No sooner said, no sooner done. I cleared four steps at a leap, to the great delight of his sublime Excellency's pages and attendants, and entered a saloon spread with the most sumptuous carpets, and perfumed with the fragrance of the wood of aloes. In a corner of this magnificent chamber sat the ambassador, Achmet Vasi Effendi, wrapped up in a pelisse of the most precious sables, playing with a light cane he had in his hand, and every now and then passing it under the noses of some tall and handsome slaves, who were standing in a row before him. These figures, fixed as statues, and, to all appearance, equally insensible, neither moved hand nor eye. As I advanced to make my *salem* to the Grand Seigneur's representative, who received me with a most gracious nod of the head, his interpreter announced to what nation I belonged, and my own individual warm partiality for the Sublime Porte.

"As soon as I had taken my seat in a ponderous fauteuil of figured velvet, coffee was carried round in cups of most delicate china, with gold enamelled saucers. Notwithstanding my predilection for the East, and its customs, I could hardly get this beverage down, it was so thick and bitter. Whilst I was making a few wry faces in consequence, a low murmuring sound, like that of flutes and dulcimers, accompanied by a sort of tabor, issued from behind a curtain which separated us from another apartment. There was a melancholy wildness in the melody, and a continual repetition of the same plaintive cadences, that soothed and affected me.

"The ambassador kept poring upon my countenance, and appeared much delighted with the effect his music seemed to produce upon it. He is a man of considerable talent, deeply skilled in Turkish

literature; a native of Bagdad; rich, munificent, and nobly born, being descended from the house of Barmek; gracious in his address, smooth and plausible in his elocution; but not without something like a spark of despotism in a corner of his eye. Now and then I fancied that the recollection of having recommended the bowstring, and certain doubts whether he might not one day or other be complimented with it in his turn, passed across his venerable and interesting physiognomy.

"My eager questions about Bagdad, the tomb of Zobeida, the vestiges of the *Dhar al Khalifat*, or Palace of the Abasside, seemed to excite a thousand remembrances which gave him pleasure; and when I added a few quotations from some of his favourite authors, particularly Measih, he became so flowingly communicative, that a shrewd, dapper Greek, called Timoni, who acted as his most confidential interpreter, could hardly keep pace with him. Had not the hour of prayer arrived, our conversation might have lasted till midnight. Rising up with much stateliness, he extended his arms to bid me a good evening, and was assisted along by two good-looking Georgian pages to an adjoining chamber, where his secretaries, dragoman, and attendants were all assembled to perform their devotions, each on his little carpet, as if in a mosque; and it was not unedifying to witness the solemnity and abstractedness with which these devotions were performed."

Our last specimen of this charming book shall be extracted from a letter describing the author's first visit to the Escorial.

"I hate being roused out of bed by candle-light, of a sharp wintry morning; but as I had fixed to-day for visiting the Escorial, and had stationed three relays on the road, in order to perform the journey expeditiously, I thought myself obliged to carry my plan into execution. The weather was cold and threatening; the sky red and deeply-coloured. Roxas was to be of our party, so we drove to his brother, the Marquis of Villanueva's, to take him up. He is one of the best natured and most friendly of human beings, and I would not have gone without him on any account; though in general I abhor turning and twisting about a town in search of any body, let its soul be never so transcendent.

"It was past eight before we issued out of the gates of Madrid, and rattled along an avenue on the banks of the Manzanares, full gallop, which brought us to the Casa del Campo, one of the king's palaces, wrapped up in groves and thickets. We continued a mile or two by the wall of this enclosure, and leaving La Sarsuela, another royal villa, surrounded by shrubby hillocks on the right, traversed three or four leagues of a wild, naked country; and after ascending several considerable eminences, the sun broke out, the clouds partially rolled away, and we discovered the white buildings of this far-famed monastery, with its dome and towers detaching themselves from the bold background of a lofty-irregular mountain.

"We were now about a league off, and the country wore a better aspect than near Madrid. To the right and left of the road, which is of a noble width, and perfectly well made, lie extensive parks of green sward, scattered over with fragments of rock and

stumps of oak and ash trees. Numerous herds of deer were standing stock still, quietly lifting up their innocent noses, and looking us full in the face with their beautiful eyes, secure of remaining unmolested, for the king never permits a gun to be discharged in these enclosures.

"The Escorial, though overhung by melancholy mountains, is placed itself on a very considerable eminence, up which we were full half an hour toiling; the late rains having washed this part of the road into utter confusion. There is something most severely impressive in the façade of this regal convent, which, like the palace of Persepolis, is overshadowed by the adjoining mountain; nor did I pass through a vaulted cloister into the court before the church, solid as if hewn out of a rock, without experiencing a sort of shudder, to which, no doubt, the vivid recollection of the black and blood-stained days of our gloomy Queen Mary's husband not slightly contributed. The sun being again overcast, the porches of the church, surrounded by grim statutes, appeared so dark and cavern-like, that I thought myself about to enter a subterraneous temple set apart for the service of some mysterious and terrible religion; and when I saw the high altar, in all its pomp of Jasper steps, ranks of columns one above the other, and paintings filling up every interstice, full before me, I felt completely awed.

"The sides of the recess in which this imposing pile is placed, are formed by lofty chapels almost entirely occupied by catafalcs of gilt enamelled bronze. Here, with their crowns and sceptres humbly prostrate at their feet, bare-headed and unarmed, kneel the figures as large as life, of the Emperor Charles V., and his imperious son, the second Philip, accompanied by those of their unhappy consorts, and ill-fated children. My sensations of dread and dreariness were not diminished upon finding myself alone in such company, for Roxas had left me to deliver some letters to his Right Reverence the Prior, which were to open to us all the arcana of this terrific edifice—at once a temple, a palace, a convent, and a tomb.

"Presently my amiable friend returned, and with him a tall old monk with an ash-coloured forbidding countenance, and staring eyes, the expression of which was the farthest removed possible from any thing like cordiality. This was the mystagogue of the place, the prior in *propria persona*, the representative of St. Jerome, as far as this monastery and its domain is concerned, and a disciplinarian of celebrated rigidity. He began examining me from head to foot, and, after what I thought rather a strange scrutiny, asked me, in broad Spanish, what I wished particularly to see; then turning to Roxas, said, loud enough for me to hear him, 'He is very young—does he understand what I say to him? But as I am peremptorily commanded to show him about, I suppose I must comply, though I am quite unused to the office of explaining our curiosities. However, if it must be it must, so let us begin and not dally. I have no time to spare, you well know, and I have quite enough to do in the choir and the convent.'

"After this not very gracious exordium, we set forth on our tour. First, we visited some apartments with vaulted roofs, painted in arabesque, in the finest

style of the sixteenth century; and then a vast hall, which had been used for the celebration of mass whilst the great church was building, where I saw the *Perla* in all its purity; the most delicately finished work of Raphael; and the *Pesce*, with its divine angel, graceful infant, and devout young Tobit, breathing the very soul of pious unaffected simplicity. My attention was next attracted by that most profoundly pathetic of pictures—Jacob weeping over the bloody garment of his son—the loftiest proof in existence of the extraordinary powers of Velasquez in the noblest walk of art.

"These three pictures so absorbed my admiration, that I had little left for a host of glorious performances by Titian and the highest masters, which cover the plain, massive walls of these conventual rooms with a paradise of glowing colours. So I passed along, almost as rapidly as my grumbling cicerone could desire, and followed him up several flights of stairs, and through many and many an arched passage and vestibule, all of the sternest Doric, into the choir, which is placed over the grand western entrance, right opposite, at the distance of more than two hundred feet, to the high altar and its solemn accompaniments. No regal chamber I ever beheld can be compared, in point of sober harmonious majesty, to this apartment, which looks more as if it belonged to a palace than a church.

"The series of stalls, designed in a severer taste than was common in the sixteenth century, are carved out of the most precious woods the Indies could furnish. At the extremity of this striking perspective of onyx-coloured seats, columns, and canopies, appears, suspended upon a black velvet pall, that revered image of the crucified Saviour, formed of the purest ivory, which Cellini seems to have sculptured in moments of devout rapture and inspiration. It is by far his finest work: his Perseus at Florence is tame and laboured in comparison.

"In a long narrow corridor, which runs behind the stalls pannelled all over like an inlaid cabinet, I was shown a beautiful little organ in a richly chased silver case, which accompanied Charles V. in his African expedition, and must often have gently beguiled the cares of empire; for he played on it, tradition says, almost every evening. That it is worth playing upon even now, I can safely vouch, for I never touched any instrument with a tone of more delicious sweetness; and touch it I did, though my austere conductor, the sour-visaged prior, looked doubly forbidding on the occasion.

"If the stalls I have just mentioned are less exuberantly ornamented than those I have seen at Pavia, and many other monasteries, the space above them, the ceiling, in short, of this noblest of choirs, displays the most gorgeous of spectacles; the heavens and all the powers therein. Imagination can scarcely conceive the pomp and prodigality of pencil with which Luca Giordano has treated this subject, and filled every corner of the vast space it covers with well-rounded forms, that seem actually starting from the glowing clouds with which they are environed. 'Is not this fine?' said the monk; 'you can have nothing like it in your country.'

Here we close our citations, which, though strung together as carelessly as possible, must, we think,

produce altogether a powerful impression of the strength, the grace, and the varied animation of the author's manner. We risk nothing in predicting that Mr. Beckford's Travels will henceforth be classed among the most elegant productions of modern literature; they will be forthwith translated into every language of the Continent; and will keep his name alive, centuries after all the brass and marble he ever piled together have ceased to vibrate with the echoes of *Modenas*.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Helen; a Tale*. By Maria Edgeworth: 3 vols. London, 1834.
2. *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars*. By the author of "*Zohrab*," "*Hajji Baba*," &c. 3 vols. London, 1834.

THIS season has been as prolific in novels as any of its predecessors; and, as usual, it has been but a melancholy business to contemplate the rapid succession of these ephemeral productions. One after another is announced with a flourish of penny trumpets: the words, "vivid portraiture"—"keen satire," "high imagination"—"intense passion"—and above all, "genius," and "power," are kept standing in the booksellers' types, and put into unfailling requisition. A week more, and the wonder has been examined and talked of; another, and it is as completely forgotten as any of the nothings of the days of George III. These books are ruining the proprietors of circulating libraries, who alone buy them; and we are greatly mistaken if they be not injuring deeply their publishers. By encouraging the *cacœthes scribendi* of inferior pens, they may now and then realize an immediate profit to themselves; but they, in the long run, accumulate no *valuable copyrights*; without which no bookselling house can prove the source of ultimate gain on any considerable scale. Are they not aware that at this moment, after all the innumerable editions that have appeared of such a work as "*Ivanhoe*," or "*Old Mortality*," its copyright would fetch at least three times more money in the market than the copyright of *all* the novels that were published in London between 1810 and 1830? Well may Sir Egerton Brydges say,

"Let us dismiss the frivolous embarrassments and disappointments of fashion, or the insane hobgoblins of a factitious enthusiasm. It is time to get rid of these epigrammatic, stilted, bandaged, glittering, foaming, lashed-up, frothy, high-seasoned productions of mercenary artists, exciting the appetites of the mob for the purpose of filling their own pockets. But even these stimulant ingredients would not be sufficient without the aid of the puff,—quite as gross and as multiplied as those of the quack-doctors, or the proprietors of Warren's blacking. It is strange that such obviously paid applauses should have any influence on the public favour; but it is clear that they have great influence, for the experience of booksellers would teach them not to throw away so much money in vain. They have so contrary an effect on me, that the moment I read one of those advertise-

ments I take for granted that the book so announced is bad."—*Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 358.

Sir Egerton's rule is a pretty safe one; it is to us unintelligible how any writer of common sense or delicacy can suffer his work and his name to be dealt with in the fashion here stigmatized; but still there is no denying that indications of real talent have been observable in several of the most disgustingly puffed and placarded productions of the present year. We have no doubt that the authors of more than one of them might, if contented with narrower limits, and modest enough to bestow more labour, have turned out works of fiction deserving of lasting favour. It is impossible not to admire, for example, the happily sketched character of an Irish farmer's wife in Lady Blessington's "*Repealers*," and the variety of shrewd common sense observations which occur every now and then in the midst of that flimsy book. Had her ladyship cut down her three volumes to one, her novel might have had a fair chance of life. And we may say the same thing of Lady Stepney's "*New Road to Ruin*," for that performance, though still flimsier than the other, has flashes of delicate sentiment, and really feminine perception of the minutiae of character and manners, such as might well have arrested attention, had they not been squandered on an absurd plot, and that wire-drawn to extremity. The author of "*Rookwood*," again, has shown talents which no doubt might, and, as he is said to be a very young gentleman, will yet, we hope, produce a strong and fervid strain of romance. But he must lop his luxuriandy, and chastise his taste. The odious *slang* with which he has interspersed his third volume is as false as base: and his energetic and animating picture of Turpin's ride to York needed not the setting off of such vulgar and affected ornaments. We expect much from this writer, else we should not have thought it worth our while to use language thus severe. He evidently possesses, in no common degree, the materials of success; a fresh and stirring fancy, and a style which, like that fancy, wants nothing but the bridle. His story, as it is, is one that never flags.

We have named at the head of our article two novels which no one will confound with the million of the tribe; but we have, on former occasions, discussed so largely the peculiar merits of their authors, that we need not at present be tempted into a detailed notice either of *Helen* or of *Ayesha*. If any of our readers had ever listened to the envious whispers, so indefatigably circulated among certain circles, to the effect that Miss Edgeworth's vein of creative fancy had been buried with her father—"Helen" will undeceive them, and vindicate that great and truly modest genius from any such disparaging suspicion. As writers of a reflective and introspective turn advance in the walk of life, they are likely to detach their imagination more and more from the broad and blazing contrasts which delight the eye and heart of youth; and it is no wonder that the interest of this tale, put forth after an interval of, we believe, nearly twenty years, should be of a more sober cast than Miss Edgeworth chose to dwell upon in some earlier works. But the interest is not the less potent on that account: on the contrary, we

venture to say, that if any one will, after reading "Helen," turn to even the best of her old novels, he will feel, that in all the more profound and permanently pleasing beauties of moral delineation the artist has made marked progress. We may point to the skill with which her fable has been framed; the admirable but unobtrusive art with which she has contrived to exhibit what we may call the whole gamut of one particular virtue, and its opposite vice, in the different characters of the present novel; and this without producing any impression of a capricious or unnatural selection of *dramatis personæ*; the profusion of terse and pungent sayings scattered over its dialogue; and last, not least, the deep piercing pathos of various of its scenes; and ask whether such a combination of excellences is not more than sufficient to make up for the absence of any such quaint, humorous oddities as used to delight the world in Miss Edgeworth's *Irish* romances. We cannot, however, but wish that she had laid the scene of her story in her native country, or, at all events, that she had never brought its heroes and heroines to London. No doubt, Miss Edgeworth represents one particular section of London society with perfect skill; but that section, she must permit us to hint, is one little worthy of engaging such a pen as hers—at least in any thing more serious than an "Essay on Boredom." Those who see this great town only in the character of lion or lioness, have little chance of getting out of the *trap* we allude to; but we venture to say, that if Miss Edgeworth had at any time lived here for two or three years on end, she would have found it quite necessary to break its painted barriers, and shake herself free, once for all, from the fry of notoriety hunters, who think the whole business of life consists in sharp talk about authors and artists, and eternal three-cornered notes—"Blue, pink, and green, with all their trumpery."

The main object of *Helen* is told in one ejaculation of a certain spinster who figures in it:—"I wish," says Miss Clarendon, "if we were banished from the English language, and that *white lie* were drummed out after it." The construction of the fable, however, appears to have been suggested by Crabbe's tale of the "Confidant," which had already been dramatised by the author of "Elia." But "Miss Edgeworth's Cupid," as Lord Byron once said, "is somewhat of a Presbyterian." The old-fashioned matter-of-fact love, that is sinfully gratified and severely punished in Crabbe's homely story, comes wonderfully refined and reformed out of Miss Edgeworth's crucible: in short, the *bastard* of the plain-spoken poet is replaced in the novel by a mis-affiliated *billet-doux*. This is quite as it should be; and the skill with which Miss Edgeworth has transferred the same leading idea, from the downright human beings of the village green to the gauze-curtained world, will be appreciated by any one who compares her elaborate fiction with the rapid sketch of her stern original.

So much for "Helen"—from which, as it is already in every body's hands, we shall not be so superfluous as to make any extracts. We hope, now that Miss Edgeworth has once more condescended to amuse the public with a new work, she may be so good-

natured as to repeat the experiment. We remember to have heard it said some years ago, that she had made considerable progress in two novels: one called *White Lies*—the other, *Taking for Granted*. The *White Lies* we have under this no-meaning title of "Helen:" all the world, Miss Edgeworth may take it for granted, will be disappointed if she does not soon favour us with the other book; and we do not think she could re-christen it to any advantage.

Sir Walter Scott, by his own confession, was first led to write novels by observing the success of Miss Edgeworth in availing herself of the peculiarities of Irish manners; and there can be no doubt that his success in intermingling civilized English personages among the wild creatures of the Highlands, in such pieces as "Waverley," and "Rob Roy," has been the source of all that is really good in the romances of Mr. Cooper, and the stimulating guide of Mr. Morier in his "Zohrab," but even more conspicuously in the novel which we have named at the top of this article—"Ayesha, the Maid of Kars."

A young English nobleman, Lord Osmond, is travelling in the Turkish provinces, attended by a kidnapped Swiss turned into a Tartar courier, and a supple Greek, his valet. In the remote inland town of Kars, he sees and falls in love with Ayesha, the angelic daughter, as is supposed, of Soleiman Aga, a wealthy and phlegmatic old Turk, and Zabetta his wife, a daring intrigante from Tenedos, who has long since conformed to the religion of her lord.

In the progress of the story, Osmond's audacity in attempting to gain the affections of the lovely Turkish maiden excites the jealous indignation of the authorities of Kars, and thus a series of highly interesting perplexities and persecutions, dangers and escapes, is naturally enough introduced. The lover is rescued from the prison of the Pacha of Kars by the address of a Khurdish freebooter, to whom he had on a former occasion rendered an important service. This man conducts him to the castle of his captain, Cara Bey, a savage chief whose name inspires terror all over the Armenian frontier between the Turkish and the Russian territories. This robber-chief, on learning the nature of the offence which had consigned Osmond to the Pacha's dungeon, is fired with the reported charms of Ayesha, and, having shut up the Englishman in one of his own *oubliettes*, he makes a midnight foray upon Kars, and succeeds in carrying off the damsel. Osmond, meanwhile, forms a friendship in his new prison with a young Russian, belonging to a regiment stationed on the neighbouring frontier; and they contrive to open a communication with the Muscovite commander—which ends in his being admitted into the Castle of Cara Bey, the seizure of the gang, and the emancipation of all the captives.

In the third volume, the scene passes to the Euxine—to Constantinople—to Rhodes; and the *dénouement* gives the discovery that Ayesha is no Turkish maiden, but the daughter of an English gentleman of rank, who had spent some years in travelling about the Levant—her conversion to Christianity—and her happy union with Lord Osmond.

We merely run over these names and leading features of the narrative, to show that the author has

taken a canvass wide enough to admit of a more extensive group of contrasts than he had ventured upon in the admirable novel of *Zohrab*; and we have every reason to congratulate him on the manner in which he filled up his outline. We have Turkish manners, in all their varieties—from the majestic Padishah himself down to the obscure Dogberries of a sequestered village—their wives, and slaves: we have some lively specimens of the Greek character; we have, in Cara Bey and his gang, a crew of ferocious outlaws, *devil-worshippers*, equally abhorring and abhorred by Mussulman and Christian; we have, finally, all these Orientals in immediate collision with Russians—and, throughout, with a perfect English gentleman. It must be allowed that here is ample room and verge enough for the *picturesque*; and the bold and dashing vigour of the execution lends itself with equal ease to all the multifarious objects of delineation.

We need say nothing about the grand improbabilities of the fable,—but *giving* him them once for all, the rest goes smoothly. A more animated and exciting story could hardly be conceived; and there runs through the whole of it, in the character of Ayesha herself, a strain of pure genial tenderness of conception, such as might be envied by any poet that ever wrote—

“ Making a brightness in the shady place.”

At this time, when the Ottoman empire is so obviously on the verge of dissolution, a work portraying, with the graphic vigour of thorough knowledge, the manners and habits of Turks of many different classes, possesses a claim to far more attention than usually belongs to even the cleverest of novels. We have no doubt that *Ayesha* will do more to inform the public mind respecting this strange but most picturesque people, than even our author could have effected by a book of travels. Mr. Morier spent much of the earlier period of his life in the Turkish dominions, and his representations of Ottoman modes of thought and feeling have that nameless quality, which at once conveys to every mind the conviction that they are not only interesting, but *true*. To combine such a variety of materials into a harmonious picture of life and love, is to be a man of genius; and with genius, Mr. Morier unites the—in these days hardly rarer—quality of a classical taste. A manly and generous mind shines through all his pages; and his language has an easy idiomatic elasticity about it, which, as well as the lightness of his humour and the simplicity of his pathos, has often reminded us of Oliver Goldsmith.

We are perhaps not more called upon for extracts from such a work as this than in the case of “*Helen*,” but two or three passages, which may be detached from the narrative of the second volume, without at all interfering with the interest of the novel, present a temptation which we are not disposed to resist. The scene in which Lord Osmond’s baggage is overhauled by the dignitaries of Kara is one of these: it is in the happiest vein of the “*Hajji Baba in England*.”—

“ First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. In succession were displayed waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and stockings, which

drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the glittering beauties of a splendid uniform jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For let it be known, that a Turk’s trowsers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs. Will it, then, be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The mufti submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded chokhadar, who stood by wrapped in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat was fitted over the turban of the chokhadar, whilst the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man’s back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion’s skin thrown over his head. “*Barikallah*—praise be to Allah!” said the mufti, “I have found it: perhaps this is the dress of an English pacha of two tails!” “*Aferin*—well done!” cried all the adherents of the law. But the pacha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. “For what else can this be used,” exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—“what else, but for wine? This is perhaps the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?” said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian. “So it is,” answered the dyer, “it is even as your highness has commanded.”—“Well then, this skin has contained wine,” continued the pacha, pleased with the discovery, “and, by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again.—Here,” said he to one of his servants, “here, take this, let the saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled: instead of wine, it shall hold water.” And, true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were seen parading the town on a water-carrier’s back, doing the duty of mesheks. But it was secretly reported, that not long after they were converted to the use for which the pacha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness’s favourite wine.

“In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to a still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have any thing in common with a pair of boots, a part of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and reinserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astro-

logy, but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be one for the purposes of torture;—what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb or cracking the finger joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be; and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pacha ordered his favourite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter went round at his expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion.

"The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-Cologne—another lavender-water; both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the pacha himself, when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The mufti was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; whilst the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep, if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick.

"Whilst this was taking place, the iman of the mosque, whose mortified looks belied his love of good things, quietly abstracted from the case a silver-mounted box, which having opened, he there discovered a paste-like substance, the smell of which he thought was too inviting to resist; he therefore inserted therein the end of his forefinger, and, scooping out as much as it could carry, straightway opened wide his mouth and received it with a smack. Soon was he visited by repentance:—he would have roared with nausea, had he not been afraid of exposing himself—he sputtered—he spat. 'What has happened!' said one, with a grin. 'Bak—see!' roared the pacha, who was delighted to have found a fellow-sufferer—'Bak—see! the iman is sick.' The nature of the substance which he had gulped soon discovered itself by the white foam which was seen to issue from his mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly—they apprehended a fit—they feared madness; in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him, as one who is not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap.

"Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those above mentioned, and which it would perhaps be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be reinserted in the

case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand; the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out, and instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *Shaitan* in person. 'Ai Allah!' he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—'Allah, protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!' he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror,—low 'Allah, Allahs!' broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one, who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness: he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet! to put it down again by the pacha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river: swearing, by the Koran and by all the imans, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him but every Armenian and Christian in Kars to death.

"There only now remained the medicine-chest to be examined, but, seeing what had happened, every one appeared but little anxious to pursue the investigation, fearful of some new disaster. However, when Bogos had explained that it was to this the Frank had recourse when he required medicine, at that moment every Turk present seemed impelled with a desire to take some: and, indeed, they would have proceeded to help themselves, had not the mufti interposed, who, still with the fear of some satanic influence before his eyes, entreated them to refrain. But an expedient occurred to him which he immediately put into practice. He sent for as many Jews as could be found upon the spur of the moment, and ordered them to appear before the pacha. A few of these miserable outcasts lived at Kars, under the severest of tyrannies, and if ever any misery was to be inflicted, were sure to come in for the first share.

Very soon after the order had been given, some half-a-dozen of them were collected, and marshalled in a row at the end of the room. The bottles were taken out separately from the chest, and a certain quantity, *ad libitum*, of every medicine was administered to each of the Jews. They were then conducted into an outer room, where they sat in doleful mood, watching their approaching doom, like men condemned to some severe punishment, bewailing their misfortune, and in their hearts wishing for the destruction of their tyrants. The effects produced were as various as they were effectual: the Turks looked on in horror—the Jews were absorbed in disgust. 'Allah, Allah!' was exclaimed by every looker-on; and by the time the whole ceremony had drawn to a close, they became all seriously convinced that their town had been visited by the great Evil One in person; the medicine-chest was put on one side with caution, and every thing which related, directly or indirectly, to Osmond, was treated with becoming suspicion."—vol. ii. pp. 37—49.

In another style we have been much struck with the description of Osmond's first encounter with the Khurdish captain, Cara Bey, and his little host of freebooters. The English gentleman has, during the latter part of the day, seen the castle of this redoubted scoundrel perched on a huge crag in the horizon. Night comes before they reach it; their road carries them through that deserted city of *Anni*, which Sir Robert Kerr Porter describes in his travels through Armenia:

"On a sudden, as they turned the abrupt angle of a defile, Osmond's eye was arrested by the vision of what he supposed was an immense city. Walls, houses, towers, cupolas, and battlements, arose before him in massive groups, exhibiting to his astonished mind, not the small and insignificant structures of a common Asiatic town, but the severe and well-defined masses of ancient times, such as one fond of classic illusions might imagine to have been the residence of Greeks or Romans. Although some of its angles were glanced upon by the moon, its principal outlines were in deep shade; the whole bearing so dark, awful, and mysterious an appearance, that a poet might, without much exaggeration, have called it 'The Spectre City.'

"It was not long before the travellers, having passed the first broken outskirts, began to wind through the desolate streets. There was not sufficient light to exhibit every detail of ruin, and an ignorant observer might have mistaken what he saw for a flourishing city, the inhabitants of which had suddenly been smitten by the plague, or with one consent had abandoned their homes and fled. The silence which prevailed was fearful, and struck involuntary horror. House succeeded house in sad array, and not a sound was heard. A magnificent structure, looking like a royal palace, lifted up its walls and towers, cutting the clear blue vault of heaven with its angular lines, and lighted up by the moon in its splendour. The travellers paced along at the foot of its walls; the only noise which broke the still air was that of the reverberating hoofs of their horses, heard in echoes throughout the long deserted courts. . . . At length, very distant and indistinct sounds, as if from the beating of a small drum, accompanied by strange screams

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of voices of men, either in pain or in frenzy, or in outrageous merriment, stole upon the ear, and broke the silent spell which seemed to have arrested every tongue.

"They had not proceeded far before they caught glimpses here and there of men's heads darkly peeping from behind the ruins: and occasionally groups of horses, with indications of troops on a march, were seen. These objects increased as they advanced, and it was evident that some predatory excursion was on foot. Men in the picturesque Khurdish costume, some on the watch, armed from head to foot, wielding the characteristic lance of that people—others asleep in recumbent attitudes—others, again, seated around fires, were now plainly seen, and bespoke the vicinity of their chief. A more striking moonlight scene could not well be imagined: overhanging turrets, broken battlements, lengthened walls, arose on all sides. Parts of the fragments, overgrown with wild vegetation, were lighted up by the pale gleaming of the moon, whilst the deepest shade concealed the remainder, and presented a series of outlines which became mysterious from being undefined.

"At length they reached the front of a large building, evidently the remains of a Christian church. Built in the form of a cross, one of its sides, in the centre of which was the principal entrance, was terminated by a lofty pediment, and opened upon the square in which the building was situated. A triangular steeple rose from the summit of the roof, and presented to the eye a form of architecture so like a European place of worship, that Osmond could scarcely believe that he was far away from the blessings of his own Christian country, and in the midst of ruthless barbarians. The whole square was full of armed men, evidently ready, at a moment's notice, to obey the call of their chief, who was now close at hand. Presently Hassan, with a look of agitation, casting his eyes behind him, and looking at Osmond, said, 'In the name of Allah! let us dismount: the chief is here.'"

"The great gate of the church, being unenclosed by doors, presented to the sight of Osmond, as he approached it, an immense glare of torchlight, which fell upon the ruined and dilapidated ornaments of its interior, as well as upon a large crowd of variously-dressed people. The scene was as strange as it was impressive. In front was the ancient altar, backed by a recess of highly wrought fretwork in stone, in the centre of which stood conspicuous the sacred emblem of the cross: the high ceiling, supported by heavy pillars with grotesque capitals, received the rays of the brilliant light, and disclosed many details of sculpture which would be interesting to the scientific traveller; whilst the walls, broken into heavy compartments, engraved with Armenian inscriptions, and diversified by carved window-frames of stone, showed, by the cracks and fissures which intersected them, that the hand of time was not to be cheated of its slow but certain labour.

"Osmond's eye could not rest upon objects which at another time would have absorbed his attention—but fell upon a figure recumbent in a half-indolent, half-animated attitude, on carpets spread on the ground, and against cushions which rested upon the

very step of the altar. To describe the countenance of this person, or give an idea of the sensation which his appearance produced in Osmond, would be difficult. His countenance seemed, as it were, the rallying point of every evil passion: he looked the very personification of wickedness. He was rather inclined to be fat and bloated; but his cheeks were pale and livid, his forehead of a marble whiteness, whilst the lower part of the face was dark and blue. The nose was strongly arched, the mouth drawn down and full, with two strong lines on either side, and the cheek-bones broad. But it was the eyes which gave the look of the demon to the whole. Their brilliancy was almost superhuman: it might be said, 'they flashed intolerable day;' they shone through the shade of an overhanging brow, like torches within a cavern. There was an obliquity in their look which produced deformity, and gave a cast of villany to their expression—had they been well matched, they would have been accounted beautiful;—and, withal, the settled tone of the features was a fixed smile. He was remarkable for a scowl on the brow, and a smile on the lip—a smile denoting contempt of every thing good, which did not vanish even at the sight of inflicted tortures and agonizing death. Such was the man before whom Osmond stood—and this was Cara Bey. In his person he was tall and muscular, and the breadth of his shoulders, and the deepness of his chest, spoke for his strength.

"Every object by which he was surrounded, showed him to be a voluptuary. He was waited upon by richly-dressed attendants; dancers, fantastically decked in brocades, velvets, and silks, with flowing ribbons, and a profusion of pendent hair, were doing their utmost, by studied contortions and measured attitudes, to draw forth his approbation; whilst all the ingredients for excess in wine and gluttony were placed before him.

"Osmond was allowed to stand unnoticed for some time, before Cara Bey took heed of him, or seemed to be aware of his presence. At length, Hassan having ventured to announce his arrival, whilst he made his obeisance, the monster cast his eyes upwards, and seeing Osmond and his attendants in silence, scrutinizing them from head to foot, and looking too suspicious not to throw doubt upon the sincerity of his greeting, he said doggedly, '*Khosh geldin*—you are welcome!'"—*Ayesha*; vol. ii. pp. 80—86.

The whole character of this Cara Bey is drawn out with no ordinary skill and vigour; it is not, however, equal to the eunuch-king in *Zohrab*—that, we suspect, will always be considered as Mr. Morier's *chef-d'œuvre*.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.

HERE we have Bulwer in an appropriate position, viewing his face, and reviewing his beard. With razor far keener than the edge of his *Siamese Twins*, is he delicately mowing his chin; and clothed in a robe de nuit far more flowing than the numbers of his *Milton*, a Poem, looks with charmed eyes upon the scene before him, and exclaims, with all the rapture of a satisfied editor, "What a charming article!

Worth any thing per sheet!" We have taken him just on the eve of publication, revising his last proof the moment before coming out.

He has himself, in an autobiography published some time ago in the *New Monthly*, given us an ample history of his seed, breed, and generation. We are sorry to say that we have forgotten the genealogy; but it was related, if we do not wholly misapprehend the matter, pretty much in the style attributed to old *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*: "My grandmother was a major of dragoons, and one of my aunts a justice of the peace." The same history contained many other interesting particulars concerning the curl of his whiskers—which, by our plate it will be seen, are well put on—the peculiarity of his coat, the tournure of his countenance, and other matters, momentous to the general reader. L. E. L., however, in her *Romance and Reality*, which we take shame to ourselves for not having hitherto reviewed, has so completely depicted him (we shall not say *con amore*, lest that purely technical phrase should be construed literally,) as having a high nose, relieved by an open mouth, a forehead of an especial shape, contrasted with a peculiar chin, &c. &c., that it would be useless to go over the concern any more.

His poetry is so-so, or rather very bad; and yet with a strange, but at the same time usual perversity, he prefers it to his prose, which is, or was, readable and pleasant. *Falkland*, to be sure, is no great things; it being a book the naughtiness of the conception of which is happily neutralized by the dulness of its execution. But *Pelham* was full of smart magazine papers, any one of which would be worth any money to the *New Monthly*; two or three of them might, perhaps, find admission in a dull month into *Fraser*; and it is on this work he should take his stand. The reason is plain: he had, close by, the pattern and exemplar of the hero—"He but looked in the glass, and he drew from himself." *Devereux*, *Disowned*, *Doomed*, &c., are barely unreadable; and *Eugene Aram* has been already celebrated in our pages.

As a statesman, he is chiefly remarkable for his strenuous exertions in the great and vital question of the Majors and Minors. He is bending all the powers of his mighty mind to arrange the great and truculent feud between Drury and Davidge, the Garden and the Wells; while his eminent brother is occupied in settling the quarrels between Russia and Poland. In oratory he has not succeeded; which his ill-willers attribute to his injudicious custom of applying too liberal a stimulus of brandy before venturing on the desperate attempt of addressing an assembly so awful and august as that which congregates in St. Stephen's. It is a custom he should give up. By taking a turn or two, with his new theatrical friends in the barns in the country, he will be able to master nerve enough to get on before a promiscuous rabble, without applying to an ally whose aid is often too potent for those who call it in. Of his Magazine, we say nothing. Let him and Tom Campbell squabble it out between them.

Yet we must not so part with Bulwer, after all. If he would give up his "affectations"—and, surely, he is now old enough to do so—and learn to believe, that to be a Garrick Club dandy is not one of the

highest objects of human ambition; if he would not fancy that the authorship of some three or four flimsy and one clever novel, is the perfection of literary fame; if he would forswear the use of such words as "liberal principles," "enlarged ideas," "progress of mind," "behind the age," and other nonsense of the kind, which could be used by a parrot with as much effect as by the rising talent of the day; if he would read something, and think a little—get to harder study and a humbler mind, there is the making of something well worth praising in Bulwer; and when we see it, nobody will be happier to proclaim it than ourselves.

From the United Service Journal.

TRIPOLI AS IT IS.

1834.

THE country of Tripoli extends between the regencies of Egypt and Tunis, from the Gulf of Gabes to the south extremity of the Gulf of Syrtis; the boundary on the east being Barca, and on the west Biledulgerid. The southern part extends to Fezzan, a very rich and fruitful district. This place, till within the last few years, was in entire subjection to the Pacha, but at present the Bey of Fezzan is very independent, having a larger tract of land and more followers than any other of the Arab chiefs, he being the head of a very numerous and warlike tribe. These people look up to their chiefs much in the same manner as the Scotch Highlanders used to do to the head of their clans, and are situated much in the same manner towards one another.

Abjaleel, the Bey of Fezzan, still remains nominally subject to the Pacha; but he and the other chiefs generally have taken advantage of the dissensions in the family of the Pacha, and of the civil war which has now lasted upwards of two years. Supporting neither party and endeavouring to obtain presents from both, they play a sure game for themselves, and wait to see which of the rival powers is most likely to succeed.

The population, consisting of Moors, Arabs, and Jews, amount to 25,000; they are a very industrious race of people for that part of the world; most of them possessing a certain portion of land in the Messiah and around Tajoura, one side of which extends along the sea-coast, and the other borders on the Desert, upon which they have made great inroads by their own personal perseverance.

The chief exports consist of cattle, horses, dates, wool, drugs, salt, ostrich feathers, ivory, gold-dust, and dried fruit; some of these articles are produced in the gardens of the Messiah and Tajoura, the others are brought from Fezzan and the interior.

Next to the town of Tripoli, the chief sea-port is Bengazi, where we have a Vice-consul. It has a large export trade of cattle and horses. The breed is small; but the meat of the former is excellent, and forms an abundant supply for the market in Malta, from which it is only 250 miles distant.

The town of Tripoli is only 180 miles distant from Malta; and so long as that valuable possession affords shelter and protection to British shipping, so long

must the adjoining territory of Tripoli be regarded as a station of peculiar importance and interest to the British government. We need, therefore, make no apologies for drawing out from personal observation and inquiry a brief sketch of its present and past history.

It is now about twenty-five or thirty years since the old Pacha, "Youssef Coromany," obtained the sovereign power by murdering his elder brothers. At that time he was a brave and warlike man, always successful in arms; but as he has grown in years, he has grown in wickedness and every vice, being cruel, oppressive, and regardless of murdering his subjects. Few among them could attain to any affluence without living in constant dread of being betrayed into the hands of the executioner; it being his practice to invite them to his castle under the mask of friendship, and then poisoning their coffee, or causing them to be killed at the threshold of his door, in order that he might confiscate their property. Another most injurious practice of his was to alter the value of the currency. The dollar being divided into seven piastres, and the piastre into forty paras, he would make it pass current for twelve or fifteen piastres, and then reverse the value over again to suit his own purposes. Not satisfied, however, with these enormities, he kept continually levying extra taxes upon his people, and instead of appropriating the money to the service of the state, he used it to satisfy his inordinately luxurious wants, buying the most costly ornaments for his different wives, none of whom wore less than two or three thousand pounds worth of jewels about their persons. He seldom drank any thing else but champagne—rather contrary to the Mohammedan religion, and squandered his money in buying expensive French ornaments, &c. The latter years of his life were chiefly spent in the harem and the bath, where he used to continue for hours every day of his life. His other amusements was dyeing his old white beard black—rather a tedious operation for an old man between sixty and seventy years of age, which occupied him nearly two or three whole days in the week.

The following anecdote will serve to show how little dependence could be placed upon him in money transactions: After having given one of the merchants a teshkereh, or bond, in payment for some goods he had purchased, he sent his prime-minister to follow him into the house where he was going to exchange the same for money, and upon the merchant putting the paper on the counter in the shop, this Mahommed d'Ghies snatched up the teshkereh, and ran off with it back to the castle where the Pacha lives; but fortunately, he was caught with it in his hands just before he entered the palace, otherwise, no doubt, they would have sworn the merchant out of it.

The Pacha and his family live in a castle which commands the town, and forms one of the strongest parts of the fortifications. No one can have beheld this fortress without horror and disgust; and few can have entered its walls without shuddering as they thought of the many known, and many more unknown people, who have been sacrificed by its possessors.

At the outbreak of the civil war, nearly two years

ago, the Pacha's family consisted of three sons and two grandsons, children of the eldest son, who has long been dead. Of these Ali, the next surviving son, who is about forty years of age, is in most respects the same sort of character as his father, if not worse, and decidedly more unpopular. He is so avacious that they have given him the name of Ali Para.* His conduct to the army when he was sent against the rebels at Fezzan fully shows his character. Abjaleel, the head of a numerous powerful tribe of Arabs, about four years ago resisted payment, and captured Fezzan from the Pacha's government. Ali was sent against him with a very large force; but, preferring bribes to his father's cause, he sacrificed a great many of his men by intentionally placing them in dangerous positions, where provisions and water were scarce; and thus obliged his old father to recall him and his army, without having reaped any benefit from this expensive expedition. Ali, not content with behaving in this infamous and treacherous manner, took the monopoly of provisioning his army into his own hands, charged a most exorbitant price, and even went so far as to tax the little water that he found for them. This treatment so outraged the feelings of the people that they have never forgiven him; and no wonder, when to all that was treacherous, he added the grossest acts of barbarity that can well be imagined.

The eldest grandson and lineal heir, Emhammed, is a fine young man, about twenty-five years old. For many years past he has always lived with his family at his house in the Meschia, abstaining from any interference with the politics of the country, still in such dread of any disturbances taking place, that he always kept a few followers about him whom he could trust, and horses already saddled by day and night, so as to be able to make his escape out of the country, if requisite. Such was the security he experienced under his grandfather's administration! Emhammed is beloved by every one far and near, and is the faithful and devoted friend of England; whereas, on the other hand, Ali, his uncle, is devoted to the French interest.

After this slight sketch of the Pacha's character, and that of his son and grandson, our readers will easily understand the causes of the civil war and the merits of the respective parties. To support his profuse expenditure, debt after debt was contracted by the aged Pacha with French and English merchants. Tax followed tax; extortion begot extortion; murder succeeded to murder; until at last the people could bear his yoke no longer, and broke out into open rebellion. Their first act was to send a deputation to the grandson, Emhammed, (the right and legitimate heir,) to induce him to become their leader, which he reluctantly consented to; and they promised to place him upon the throne, making him take an oath to a sort of constitution for the better government of the country in future.

Thus, from a state of privacy he was raised, by the unanimous voice of the people, to the highest powers in the state, having an army at his command of upwards of 12,000 men. The Pacha, finding he

could not stem the torrent any longer, abdicated in favour of his son Ali, who is a hundred times less popular than himself; a foolish piece of policy. By these means Ali got possession of the town of Tripoli, having gained over his father's faithful soldiers, about 500 blacks. This position he has maintained for the last two years. Emhammed, on the other hand, has nearly entire possession of the country; he is supported by a large army, who regard him as their rightful sovereign; and whether by right of birth as the legitimate heir, or by popular choice as the friend and nominee of the people, he surely ought to succeed to the throne which his grandfather has abdicated.

Ali's treatment of his own father is quite in accordance with the rest of his conduct. He keeps him closely confined to his apartments in the castle, allowing him barely enough subsistence to maintain life; and excludes him from any communication with his wives, from whom he has taken every farthing of money they possessed, besides turning into cash all their jewels and personal effects. By these means he has amassed a great deal of property, and is able to maintain his tottering position by bribery and corruption. His black soldiers support him more out of fear than any other motive, dreading the fate they so well deserve, should they be obliged to yield, as they were the chief instruments through whom the old Pacha was able to follow his nefarious and wicked practices.

Emhammed maintains a strong position among the gardens, each of which is surrounded by a wall—a fortification in itself, around which they have thrown up intrenchments and erected batteries on the sides exposed to the sea and the town. These gardens extend about fifteen miles along the coast, and about ten miles inland, towards the Desert. The people are enthusiastic in his favour; he is beloved by all around him. He is so poor himself that he has not been able to contribute a mite to the exigencies of the war, but carries it on entirely by the voluntary contributions of his people, who all serve him without demanding any payment, keeping a regular guard round their intrenchments both day and night.

One of the chiefs remains at Malta, from whence he obtains a constant supply of arms and ammunition; which they are enabled to land very easily, having a small port at the entrance of the harbour, defended by a battery. There is a custom-house erected at this place, rented by one of the merchants, which brings in the only fixed revenue that can be said to exist. They have lately purchased some merchant-brigs, and have armed them, by which means they are able to cope with Ali's gun-boats, and thus have the complete command of the chief entrance to the harbour.

This magnanimous behaviour of the people must surely reap its reward, especially as their conduct in other respects is so exemplary. Revolt generally engenders crime and the worst of passions, but it is quite otherwise amongst them. There has not been an act of oppression or injustice since the revolution; more protection and greater security is given to all foreigners, than at any one time during the old Pacha's administration. The justness of this remark is fully corroborated by nearly all the foreign consuls

* A para is the lowest denomination of coin, equivalent to the tenth of a penny.

leaving the town to live amongst them, and nearly all the foreign inhabitants. The American Consul remained in the town as long as he was able, till he found security was so bad that, having been insulted, he thought it requisite to strike his flag and embark for Malta many months ago.

During the first year of the war a great many sorties took place—upwards of sixty—which were always repulsed with loss. Since that period there have been very few, owing to the town party being so reduced as to numbers; only a few hundred black soldiers remain to support Ali's cause. With the exception of these black soldiers, the town people, one and all, would willingly make their escape and join the other party, if it was not for the sake of their wives and children. A great many, notwithstanding, have effected it, some by bribing the soldiers, others at the risk of their lives; for if taken, they would be sure of losing their heads.

Nothing is done on Ali's side without consulting the French Consul, who has taken up their cause in a most decided manner, and has gained entire influence over the prime minister, that detestable man Mahommed d'Ghies, who is nearly as bad a character as his infamous brother Hassuna d'Ghies, the accomplice in Major Laing's murder, of which we shall have cause to speak hereafter.

In respect to the British and French claims, it will now be requisite to say a few words. They arose from the extravagancies of the old Pacha, who used to buy goods from the merchants, and, instead of paying for them at the time, gave them teshkerehs payable in one or two years, with interest, which, taking the outside average, never amounted to more than five per cent.—a very moderate charge under such circumstances. These debts have remained unsettled for upwards of ten years. He promised to pay the whole amount in eighteen months, by six monthly instalments, which was granted him; but when the ship arrived to take away the freight, she was obliged to go away again, receiving the same promises. This occurred not only once, but a dozen different times.

After relying so long and putting so much faith in the Pacha, our Consul at last perceived that the French had the entire management of him, and that he was liquidating their debt, (part of which they had got from him four years ago;) so he was obliged to make such a recommendation to his Government as induced them to send three men-of-war there, with orders to demand the necessary payment in forty-eight hours, or to haul down the Consul's flag. The last was the alternative obliged to be pursued. Shortly after this the ships left, and the Consul also embarked with his family.

At this period, Ali promised his father to pay all the claims, if he would abdicate in his favour. This he objected to do,—at the same time levying new taxes and contributions, the proceeds of which he squandered away as before, instead of satisfying his creditors; until at length he was driven from the government. The remainder he made over to the French Government. These extortions brought on the revolution, and finally, the Pacha's abdication.

The Consul, after hearing of the complete revolution, and then of the abdication of the old Pacha, (the

majority of the people acknowledging Emhammed as their lawful Sovereign,) he deemed it requisite to return back to his house in the country, to look after the future interests of England, and the affairs, as well as the persons, of British subjects, who were all left there, to the amount of upwards of 2000, most of whom are Maltese. The Consul was also apprized of the French Consul taking a most active part on the side of Ali, nothing being done without his advice. Thus, foreseeing the entire overthrow of our influence, should that party gain the upper hand, he expressed himself in favour of the lawful and popular sovereign, and was promised by the young Pacha, in the country, that if he succeeded, he would attend to the English claims, and manage the affairs of government in a more enlightened and civilized manner.

He consequently wrote to our Government, and explained his reasons for adopting that course, which were fully appreciated—so much so, that he received the flattering testimony of approval from his Majesty. Orders have since been sent out for him to remain neutral, which he has strictly conformed to. The same orders were sent to the French Consul; but from what has been said, our readers may judge for themselves how far they have been obeyed.

Such then, to sum up all in a few words, is the present posture of affairs at Tripoli. In the town, an old tyrant in the hands of his son Ali,—a greater tyrant than himself,—backed by French intrigue, and maintained by the strength of his position only, with the aid of mercenary guards. In the country, a young and popular Prince,—undoubted heir to the throne,—the idol of his subjects,—the faithful partisan of England,—the pledged advocate of improvement, and protector of the oppressed, whatever their creed or country.

Whatever may be the course pursued by the British Government, no one can doubt to which side their sympathies and interests incline them. It is most fortunate that at this critical juncture our representative should be a person so highly esteemed and so trust-worthy as Colonel Warrington—a downright John Bull Englishman at heart, and a perfect gentleman in mind and manners. He unites with this high character, long experience in the politics of the country, and great powers of penetration. Well is it that he should do so, for it requires a man of very acute mind to see through the artful intrigues of the French,—a nation which has always been England's worst enemy, and not less designedly inimical in time of peace than in open war. If other instances were wanting to put us on our guard against their insidious manœuvres, we need only refer to the murder of Major Laing, and to the connexion well-known to have subsisted between their then Consul, M. Rousseau, and the instigator of his murder, Hassuna d'Ghies. The British Consul, on that occasion, as well from a sense of justice as out of regard for our national honour, obliged the old Pacha to obtain all the information requisite. He actually proved to the Pacha, before his own face, through means of several witnesses who swore to the facts, that Major Laing was murdered at the instigation of this same Hassuna d'Ghies. One of the witnesses was the very man whom he had employed to overtake Major

Laing's confidential agent, and to seize the papers with which he was intrusted. These he sold to the French Consul (who is since dead) for part payment of a sum of money that was owing to him as a private debt. It was well known that Rousseau shut himself up for several days in his own house, copying these papers.

The old Pacha was so horrified, and so convinced from the different investigations that were instituted through the zeal and assiduity of our Consul, that he signed documents declaring the truth of the statements of all these witnesses, in presence of the Consul himself. He expressed his great regret, and readiness to punish the offenders if possible. The principal one was nowhere to be found,—he had thrown himself under the protection of our ever faithless friends the French, and had taken his departure for that part of the world in an American frigate. The Pacha said he was extremely sorry that it was out of his power to punish this murderer, but gave full permission to the English Government to hang him whenever they could get hold of him.

In the mean time, what has been the conduct of the French Government? Instead of disavowing all connexion with the man, they pretend to disbelieve the facts; but to disprove them was beyond their power. They then sent a squadron to Tripoli, (a short time after they had taken Algiers,) frightened the old Pacha nearly out of his senses,—demanded payment of the greater part of the French claims, which was immediately forthcoming,—and forbade any of his vessels of war from appearing on the seas. To crown all, we can positively assert that the Admiral commanding the squadron obliged the Pacha to sign a written document, refuting all that he had said and heard about Major Laing's murder and the seizure of his papers, on pain of an instantaneous bombardment. This foolish, weak old man, if we may use such mild terms of him, was so dreadfully alarmed, (especially as the capture of Algiers had just taken place,) that he reluctantly signed this document,—a stain upon his name and character that can never be blotted out. Bad as he is, he confessed himself that it was an act he should regret the remainder of his life; and that only the urgency of the case could have induced him to put his name to such a falsehood.

Having thus presented our readers with a faithful portrait of Tripoli as it is, and having described the conduct of the French, we gladly turn from the heart-sickening picture to contemplate the future prospects of the country and our own national interests.

Should Ali prevail, the French will triumph, and the claims of British merchants be trampled under foot. They side with him,—we are neutral. But why, let us ask, should not we choose our side also, and strive, by every means in our power, to establish the popular, legitimate monarch? The appearance of a British squadron before the town would be quite sufficient to dispossess the usurper Ali,—put an end to the war,—and ensure the ultimate payment of our just claims. In the name then of our national honour which has been outraged by French and native treachery in the affair of Major Laing,—in the name

of common humanity, and for the sake of the suffering inhabitants, two thousand of whom are our own subjects,—we call upon the British government to come forward at once, before it is too late, and secure for ever a faithful and brave ally in the place of a most dangerous enemy. The claims of our merchants alone render active interference necessary: and why should not England put forth her power to preserve her national interests in this part of the world, as well as other nations? Already the French have colonized Algiers and adjoining parts of the Barbary coast, in defiance of original promises to our Government, who acquiesced in the invasion solely upon the understanding that the French would waive all right of conquest, and hold the country subject to the consent and ultimate determination of the Allied Powers in conjunction with them. Not satisfied, however, with this flagrant breach of faith, they are playing the same underhand game at Tripoli; and we need only refer our readers to an extract from the French journal *Le Messager*, to show that French capital and French soldiery are even now at work against us under the auspices of the very Hassuna d'Ghies who has already acquired such infamous notoriety.* Already does Russian influence—all-powerful in Constantinople, and strengthened by the late secret treaty—bid fair to become omnipotent throughout Turkey: and not content with this, the Emperor Nicholas has now begun to interfere with Mohammed Ali, the Pacha of Egypt.

The common hatred of France and Russia to our dominion renders the utmost vigilance requisite in all places where we yet retain a footing; and consequently, the friendship of the native powers is most valuable in every point of view.

The cruelty of the French at Algiers has reminded the Africans of their past cruelties in Egypt, and they are decidedly unpopular in all these countries. The horrible massacre that Marshal Clausel committed upon a whole tribe of Arabs,—not sparing even the women and children,—has been enough to render the very mention of the French name odious. Their intrigues and connexion with murderers, and rebels, and revolutionists, may suit their Machiavelian policy. Let it be for the British government to persevere in that nobler course, which has been so well commenced by Colonel Warrington,—protecting our merchant vessels from the power of the tyrant Ali—annulling his pretended right of search—and rescuing, so far as in us lies, this fine country from his and from French dominion.

* (From the *Times* of 19th May.)—"The reigning Pacha of Tripoli (*Ali Para*) is at this time negotiating a loan with one of the great capitalists of Paris, under the influence of the *Porte* and *Russia*! The Sheriff Hassuna d'Ghies, Minister and brother-in-law of the Pacha, and furnished with full powers, is soliciting permission of the Government to have this loan quoted at the Exchange at 6 per cent. Count Frederick de Bruc, who was one of Napoleon's superior officers, has accepted a chief command in the army of the Pacha!"—*Messenger*.

So much for French neutrality! And shall we, who see and know all this, remain quiescent?—forbid it, honour—forbid it, policy—forbid it, plain common sense.

From the Spectator.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES MAGAZINE.

BOTANY BAY, it would seem, is determined not to be outdone by her younger sister, Van Diemen's Land. We received, some months since, a Magazine from Hobart's Town, and lo! here is one from Sydney. *The New South Wales Magazine* appears to be the more skilfully arranged, and its contributors to have more scientific acquirements, with a more definite aim; though the effect of the whole perhaps wants the freshness of the Tasmanian rival. Several of the papers are, as they ought to be, on Colonial subjects. There is a history of Australian Literature—of the arrival of the first types, and the establishment of the first newspaper, all accomplished by a Creole of St. Kitts, who was first employed in the West Indies, subsequently became a member of the Fourth Estate in London, rising even to the honour of representing the *Times*, and at last (voluntarily) removed to Sydney. The Magazine also contains some slight papers on the Natural History of the Colony, and an account of the Trigonometrical Survey of the country, so far as it has proceeded.

We will take a specimen of the paper on the Transportation System. The opinion put forth in England by some high authorities, that transportation is no punishment, appears to have spread alarm through Australia; and a certain O. P. Q. (not the European) representing the opinions of his compatriots, would paint the condition of the convicts *en noir*. That to rectify the abuses he mentions would be desirable—that the adoption of a better system might render exile a serious punishment—may be very true; and that a London thief, arriving, as the writer describes him, fat and sleek from the leisure of the voyage, and confident in his own dexterity, may be sadly to seek in the bush—is likely enough. But the following picture, though not tempting to a London vagabond, is still perhaps such as to justify Mr. Macqueen's conclusion, that a convict is better off than an English pauper. Besides, there is always a reverse to the medal.

"I will tell Mr. Macqueen what is the general condition of the farming convict labourer in New South Wales. On his arrival, he is assigned to a settler; registers of the applications are kept in the proper office, and the convicts, as they arrive, are given to the applicants in rotation; so that the convict cannot choose his master, as appears to be understood in England. After his arrival at the farm, he is worked from sunrise to sunset for six days in the week, with an interval of one hour for dinner, and, in the summer season, of half an hour for breakfast; but, in many establishments, one hour is given for the latter purpose. The work in this new country is of the most laborious description;—cutting down trees, the wood of which is of such hardness that English-made tools break like glass before the strokes of the workmen; making these trees into fires, and attending them, with the thermometer usually ranging, in the middle of day, from 80° to 100° for eight months in the year; grubbing up the stumps by the roots, the difficulty of which would appal an English woodman; splitting this hard wood into posts and

rails, and erecting them into fences. These are the more common employments which are joined to the usual occupations of an English farm, of which Mr. Macqueen may be fairly supposed to possess some knowledge. This gentleman, like many other dabblers in matters which they do not understand, has heard of the fine climate, the Italian skies, the mild winters. I can inform him that it is not a fine climate for a labourer; and that those who are compelled to brave 'the fervid glories of the mid-day sun,' would willingly exchange the Italian temperature for a Scotch mist or a Bedfordshire fog.

"The convict is not permitted to leave his master's farm without a passport. For neglect of work, insolent words, or any turbulent or insubordinate conduct, he is liable to be taken before a magistrate and flogged, or confined in a solitary cell, or worked in irons on the public roads. He receives from his master, seven pounds of beef and nine pounds of flour per week: the more liberal allow their servants two or three pounds of the latter in addition, with a quart of milk per diem, and two ounces of tobacco weekly. The last mentioned allowances are given only during good behaviour, and are consequently liable to stoppage at the will and pleasure of the master. The above, with two suits of slop clothing and a third shirt and pair of shoes, form the sum total of the superior condition which has given such offence to the moral principle of Mr. Thomas Potter Macqueen. A pound of beef and a pound and a half of flour per diem may sound luxuriously in the ears of a Bedfordshire pauper; but he is unacquainted with the dark side of the picture. I am almost induced to wish that Mr. Macqueen would pay a visit to his Australian property, in order that he might be qualified to impart correct information to his English neighbours. I should like him to behold one of his convict labourers hacking at a tree as hard as mahogany, his skin of a similar colour, with the perspiration running from every pore, and the thermometer at such a height as to make Mr. Macqueen involuntarily sigh for the shady coverts of Bedfordshire. If Mr. Macqueen had seen this, I do not think he would object to the above rate of fare; in fact, the waste of the animal powers occasioned by work in a high temperature is so great that if not sustained by a somewhat liberal diet, disease and death would be the consequence. A Bedfordshire pauper's diet would be unsuitable to our climate, and the scale of food is founded upon knowledge gained by experience, and is no more than adequate to the support of the labourer."

From the Christian Observer.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR, BY LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

The following Hymn to the Creator was composed, with appropriate music, by the present Lord Chancellor. As his Lordship can sing so well the perfections of "Nature's Sire Divine," in whom we live and move and have our being, we should rejoice to find him tuning his harp to the still higher descent of the inestimable love of God in the redemption of the

world by our Lord Jesus Christ; without which, if Scripture be true, the ineffable Creator is but "a consuming fire."

"THERE is a God," all nature cries:
A thousand tongues proclaim
His Arm almighty, Mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous, we adore;
Rejecting godheads at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds in boundless space—
Myriads of miles each hour
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou too mad'st that floweret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The Hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launched away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to Thy will;"
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound
One order to fulfil.*

* There was a poetical Lord Vaux in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose extinct title we suppose Lord Brougham—whether his descendant we know not—meant to revive. We insert a specimen of his composition, entitled, "Of the Instability of Youth," written Anno 1576.

When I look back and in myself behold
The wand'ring ways that youth could not descry;
And mark the fearful course that youth did hold,
And mete in mind each step youth strayed awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these faults and follies all.

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend.
And, with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

The humble heart hath daunted the proud mind;
Eke wisdom hath given ignorance a fall;
And wit hath taught that folly could not find,
And age hath youth her subject and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faults committed in my youth.

From the Asiatic Journal.

CONFUCIUS'S PREDICTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THE Jesuit Intorcetta, in his *Life of Confucius*, mentions that this philosopher (who lived five centuries before Christ) often spoke of a saint or holy man (*shing*), who existed, or was to exist, in the West. These expressions, however, are not found in the *King*, or classical books, nor in the *Sze-shoo*, or moral books; but they are attributed to him in several original Chinese works. M. Rémusat* has given the following curious extract on this subject from the *Ching-keou-chin-tseuen*, 'True Interpretation of the Right Law,' a Chinese tract on the Mussulman Religion, published A.D. 1657, of indubitable authenticity:—

"The minister Po consulted Confucius saying, 'Master, are you not a holy man?' He replied: 'Whatever effort I make, my memory cannot recall any one worthy of this title.'—But," returned the minister, 'were not the three kings (founders of the early dynasties of Hea, Shang, and Chow) saints?' 'These three kings,' replied Confucius, 'endowed with excellent goodness, were filled with enlightened prudence and invincible force; but I know not that they were saints.' The minister again asked: 'Were not the five lords (five emperors who reigned in China antecedent to the first dynasty) saints?'—'The five emperors,' said Confucius, 'endowed with excellent goodness, exerted a divine charity and an unalterable justice; but I know not that they were saints.' The minister still asked: 'Were not the three august ones (personages in Chinese mythological history) saints?' 'The three august ones,' replied Confucius, 'may have made use of their time (i.e. well-employed a long life); but I am ignorant whether they were saints.' The minister, astonished, said to him: 'If this be the case, who can be called saint?' Confucius, somewhat moved, replied with gentleness: 'I have heard say, that, in the Western countries, there has been (or there will be) a holy man, who, without exerting any act of government, will prevent troubles, who, without speaking, will inspire spontaneous faith; who, without working any (violent) changes, will produce an ocean of (meritorious) actions: no man is able to tell his name; but I have heard say that this was (or will be) the true saint.'"

In the *Chung-yung*, one of the moral books, which was written by a grandson of Confucius, it is said (ch. xxix.): "A good prince lays the basis of his conduct in himself; he establishes amongst his people the authority of his own example; he regulates himself, though without blind obstinacy, by the founders of the first three dynasties; he directs his actions unceasingly according to heaven and earth; he rules over minds, and finds no reason for doubt or inquietude, confidently expecting the holy man, who is to appear at the end of ages (*lit. centum sæcula ad expectandum sanctum virum et non dementatur*)."

* Notices des MSS. du Roi, t.x. b. 407.

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John Ross

AUTHOR OF "VOYAGE TO BAFFIN'S BAY"